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THE SWAN'S NEST. Page 216.

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INDEPENDENT IV. OF CALIFORNIA

FIFTH READER:

CONTAINING

A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL, AND COMPLETE TREATISE ON ELOCUTION, ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS; SELECT AND CLASSIFIED READINGS AND RECITATIONS; WITH COPIOUS NOTES, AND A COMPLETE SUPPLEMENTARY INDEX.

By J. MADISON WATSON,

Author of the National Readers, Spellers, and Primer; The Hand-Book of Gymnastics; The Manual of Calisthenics; Phonetic Tablets, etc.

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EDUCATION DEPT.

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PREFACE.

FREQUENT solicitations from numerous leading instructors, not less than an honest conviction of the existence of an important educational want, have led to the preparation of this volume. Of moderate size, containing a great variety of the choicest material, and complete in all of its parts, it is specially designed to supply the wants of intermediate classes in graded schools, and the great mass of students who commence learning trades, or acquiring a knowledge of other business, at an early age, and consequently can not command sufficient time for the mastery of a larger and more intricate elocutionary reading-book.

The Treatise on Elocution is simple, comprehensive, and eminently practical, presenting the subject both as a science and an art. The orthoëpical division contains instruction in articulation, including phonetic analysis and readings, and sections on syllabication and accent, thus making ample provisions for the acquisition of all the elements of pronunciation.

Expression, the second general division, embraces all the elements that enter into the delivery of entire sentences and extended discourse. The principles and rules are stated in language so succinct and perspicuous that the necessity of *exceptions* is wholly avoided. Several of the examples for illustration under each section are left unmarked, thus affording students opportunities to exercise their judgment, taste, and discrimination.

A novel feature, and one of the most valuable for class instruction, is the introduction of a series of blackboard diagrams, exhibiting the different divisions of the subject, and their relations to each other. Printed in large type, with apt examples from the choicest writers for illustration, many of which are beautiful in expression and rich in sentiment, and

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arranged for class exercises rather than tasks, it is believed that the sections of this Treatise will prove more interesting for reading-lessons than the miscellaneous compilations usually employed for that purpose.

Part Second contains a great variety of select readings,—embracing exciting and interesting narratives, spirited conversations, rare ballads, dramatic lyrics, prose recitations, etc.,—specially adapted to illustrate the principles of rhetorical delivery. In their selection it was designed to include only those pieces that, both from the nature of the subjects and the style of writing, would be intelligible to the pupils for whom the book has been prepared; that are calculated to awaken the greatest interest and enthusiasm, thus insuring an effective delivery; and that tend to develop a laudable ambition, love of country, and domestic virtues.

While the reading-lessons have been graded in a systematic manner, presenting the simplest first in order, their classification is more systematic and thorough than that ever before attempted in any corresponding work. The pieces are divided into formal sections, in each of which only one leading subject is treated, or one important element of Elocution rendered prominent. The WOOD-CUTS, from designs by the ablest artists, were prepared expressly to illustrate the lessons in which they occur. They are unsurpassed by those of any similar text-book.

The orthoëpical department is unusually complete. The pronunciation of all words liable to be mispronounced is indicated once in each paragraph, when it can be done by long or short vowels, marks of accent, or the diæresis. More than a thousand foot-notes are introduced, giving the pronunciation of words that had to be re-spelled for the purpose; definitions; explanations of classical, historical, and other allusions; biographical sketches of authors from whose works extracts have been selected, and of persons whose names occur in the reading-lessons. This aid is given in every instance on the pages where the difficulties first arise; and a complete index to the notes is added for general reference.

NEW YORK, *March*, 1868.

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PART I.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

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PART I.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the mode of utterance or delivery of any thing spoken. It may be *good* or *bad*.

2. ***Good Elocution,*** in reading or speaking, is uttering ideäs understandingly, correctly, and effectively. It embraces the two general divisions, ORTHOËPY and EXPRESSION.

Elocution - { *Orthoepy,* *Expression.*

BLACKBOARD DIAGRAM.[1]

ORTHOËPY.

ORTHOËPY is the art of correct pronunciation. It embraces ARTICULATION, SYLLABICATION, and ACCENT.

Orthoepy - { *Articulation,* *Syllabication,* *Accent.*

Orthoëpy has to do with *separate* words,—the production of their oral elements, the combination of these elements to form syllables, and the accentuation of the right syllables.

[1] **Blackboard Diagrams.**—Regarding blackboard diagrams as *indispensable,* in conducting most successfully class exercises in elocution, they are here introduced not less for the convenience of young teachers than to serve as constant reminders, to all educators, of the importance of employing the perceptive faculties in connection with oral instruction.

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I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

2. ***Oral Elements*** are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. ***Oral Elements are produced*** by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. ***The principal Organs of Speech*** are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. ***Voice is produced*** by the action of the breath upon the lărynx.[1]

6. ***Oral Elements are divided*** into three classes: *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

7. ***Tonics*** are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. ***Subtonics*** are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

9. ***Atonics*** are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. ***Letters*** are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. ***The Alphabet is divided*** into vowels and consonants.

12. ***Vowels*** are the letters that usually represent the tonic elements. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.[2]

13. ***A Diphthong*** is the union of two vowels in a syllable; as *ou* in *our*, *ea* in bread.

14. ***A Proper Diphthong*** is the union of two vowels in a syllable, nēither of which is silent: as *ou* in *out*, *ai* in *said*.

---

[1] **Larynx.**—The larynx is the upper part of the trachea, or windpipe, consisting of five gristly pieces which form the organ of voice.

[2] **W not a Vowel.**—As *w*, standing alone, does not represent a pure or unmodified tone, it is not here classified with the vowels.

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15. An Improper Diphthong is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as *oa* in l*oa*f, *ou* in c*ou*rt.

16. A Triphthong is the union of three vowels in a syllable; as *eau* in b*eau*, *ieu* in ad*ieu*.

17. Consonants[1] are the letters that usually represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations *ch*, *sh*, *wh*, *ng*; *th* subtonic, and *th* atonic.

18. Labials are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* may be regarded as a nasal labial, as its sound is affected by the nose. *F* and *v* are labia-dentals.

19. Dentals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, and *sh*.

20. Linguals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

21. Palatals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

22. Cognates are letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, &c.

23. Alphabetic Equivalents are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *c*, in p*i*que.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN sounding the tonics, the organs should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward against the

[1] **Consonant.**—The term *consonant*, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately,

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roof of the mouth. These elements should open with an *abrupt* and *explosive* force, and then diminish gradually and equably to the end.

In producing the subtonic and atonic elements, it is important to press the organs upon each other with great firmness and tension; to throw the breath upon them with force; and to prolong the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the students to pronounce a catch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the figured vowel, or *Italic* consonant, four times —thus; åge,—å, å, å, å; āte, ā, ā, ā, ā: åt,—å, å, å, å; ăsh,—ă, ă, ă, ă, &c. He will exercise the class until each student can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

å or ā,[1]	as in	åge,	āte.	ê or ĕ,	as in	êlk,	ĕnd.
å or ă,	"	åt,	ăsh.	ê,[4]	"	hêr,	vêrse.
å,	"	årt,	årm.	î or ī,	"	îce,	chīld.
å,	"	åll,	båll.	î or ĭ,	"	înk,	ĭnch.
å,[2]	"	båre,	cåre.	ô or ō,	"	ôld,	hōme.
å,[3]	"	åsk,	glåss.	ô or ŏ,[5]	"	ôn,	frŏst.
ė or ē,	"	hė,	thēse.	ô,	"	dô,	prôve.

and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bl*), *taken* (*kn*).

[1] **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

[2] **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by *a*, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production, the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say, ā.

[3] **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by *a*, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at*, *ash*, and *a*, as in *arm*, *art*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening ă.

[4] **E Third.**—The *third* element represented by *e*, is *e* as heard in *end*, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*.

[5] **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by (ô or ŏ) the same marks as its regular second power. This mod-

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ů or ū,[1]	as in	cůbe,	cūre.	ů,	as in fůll,	půsh.
ů or ŭ,	"	bůd,	hŭsh.	*ou*,	" *our*,	h*ou*se.

II. SUBTONICS.

b,	as in	*b*a*b*e,	or*b*.	*r*,[2]	as in	*r*ake,	ba*r*.
d,	"	*d*i*d*	*d*im.	*th*,	"	*th*is,	wi*th*.
g,	"	*g*a*g*,	*g*ig.	*v*,	"	*v*ine,	*v*ice.
j,	"	*j*oin,	*j*oint.	*w*,	"	*w*ake,	*w*ise.
l,	"	*l*ake,	*l*ane.	*y*,	"	*y*ard,	*y*es.
m,	"	*m*ild,	*m*ind.	*z*,	"	*z*est,	ga*z*e.
n,	"	*n*ame,	*n*ine.	*z*,	"	azure,	glazier.
ng,	"	ga*ng*,	sa*ng*.				

III. ATONICS.

f,	as in	*f*ame,	*f*ife.	*t*,	as in	*t*art,	toas*t*.
h,	"	*h*ark,	*h*arm.	*th*,	"	*th*ank,	you*th*.
k,	"	*k*ind,	*k*iss.	*ch*,	"	*ch*ase,	mar*ch*.
p,	"	*p*ipe,	*p*um*p*.	*sh*,	"	*sh*ade,	*sh*ake.
s,	"	*s*ame,	*s*ense.	*wh*,[3]	"	*wh*ale,	*wh*ite.

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—thus: li*p*, *p* ;

---

ified or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in n*o*t, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in *ŏff*, s*ŏft*, cr*ŏss*, c*ŏst*, br*ŏth* ; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in *gŏne*, beg*ŏne* ; l*ŏng*, pr*ŏng*, s*ŏng*, thr*ŏng*, wr*ŏng*. SMART says, To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation ; to give them the full sound of broad *a* [*a* in *all*], is *vulgar*.

[1] **U initial.**—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *ūse*.

[2] **R trilled.**—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as long as possible.

[3] **Wh.**—To produce the oral element of *wh*, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the air is escaping.

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orb, *b*, etc. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.		SUBTONICS.	
lip,	*p.*	orb,	*l.*
*f*ife,	*f.*	vase,	*v.*
*wh*ite,	*wh.*	wise,	*w.*
save,	*s.*	zeal,	*z.*
*sh*ade,	*sh.*	azure,	z.
*ch*arm,	*ch.*	join,	*j.*
tart,	*t.*	did,	*d.*
*th*ing,	*th.*	this,	th.
*k*ink,	*k.*	gig,	*g.*

IV.

ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following formula: The Alphabetic Equivalents of *A first power* are *ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey;* as in the words, g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, melee', gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For å, *ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey;* as in g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, melee', gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

For å, *ai, ua;* as in pl*ai*d, g*ua*ranty.

For å, *au, e, ea, ua;* as in h*au*nt, s*e*rgeant, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd.

For å, *au, aw, eo, o, oa, ou;* as in f*au*lt, h*aw*k, G*eo*rge, c*o*rk, br*oa*d, b*ou*ght.

For å, *ai, e, ea, ei;* as in ch*ai*r, th*e*re, sw*ea*r, h*ei*r.

For ė, *ea, ee, ei, eo, ey, i, ie;* as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, val*i*se, f*ie*ld.

For ė, *a, ai, ay, ea, ei, eo, ie, u, ue;* as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ea*d, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, fr*ie*nd, b*u*ry, g*ue*ss.

For ė, *ea, i, o, ou, u, ue, y;* as in *ea*rth, g*i*rl, w*o*rd, sc*ou*rge, b*u*rn, g*ue*rdon, m*y*rrh.

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For ī, *ai*, *ei*, *eye*, *ie*, *oi*, *ui*, *uy*, *y*, *ye*; as in *ai*sle, sl*ei*ght, *eye*, d*ie*, cho*ir*, g*ui*de, b*uy*, m*y*, r*ye*.

For ĭ, *ai*, *e*, *ee*, *ie*, *o*, *oi*, *u*, *ui*, *y*; as in capt*ai*n, pretty, b*ee*n, s*ie*ve, w*o*men, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, h*y*mn.

For ō, *au*, *eau*, *eo*, *ew*, *oa*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *ow*; as in h*au*tboy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, c*oa*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, s*ou*l, bl*ow*.

For ŏ, *a*, *ou*, *ow*; as in wh*a*t, h*ou*gh, kn*ow*ledge.

For ō͝, *ew*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*, *u*, *ui*; as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, sp*oo*n, s*ou*p, r*u*de, fr*ui*t.

For ū, *eau*, *eu*, *ew*, *ieu*, *iew*, *ue*, *ui*; as in b*eau*ty, f*eu*d, n*ew*, ad*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For ŭ, *o*, *oe*, *oo*, *ou*; as in l*o*ve, d*oe*s, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For o͝o, *o*, *oo*, *ou*; as in w*o*lf, b*oo*k, c*ou*ld.

For ou, *ow*; as in n*ow*.

For oi (o͡i), *oy*; as in b*oy*.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, *gh*, *ph*; as in cou*gh*, nym*ph*.

For j, ġ; as in ġem, ġin.

For k, *c*, *ch*, *gh*, *q*; as in *c*ole, con*ch*, lou*gh*, eti*q*uette.

For s, *c*; as in *c*ell.

For t, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in danced, *Th*ames, *phth*isic.

For v, *f*, *ph*; as in o*f*, Ste*ph*en.

For y, *i*; as in pin*i*on.

For z, *c*, *s*, *x*; as in suffi*c*e, ro*s*e, *x*ebec.

For ƶ, *g*, *s*; as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.

For ng, ṅ; as in aṅger, baṅk.

For ch, *t*; as in fus*t*ian.

For sh, *c*, *ch*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in o*c*ean, *ch*aise, *s*ure, a*ss*ure, mar*t*ial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thorough drill on the preceding tables as arranged, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the or-

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gans of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the student with different combinations of sounds.

As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. Since the *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words, these letters are here employed in the same manner.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1.	bȧ,	bå,	bȃ,	bā,	bār,	bāf;	bė,	bē,	bēr;
	ib,	ĭb;	ȯb,	ŏb,	ōb;	ub,	ŭb,	ūb;	oub.
	dȧ,	då,	dȃ,	dā,	dār,	dās;	dė,	dē,	dēr;
	id,	ĭd;	ȯd,	ŏd,	ōd;	ud,	ŭd,	ūd;	oud.
	gȧ,	gå,	gȃ,	gā,	gār,	gān;	gė,	gē,	gēr;
	ig,	ĭg;	ȯg,	ŏg,	ōg;	ug,	ŭg,	ūg;	oug.
2.	jȧs,	jār,	jȃ,	jā,	jā,	jȧ;	jēr,	jē,	jė;
	ij,	ĭj;	ȯj,	ŏj,	ōj;	uj,	ŭj,	ūj;	ouj.
	lȧs,	lār,	lȃ,	lā,	lā,	lȧ;	lēr,	lē,	lė;
	il,	ĭl;	ȯl,	ŏl,	ōl;	ul,	ŭl,	ūl;	oul.
	mȧs,	mār,	mȃ,	mā,	mā,	mȧ;	mēr,	mē,	mė;
	im,	ĭm;	ȯm,	ŏm,	ōm;	um,	ŭm,	ūm;	oum.
3.	ȧn,	ån,	ȃn,	ārn,	nān,	ān;	ėn,	ērn,	ēn;
	ni,	nĭ;	nȯ,	nŏ,	nō;	nu,	nŭ,	nū;	nou.
	ȧng,	ārng,	ȃng,	āf,	āng,	ȧng;	ėng,	ērng,	ėng;
	ing,	ĭng;	ȯng,	ŏng,	ōng;	ung,	ŭng,	ūng;	oung.
	rȧ,	rå,	rȃ,	rā,	rā,	rāf;	rė,	rēr,	rē;
	ri,	rĭ;	rȯ,	rŏ,	rō;	ru,	rŭ,	rū;	rou.
4.	ȧth,	åth,	ȃf,	ȧth,	ārth,	ȧth;	ėth,	ērth,	ėth;
	thi,	thĭ;	thȯ,	thŏ,	thō;	thu,	thŭ,	thū;	thou.
	vȧ,	vå,	vȃ,	vā,	vāf,	vȧ;	vėr,	vė,	vē;
	iv,	ĭv;	ȯv,	ŏv,	ōv;	uv,	ŭv,	ūv;	ouv.
	wȧ,	wå,	wȃ,	wā,	wā,	wȧf;	wėr,	wē,	wė;
	wi,	wĭ;	wȯ,	wŏ,	wō;	wu,	wŭ,	wū;	wou.

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5. yȧ, yå, yå, yå, yår, yån; yė, yė, yėr;
yi, yī; yȯ, yȯ, yȯ; yu, yů, yů; you.
zou; zů, zů, zu; zȯ, zȯ, zȯ; zī, zi;
zėr, zė, zė; zåf, zår, zå, zå, zå, zȧ.
ouz; ůz, ůz, ůz; ȯz, ȯz, ȯz; īz, iz;
ėrz, ėz, ėz; åf, årz, åz, åz, åz, ȧz.

II. TONIC AND ATONIC COMBINATIONS.

1. fā, fă, få, få, får, fås; fē, fĕ, fēr;
īf, ĭf; ōf, ŏf, ȯf; ūf, ŭf, ůf; ouf.
hår, hån, hå, hå, hā, hă; hē, hē, hēr;
hĭ, hī; hō, hŏ, hȯ; hū, hů, hŭ; hou.
āk, ăk, åk, åk, årk, åf; ēk, ēk, ērk;
kī, kī; kō, kŏ, kȯ; kū, ků, kŭ; kou.

2. āp, ăp, åp, åp, årp, påf; pē, pē, pēr;
pĭ, pī; ōp, ȯp, ŏp; pū, pŭ, pů; oup.
åf, års, ås, ås, ăs, ās; sėr, sĕ, sē;
ĭs, īs; ȯs, ŏs, ōs; sů, sŭ, sū; ous.
tås, tår, tå, åt, ăt, āt; tėr, ĕt, ēt;
tĭ, tī; tŏ, tȯ, tō; ūt, ůt, ŭt; tou.

3. thåf, thår, thå, thå, thā, thă; thėr, thē, thĕ;
īth, ĭth; ōth, ȯth, ŏth; ūth, ŭth, ůth; outh.
ouch; ůch, ūch, ŭch; ŏch, ȯch, ōch; ĭch, īch;
ėrch, ēch, ĕch; chåf, chā, chå, chår, chå, chă.
oush; ůsh, ŭsh, ūsh; ōsh, ȯsh, ŏsh; ĭsh, īsh;
shėr, shē, shĕ; shån, shår, shā, shå, shă, shå.
whou; whŭ, whů, whū; whō, whȯ, whŏ; whī, whĭ;
whėr, whĕ, whē; whås, whår, whå, whă, whā, whå.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS in Articulation arise chiefly, *first*, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

an'	for an*d*.	blin'ness	for blin*d* ness.
frien's	" frien*d*s.	fac's	" fac*t*s.

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sof'ly	for	soft ly.	bois t'rous	for	bois tĕr ous.
fiel's	"	fields.	chick'n	"	chick ĕn.
wil's	"	wilds.	his t'ry	"	his tō ry.
stȧ'm	"	storm.	nov'l	"	nov ĕl.
wȧ'm	"	wȧrm.	trav'l	"	trav ĕl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

ėv ĕn	for	ėv'n.	rav ĕl	for	rav'l.
heav ĕn	"	heav'n.	sev ĕn	"	sev'n.
tȧk ĕn	"	tȧk'n.	sof tĕn	"	sof'n.
sick ĕn	"	sick'n.	shȧk ĕn	"	shȧk'n.
driv ĕl	"	driv'l.	shov ĕl	"	shov'l.
grov ĕl	"	grov'l.	shriv ĕl	"	shriv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another; as,

sĕt	for	sĭt.	cȧrse	for	cȯurse.
sĕnce	"	sĭnce.	re pȧrt	"	re pȯrt.
shĕt	"	shŭt.	trŏf fy	"	trȯ phy.
for gĭt	"	for gĕt.	pȧ rent	"	pȧr ent.
cȧre	"	cȧre.	bŭn net	"	bŏn net.
dȧnce	"	dȧnce.	chil drun	"	chil drĕn.
pȧst	"	pȧst.	sŭl ler	"	cĕl lar.
ȧsk	"	ȧsk.	mel ler	"	mel lō*w*.
grȧss	"	grȧss.	pil ler	"	pil lō*w*.
*s*rill	"	*sh*rill.	mo munt	"	mo mĕnt.
*w*irl	"	*wh*irl.	harm liss	"	harm lĕss.
a gȧn	"	a gain (ă gĕn).	kind niss	"	kind nĕss.
a gȧnst	"	against (ă gĕnst).	*w*is per	"	*wh*is per.
hĕrth	"	hearth (hȧrth).	sing in	"	sing i*ng*.

VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the uses of

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letters in written words, the instructor will require the student to master the following exhaustive, though simple analysis.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; s å v—salve. [Here let the student utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.] The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, *in writing*, is represented by five letters; s a l v e—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first oral element of *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labia-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f*; hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

ANALYSIS.—1st. The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh o͝—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, *in writing*, is represented by four letters; s h o e—shoe. The combination *sh* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z*; hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe* is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by o͝; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of o͝.

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VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A AS the name of a letter, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should always be pronounced ā (*a* in *age*); as,

She did not say that the *three* boys knew the letter ā, but that *ā* boy knew it.

2. The word A, when not emphatic, is marked *short* (ă),[1] though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in åsk, gråss; as,

Give ă baby sister ă smile, ă kind word, and ă kiss.

3. The, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced thŭ; as,

The (thŭ) peach, the (thŭ) plum, thē apple, and the (thŭ) cherry are yours. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. U preceded by R.—When *u* long (*u* in tūbe), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do*; as,

Are you *s*ure that shr*ew*d youth was r*u*de?

5. R may be trilled when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true.* She said *scratching,* not *scrawling.*

IX.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT letters are here omitted, and the words are spelled as they should be pronounced. Students will read the sentences several times, both separately and in concert, uttering all the oral elements with force and distinctness. They will also analyze the words, both as spoken

[1] **A initial.**—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked short (ă), its quantity or volume of sound being less than that of *a sixth power* (å), as in ălås, ămåss, ăbåft.

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and written, and name the rules in articulation that are illustrated by the exercises.

1. It mŭst bė sō.
2. Thŭ bōld, bād bāĺz brōk bōlts ānd bārz.
3. Thŭ rōgz rŭsht round thŭ rŭf, rĕd rōks.
4. Hi ŏn ă hĭl Hŭ hĕrd hārsĕz hārnĭ hŏfs.
5. Shŏr ăl hĕr pāthz ār pāthz ŏv pės.
6. Bā! thāt'z nŏt *sĭks* dŏllārz, bŭt *ā* dŏllār.
7. Chārj thē ōld măn tō chŏz ā chāĭs chēz.
8. Līt sēkĭng līt, hăth līt ŏv līt bēgīld.
9. Bŏth'z yŏths wĭth trŏths yŭz ŏthz.
10. Arm ĭt wĭth răgz, ă pĭgmĭ strā wĭl pērs ĭt.
11. Nou sĕt thŭ tėth ānd strĕch thŭ nŏstrĭl wid.
12. Hė wŏcht ānd wėpt, hė fĕlt ānd prād fār āl.
13. Hĭz iz, āmĭdst thŭ mĭsts, mĕzĕrd ān āzĕr skĭ.
14. Thŭ whālz whėld ānd whĕrld, and bārd thār brād, broun bāks.
15. Jīlz ănd Jāsn Jōnz kăn nŏt sā,—Arōrā, ălās, ămās, mănnā, vĭllā, nār Lūnā.
16. Thŭ strif sėsėth, pės āpprōchėth, ānd thŭ gŭd mān rėjāĭsėth.
17. Thŭ shrŏd shrŏz bād hĭm sā thāt thŭ vil vĭksnz yŭzd shrŭgz, ānd shārp shrĭl shrėks.
18. Shŏrlĭ, thō wŏndĕd, thŭ prŏdĕnt rēkrōt wŭd nŏt ēt thăt krŏd frōt.
19. Amĭdst thŭ mĭsts ānd kōldĕst frŏsts, wĭth bārĕst rĭsts ānd stoutĕst bŏsts, hė thrŭsts hĭz fĭsts āgėnst thŭ pŏsts, and stĭl ĭnsĭsts hė sėz thŭ gŏsts.
20. A stārm ārizĕth ŏn thŭ sė. A mŏdĕl vĕssĕl ĭz strŭggling āmĭdst thŭ wār ŏv ĕlĕments, kwĭvĕring ānd shĭvĕring, shrĭngking ānd bāttling lik ā thĭngking bĕing.
21. Chāst-ĭd, chĕrĭsht Chĕs! Thŭ chārmz ŏv thĭ chĕkĕrd chāmbĕrz chān mė chānjlĕslĭ. Fār thė ār thŭ chāplĕts ŏv chānlĕs chārĭtĭ ānd thŭ chālĭs ŏv chĭldlĭk chėrfŭlnĕs. Chānj kān nŏt chānj thė: frŏm chĭldhŭd tō thŭ chārnĕl-hous, frŏm our fĕrst chĭldĭsh chĕrpingz tō thŭ chĭlz ŏv thŭ chĕrch-yārd, thou ārt our chėrĭ, chānjlĕs chėftĭnĕs.

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II. SYLLABICATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. ***A Monosyllable*** is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home.*

3. ***A Dissyllable*** is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less.*

4. ***A Trisyllable*** is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-fine-ment.*

5. ***A Polysyllable*** is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

6. ***The Ultimate*** is the *last* syllable of a word; as *ful,* in peace-*ful.*

7. ***The Penult,*** or penultimate, is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as *māk,* in peace-*mak*-er.

8. ***The Antepenult,*** or antepenultimate, is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *ta,* in spon-*ta*-ne-ous.

9. ***The Preantepenult,*** or preantepenultimate, is the last syllable but *three* of a word; as *cab,* in vo-*cab*-u-la-ry.

II.

RULES IN SYLLABICATION.

INITIAL CONSONANTS.—The elements of consonants that commence words should be uttered distinctly, but should not be much prolonged.

2. ***Final Consonants.***—Elements that are represented by final consonants should be dwelt upon, and uttered with great distinctness; as,

He accep*ts* the ŏffice, an*d* attemp*ts* by his ac*ts* to conceal his faul*ts.*

3. ***When one word of a sentence ends*** and the next begins with the same consonant, or another that is hard to produce after it, a difficulty in utterance arises that should be obviated by *dwelling* on the final consonant, and then taking up the one at the beginning of the next word, in a

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second impulse of the voice, without pausing between them; as,

It will pai*n* *n*obody, if the sa*d* *d*angle*r* *r*egai*n* *n*eithe*r* *r*ope.

4. Final Cognates.—In uttering the elements of the final cognates, *b*, *p*, *d*, *t*, *g*, and *k*, the organs of speech should not remain closed at the several *pauses* of discourse, but should be smartly separated by a kind of *echo;* as,

I took down my hat-*t*, and put it upon my head-*d*.

5. Unaccented Syllables should be pronounced as distinctly as those which are accented; they should merely have less force of voice and less prolongation; as,

The thought*less*, help*less*, home*less* girl did not resent his rude*ness* and harsh*ness*.

Very many of the prevailing faults of articulation result from a neglect of these rules, especially the second, the third, and the last. He who gives a full and definite sound to final consonants and to unaccented vowels, if he does it without stiffness or formality, can hardly fail to articulate well.

EXERCISE IN SYLLABICATION.[1]

1. THIRTY years ago, Marseilles[2] lay burni*ng* in the sun, one day. A *blazing* sun, upon a fierce Augus*t* *d*ay, was (wŏz) no greate*r* *r*arity in Southern France then, than at any othe*r* time, before or since.

2. Every thi*ng* in Marseilles, and ăbou*t* Marseilles, had *st*ared at the fervid sky, and been *st*ared at in return, until a starin*g* habi*t* had become universal there.

3. *Str*ăngers were *st*ared out of countenance by *st*arin*g* white houses, starin*g* white walls, starin*g* white stree*ts*, starin*g* trac*ts* of ari*d* roa*d*, starin*g* hills from whi*ch* *v*erdure was burnt ăwāy.

4. The ōnly thi*ngs* to be see*n* *n*ot firedly starin*g* and glarin*g* were the vines droopin*g* under their load of grapes. These did occasionally win*k* a little, as the hot air moved their faint leaves.

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[1] **Direction.**—Students will give the number and names of the syllables, in words of more than one syllable, and tell what rule for the formation of syllables each letter that appears in *Italics*, in this exercise, is designed to illustrate.

[2] **Marseilles,** (mår sălz′).

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5. There was no wind *to* make a *r*ipple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of dēmarkātion between the two colors, black and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abŏminable pool, with which it never mixed.

6. Bōats without awnings were too hot *to* touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays (kēz) had not cooled for months.

7. The universal stare made the eyes ache. Tōward the distant line of Italian (ĭ tăl′ yăn) cōast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea; but it sŏftened nowhere else.

8. Far ăwāy the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hillside, stared from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain. Far away the dusty vines overhanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky.

9. So, too, drooped the horses with drowsy bells, in lŏng files of carts, creeping slowly tōward the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were ăwake, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields.

10. Every thing that lived or grew was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and the cĭcāda, chirping his dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The vĕry dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting.

11. Blinds, shutters, curtains, awnings, were all closed to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot ărrōw.

12. The churches were freëst from it. To come out of the twilight of pillars and arches—dreamily dotted with winking lamps, dreamily peopled with ugly old shadōws piously dozing, spitting, and begging—was to plunge into a fiery river, and swim for life to the nearest strip of shade.

13. So, with people lounging and lying wherever shade was, with but little hum of tongues or barking of dogs, with occasional jangling of discordant church bells, and rattling of vicious drums, Marseilles, a fact to be strŏngly smelt and tasted, lay broiling in the sun one day.

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III. ACCENT.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. In many trisyllables and polysyllables, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary;* as, *hab*-i-TA-tion.

3. The mark of acute accent [′] is often used to indicate primary accent; as,

While not forget′ting the past, impróve the présent.

4. The mark of grave accent [`] is here used to indicate, *first*, secondary accent; *secondly*, that the vowel over which it is placed, forms a separate syllable; and, *thirdly*, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; as,

My ben`efactor bought the vi`olin. A learnèd man caught that wingèd thing. Her goodnèss [not good*niss*] moved the roughèst [not rough*ist.*]

The pupil will be required to give the office of each *mark* in the following

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. Hónèst stúdènts learn the greátnèss of hùmílity.

2. That bléssèd and belóvèd child loves évèry wíngèd thing.

3. The agree′able ar′tisan` made an ad′mirable păr′asŏl` for that beau′tiful Russian (rŭsh′an) la′dy.

4. No′tice the marks of ac′cent, and al′ways accent′ correct′ly words that should have but one ac′cent, as in *sen′sible, vaga′ry, cir′cumstances, dif′ficulty, in′teresting*, etc.

5. Costúme, mánnèrs, ríchès, civilizátion, have no pérmanènt ínterèst for him.—His héedlèssnèss offénds his trúest friends.

6. In a crówdèd life, on a stage of nátions, or in the obscúrèst hámlèt, the same bléssèd élemènts óffer the same rich chóicès to each new cómer.

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II.

WORDS DISTINGUISHED BY ACCENT.

MANY words, or parts of speech, having the same form, are distinguished by accent alone. Nouns and adjectives are often thus distinguished from verbs, and, in a few dissyllables, from each other.

EXAMPLES.

1. Note the mark of *ac'cent*, and *accent'* the right syllable.
2. *Perfume'* the room with rich *per'fume.*
3. My *in'crease* is taken to *increase'* your wealth.
4. *Desert'* us not in the *des'ert.*
5. If they *reprimand'* that officer, he will not regard their *rep'rimand.*
6. Buy some *cem'ent* and *cement'* the glass.
7. If that *proj'ect* fail, he will *project'* another.
8. If they *rebel'*, and *overthrow'* the government, even the *reb'els* can not justify the *o'verthrow.*
9. In *Au'gust*, the *august'* writer entered into a *com'pact* to prepare a *compact'* discourse.
10. Within a *min'ute* I will find a *minute'* piece of gold.
11. *In'stinct*, not reason, rendered the herd *instinct'* with spirit.

III.

ACCENT CHANGED BY CONTRAST.

THE ordinary accent of words is sometimes changed by a contrast in sense, or to express opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

1. He did not say a new *ad'*dition, but a new *e'*dition.
2. He must *in'*crease, but I must *de'*crease.
3. Consider well what is done, and what is left *un'*done.
4. I said that she will *sus'*pect the truth of the story, not that she will *ex'*pect it.
5. He that *de'*scended is also the same that *as'*cended.
6. This corruptible must put on *in'*corruption; and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

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EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION OF SPEECH is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are EMPHASIS, INFLECTIONS, SLUR, MODULATION, MONOTONE, PERSONATION, and PAUSES.

Expression { *Emphasis*, *Inflections*, *Slur*, *Modulation*, *Monotone*, *Personation*, *Pauses*.

Expression, the second general division of elocution, has to do with words as found in sentences and extended discourse. It enables the reader to see clearly whatever is represented or described, to enter fully into the feelings of the writer, and to cause others to see, feel, and understand.

I. EMPHASIS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud[1] or *forcible* manner. No uncommon tone, however, is

[1] **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that *loudness* has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch*, but to *volume* of voice, *used on the same key or pitch*, when reading or speaking.

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necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

II.

RULES IN EMPHASIS.

WORDS AND PHRASES PECULIARLY SIGNIFICANT, or important in meaning, are emphatic; as,

Whence and *what* art thou, execrable shape?

2. ***Words and phrases that contrast,*** or point out a difference, are emphatic; as,

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder.*

3. ***The repetition*** of an emphatic word or phrase usually requires an *increased* force of utterance; as,

You injured my child—YOU, sir!

4. ***A succession*** of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of emphatic force, though emphasis sometimes falls on the last word of a series only; as,

His *disappointment,* his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your carelessness.

These misfortunes are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the *weak,* as to the rich, the wise, and the *powerful.*

The students will tell which of the preceding rules are illustrated by the following exercises—both those that are *marked* and those that are *unmarked.*

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Speak *little* and *well,* if you wish to be thought wise.
2. He buys, he *sells,*—he STEALS, he KILLS for gold.
3. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hate* him.
4. I shall sing the praises of *October,* as the *loveliest* of months.
5. It is not so easy to hide one's faults, as to mend them.
6. Study not so much to show knowledge, as to possess it.
7. The GOOD man is *honored,* but the EVIL man is *despised.*

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8. Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

9. He that trusts *you*, where he should find you *lions* finds you HARES; where *foxes*, GEESE.

10. My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land is never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!

11. If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms—*never*, NEVER, NEVER.[1]

12. It is pleasant to grow better, for that is to excel ourselves; it is pleasant to subdue sins, for this is victory; it is pleasant to govern our appetites, for this is empire.

II. INFLECTIONS.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

INFLECTIONS are the bends or slides of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

Inflection, or the *slide*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the *accented* syllable of an *emphatic* word.

2. There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

Inflections { *Rising Inflection*, *Falling Inflection*, *Circumflex*.

[1] In order to make the last *never* more forcible, the emphasis is produced by the falling slide, and a deep depression of the voice,—almost to a deep aspirated whisper, drawn up from the very bottom of the chest.

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3. The Rising Inflection is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

4. The Falling Inflection is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as,

When are you going home.

The *rising* inflection carries the voice upward *from the general pitch*, and suspends it on the highest tone required; while the *falling* inflection commences *above the general pitch*, and falls down to it, as indicated in the last two examples.

5. The Circumflex is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. The acute accent [′] is often used to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent [`] the *falling* inflection; as,

Will you réad or spèll?

7. The *falling* circumflex, which commences with a rising and ends with a falling slide of the voice, is marked thus ⁀; the *rising* circumflex, which commences with a falling and ends with a rising slide, is marked thus ‿, which the pupil will see is the same mark inverted; as,

You must take me for a fo͡ol, to think I could do tha‿t.

II.

RULES IN INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS, or slides, usually occur on the accented or heavy syllables of important or *emphatic* words; as,

I will *nèver* stay. I said an *òld* man, not a *bétter*.

2. The falling inflection is usually employed for all ideäs that are leading, complete, or known, or whenever something is affirmed or commanded *positively*; as,

He will shed tèars, on his return. It is your place to obèy. Spèak, I charge you!

3. The rising inflection is usually employed for all

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ideäs that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete, or for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative; as,

Though he sláy me, I shall love him. On its retúrn, they will shed tèars, not of ágony and distréss, but of grätitude and jòy.

4. Questions for information, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *rising* inflection: but their answers, when positive, the *falling;* as,

Do you love Máry? Yès; I dò.

5. Declarative questions, or those that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *falling* inflection; as,

What mèans this stìr in town? When are you going to Ròme?

6. When words or clauses are contrasted or compared, the first part usually has the *rising*, and the last the *falling* inflection; though, when one side of the contrast is *affirmed*, and the other *denied*, generally the latter has the *rising* inflection, in whatever order they occur; as,

I have seen the effects of *lóve* and *hàtred, jóy* and *grièf, hópe* and *despàir*. This book is not *míne*, but *yòurs*. I come to *bùry* Cæsar, not to *práise* him.

7. The Circumflex is used when the thoughts are not sincere or earnest, but are employed in jest, irony, or double-meaning,—in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery. The *falling* circumflex is used in places that would otherwise require the *falling* inflection; the *rising* circumflex, in places that would otherwise require the *rising* inflection; as,

He intends to r$\widehat{\text{i}}$de, not to w$\widecheck{\text{a}}$lk. $\widecheck{\text{A}}$h, it was M$\widehat{\text{a}}$ud that gave it! I never thought it could be you!

Students will be careful to employ the right slides in sentences that are unmarked, and tell what rule or rules are illustrated by each of the following

EXERCISES IN INFLECTIONS.

1. I want a *pèn*. It is not a *bóok* I want.
2. The war must go *òn*. We must fight it *thròug*.
3. The *càuse* will raise up *àrmies;* the *càuse* will create *nàvies*.

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4. That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character.

5. Through the thick glóom of the présent, I see the brìghtness of the fùture, as the sùn in hèaven.

6. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it.

7. Do you see that bright stâr? Yès: it is splèndid.

8. Does that beautiful lady deserve práise, or blâme?

9. Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback? Neither.

10. Is a candle to be put under a búshel, or under a béd?

11. Hunting *mèn*, not *béasts*, shall be his game.

12. Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?

13. There is a tìde in the affairs of mén, which, taken at the flóod, leads on to fòrtune.

14. O Róme! O my coúntry! how art thou fâllen!

15. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.

16. Sínk or swìm, líve or dìe, survíve or pèrish, I give my hand and heàrt to this vote.

17. If Caudle says so, then all must believe it, of course.

18. Is thís a time to be glóomy and sád
When our mother Náture láughs around;
When even the deep blue héavens look glád,
And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?

19. Oh, but you regretted the robbery! Yes, regretted!—you regretted the violence, and that is àll you did.

20. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of lóve and reconciliátion? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our lóve?

III. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in strŏnger relief.

2. Emphatic words, or the words that express the lead-

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ing thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more fōrcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are *slurred* must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.

3. Slur must be employed in cases of *parenthesis, contrast, repetition,* or *explanation,* where the phrase or sentence is of small comparative importance; and ŏften when *qualification* of *time, place,* or *manner* is made.

4. The parts which are to be *slurred* in a portion of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Students will first read the parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whōle sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the examples that are *unmarked* in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. Dismiss, *as soon as may be,* all angry thoughts.

2. I am sure, *if you provide for your young brothers and sisters,* that God will bless you.

3. The general, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle.

4. The rivulet sends forth glad sounds, and, *tripping o'er its bed of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,* seems *with continuous laughter* to rejoice in its own being.

5. The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; and, feeling the cool breath of each little pool, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

6. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries,*
In the shoals of the sparkling brook;
Laughing maidens, *with soft, young eyes,*
Walk or sit in the shady nook.

7. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze, that makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm to thy sick heart.

8. Ingenious boys, *who are idle,* think, *with the hare in the fable,* that, *running with SNAILS (so they count the rest of*

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their school-fellows), they shall come soon enough to the post; *though sleeping a good while before their starting.*

9. Young eyes, that last year smiled in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel;
And hands, then stained with fruits and flowers,
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

10. No! DEAR AS FREEDOM is, *and in my heart's just estimation prized above all price,* I would much rather be MYSELF the SLAVE, and WEAR the BONDS, than fasten them on HIM.

11. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

12. If there's a Power above us—*and that there is, all Nature cries aloud through all her works*—He must delight in virtue; and that which He delights in must be happy.

13. Here we have butter pure as virgin gold;
And milk from cows that can a tail unfold
With bōvīne pride; and new-laid eggs, whose praise
Is sung by pullets with their morning lays;
Trout from the brook; good water from the well;
And other blessings more than I can tell!

14. Ye glittering towns, *with wealth and splendor crowned;*
Ye fields, *where summer spreads profusion round;*
Ye lakes, *whose vessels catch the busy gale;*
Ye bending swains, *that dress the flowery vale;*
For me your tributary stōres combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

15. The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

16. I said, "Though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;
And men, through novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not."

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IV. MODULATION.

MODULATION is the act of varying the voice in reading and speaking. Its general divisions are PITCH, FORCE, QUALITY, and RATE.

Modulation { *Pitch*, *Force*, *Quality*, *Rate*.

I.
PITCH.

PITCH[1] refers to the *key-note* of the voice—its general degree of elevation or depression, in reading and speaking. We mark three general distinctions of Pitch: HIGH, MODERATE, and LOW.

Pitch { *High*, *Moderate*, *Low*.

2. ***High Pitch*** is that which is heard in calling to a person at a distance. It is used in expressing elevated and joyous feelings and strong emotion; as,

1. Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

[1] **Exercise on Pitch.**—For a general exercise on *pitch*, select a sentence, and deliver it on as low a key as possible; then repeat it, gradually elevating the pitch, until the top of the voice shall have been reached, when the exercise may be reversed. So valuable is this exercise, that it should be repeated as often as possible.

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3. Moderate Pitch is that which is heard in common conversation and description, and in moral reflection, or calm reasoning; as,

1. The morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Their ideā of it is, that it is that part of the day that comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

4. Low Pitch is that which is heard when the voice falls below the common speaking key. It is used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and tender emotions; as,

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bells' deep tones are swelling;—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

II.
FORCE.

FORCE[1] is the volume or loudness of voice, used on the same key or pitch, when reading or speaking. There are *three* general degrees: LOUD, MODERATE, and GENTLE.

Force { *Loud,* *Moderate,* *Gentle.*

2. Loud Force is used in strŏng, but suppressed passions, and in emotions of sŏrrōw, grief, respect, veneration, dignity, apathy, and contrition; as,

1. How like a *fawning publican* he looks!
I *hate* him, for that he is a *Christian.*

[1] **Exercise on Force.**—For a general exercise on *force,* select a sentence, and deliver it on a given key, with voice just sufficient to be heard; then gradually increase the quantity, until the whōle power of the voice is brought into play. Reverse the prŏcess, without change of key, ending with a whisper. This exercise can not be too frequently repeated.

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If I but cătch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ăncient grudge I bear him.

2. VIRTUE takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ANGELS! It is the MAJESTY of GOD!

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll!

3. Moderate Force, or a medium degree of loudness, is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; as,

Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually, and exactly at the time he promises, may, at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare.

4. Gentle Force, or a slight degree of loudness, is used to express caution, fear, secrecy, and tender emotions; as,

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment—sŏftly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken;
One remains—that slumber deep:
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet, that saving sleep.

III.
QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to the kinds of tone used in reading and speaking. They are the PURE TONE, the OROTUND, the ASPIRATED, the GUTTURAL, and the TREMBLING.

Quality { *Pure Tone,* *Orotund,* *Aspirated,* *Guttural,* *Trembling.*

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2. The Pure Tone is a clear, smooth, round, flowing sound, accompanied with moderate pitch; and is used to express peace, cheerfulness, joy, and love; as,

Methinks I love all common things—
The common air, the common flower;
The dear, kind, common thought, that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repāy
For all else fortune tears ăwāy?

3. The Orotund is the pure tone deepened, enlarged, and intensified. It is used in all energetic and vehement forms of expression, and in giving utterance to grand and sublime emotions; as,

1. *Strike*—till the last armed foe *expires;*
STRIKE—for your *altars* and your fires;
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires,
GOD—and your *native land!*

2. "FORWARD, THE LIGHT BRIGADE!
CHARGE FOR THE GUNS!" he said:
Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.

4. The Aspirated Tone is an expulsion of the breath more or less strong,—the words, or portions of them, being spoken in a whisper. It is used to express amazement, fear, terror, horror, revenge, and remorse; as,

1. How ill this taper burns!
Ha! who comes here?
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh,
My blood grows *chilly*, and I *freeze with horror!*

2. While thrŏnged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "*The foe! they come, they come!*"

5. The Guttural is a deep under-tone, used to express hatred, contempt, and loathing. It usually occurs on the emphatic words; as,

Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?

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Doff it, for *shame*, and hang
A *calf-skin* on those recreant limbs.

6. *The Tremulous Tone*, or *tremor*, consists of a tremulous iteration, or a number of impulses of sound of the least assignable duration. It is used in excessive grief, pity, plaintiveness, and tenderness; in an intense degree of suppressed excitement, or satisfaction; and when the voice is enfeebled by age.

The tremulous tone should not be applied throughout the whōle of an extended passage, but only on selected emphatic words, as otherwise the effect would be monotonous. In the second of the following examples, where the tremor of age is supposed to be joined with that of supplicating distress, the tremulous tone may be applied to every accented or heavy syllable capable of prolongation, which is the case with all except those of *pity* and *shortest;* but even these may receive it in a limited degree.

1. *O love, remain!* It is not yet *near dāy!*
It was the nightin*gale*, and not the *lark*,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sings in yon pomegranate-tree.
Be*lieve* me, love, it was the nightin*gale.*

2. *Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,*
Whose trembling limbs have bōrne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortèst span:
O give relief, and Heaven will bless your stōre.

IV.
RATE.

RATE[1] refers to movement in reading and speaking, and is QUICK, MODERATE, or SLOW.

[1] **Exercise on Rate.**—For a general exercise, select a sentence, and deliberate upon it, with a view to its proper rate, as indicated by the sense. Then read it, and repeat it, with the same rate, until you can do so with ease and propriety. Then read it with a quicker rate, and repeat it, until articulation ceases. Having done this, reverse the prŏcess, repeating slower and slower, until articulation ceases. Then read it with a rate intermediate between the quick and the slow, and repeat it, until you can do so with ease and propriety. Then read it with a rate intermediate between the slow and the moderate, and repeat it, until you can do so with ease and propriety. Then read it with a rate intermediate between the moderate and the quick, and repeat it, until you can do so with ease and propriety. Then read it with a rate intermediate between the quick and the moderate, and repeat it, until you can do so with ease and propriety. Then read it with a rate intermediate between the moderate and the slow, and repeat it, until you can do so with ease and propriety. Then read it with a rate intermediate between the slow and the moderate, and repeat it, until you can do so with ease and propriety. Then read it with a rate intermediate between the moderate and the quick, and repeat it, until you can do so with ease and propriety. Then read it with a rate intermediate between the quick and the moderate, and repeat it, until you can do so with ease and propriety. Then read it with a rate intermediate between the moderate and the slow, and repeat it, until you can do so with ease and propriety.

4. I am dry [illegible] spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.

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Rate { Quick, Moderate, Slow.

2. ***Quick Rate*** **is used to express joy, mirth, confusion, violent anger, and sudden fear; as,**

1. The lake has burst! The lake has burst!
   Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:
   They gallop ălŏng with a rōaring sŏng,
   Away to the eager awaiting sea!

2. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
   The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
   Went pōuring forward with impetuous speed,
   And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

3. ***Moderate Rate*** **is used in ordinary assertion, narration, and description; in cheerfulness, and the gentler forms of the emotions; as,**

When the sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
Smiling the shadōws from yŏn purple hills,
We pace this shōre,—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And bōth unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
And then doth my dear brother, who hath wōrn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words.

4. ***Slow Rate*** **is used to express grandeur, vastness, pathos, solemnity, adoration, horror, and consternation: as,**

1. O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
   All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
   Unchanged through time's all-dĕv'astating flight;
   Thou ōnly Gŏd! There is no God beside!

emphatic words; as,

Thou *slave*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward!*
Thou cold-blooded *slave!*
Thou wear a lion's hide?

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V. MONOTONE.

MONOTONE consists of a degree of *sameness of sound*, or tone, in a number of successive words or syllables.

2. It is very seldom the case that a *perfect* sameness is to be observed in reading any passage or sentence. But very little variety of tone is to be used in reading either prose or verse which contains elevated descriptions, or emotions of solemnity, sublimity, or reverence.

3. The monotone usually requires a low tone of the voice, loud or prolŏnged force, and a slow rate of utterance. It is this tone only, that can present the conditions of the *supernatural* and the *ghostly*.

4. The sign of monotone is a horizontal or *even* line over the words to be spoken *evenly*, or without inflection; as,

I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than Gòd! Shall a man be more pure than his Màker!

EXERCISES IN MONOTONE.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generàtions. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art Gòd.

2. Man dieth, and wasteth awày: yea, man giveth up the ghóst, and where is hè? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth úp, so man lieth down, and riseth nòt; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their slèep.

3. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itsèlf—
Yea, all which it inhèrit, shall dissólve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, fáded—
Léave not a ràck behìnd.

4. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged awày.

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VI. PERSONATION.

PERSONATION consists of those modulations, or changes of the voice, necessary to represent two or more persons as speaking.

2. This principle of expression, upon the correct application of which much of the beauty and efficiency of delivery depends, is employed in reading dialogues and other pieces of a conversational nature.

3. The student should exercise his discrimination and ingenuity in studying the character of persons to be represented,—fully informing himself with regard to their temperament and peculiarities, as well as their condition and feelings at the time,—and so modulate his voice as best to personate them.

EXERCISE IN PERSONATION.

He. Dost thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?
Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
Dost thou not love these āye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy fŏrests? and this golden air?

She. Oh, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
And more than all, O father, I love *thee;*
Yet would I fain be wandering—far ăwāy,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sun-bright locks!
To what pale, banished region wouldst thou roam?

She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let's seek that country of all countries—HOME!

He. Seest thou these ŏrange flowers? this palm that rears
Its head up toward heaven's blue and cloudless dome?

She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears;
My heart is wandering round our āncient home.

He. Why, then, we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who sheltered us, when we were fōrced to roam!

She. On, on! Let's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*—FOR HOME!

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VII. PAUSES.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

PAUSES are suspensions of the voice in reading and speaking, used to mark expectation and uncertainty, and to give effect to expression.

2. Pauses are often more eloquent than words. They differ greatly in their frequency and their length. In lively conversation and rapid argument, they are comparatively few and short. In serious, dignified, and pathetic speaking, they are far more numerous, and more prolonged.

3. The pause is marked thus ⌙, in the following illustrations and exercises.

II.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

THE SUBJECT OF A SENTENCE, or that of which something is declared, when either *emphatic* or *compound*, requires a pause after it; as,

The *cause* ⌙ will raise up armies. *Sincerity* and *truth* ⌙ form the basis of every virtue.

2. Two nouns in the same case, without a connecting word, require a pause between them; as,

I admire *Webster* ⌙ the *orator*.

3. Adjectives that follow the words they qualify or limit require pauses immediately before them; as,

He had a mind ⌙ deep ⌙ active ⌙ well stored with knowledge.

4. But, hence, and other words that mark a sudden change, when they stand at the beginning of a sentence, require a pause after them; as,

But ⌙ these joys are his. Hence ⌙ Solomon calls the fear of the Lord ⌙ the beginning of wisdom.

5. In cases of Ellipsis, a pause is required where one or more words are omitted; as,

He thanked Mary many times ⌙ Kate but once. Call this man friend, that ⌙ brother.

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6. A slurred passage requires a pause immediately before and immediately after it; as,

The plumage of the mocking-bird ⌐ though none of the homeliest ¬ has nothing bright or showy in it.

These rules, though important, if properly applied, are by no means complete; nor can any be invented which shall meet all the cases that arise in the complicated relations of thought.

A good reader or speaker pauses, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word, and in many cases much more frequently. In doing this, he will often use what may be called *suspensive quantity.*

III.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY.

SUSPENSIVE QUANTITY means prolonging the end of a word, without an actual pause; and thus suspending, without wholly interrupting, the progress of sound.

2. The prolongation on the last syllable of a word, or suspensive quantity, is indicated thus ¯, in the following examples. It is used chiefly for three purposes:

1st. To prevent too frequent a recurrence of pauses; as,

Her lover¯ sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief¯ is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows¯ flee—she checks their base career;
The foe¯ retires—she heads the rallying host.

2d. To produce a slighter disjunction than would be made by a pause; and thus at once to separate and unite: as,

Would you kill¯ your friend and benefactor?

3d. To break up the current of sound into small portions, which can be easily managed by the speaker, without the abruptness which would result from pausing whenever this relief was needed; and to give ease in speaking; as,

Warms¯ in the sun, refreshes¯ in the breeze,
Glows¯ in the stars, and blossoms¯ in the trees.

GENERAL RULE.—When a preposition is followed by as

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many as three or four words which depend upon it, the word preceding the preposition will either have suspensive quantity, or else a pause; as,

He is the pride ‾ of the whole country.

Require students to tell which of the preceding rules or principles is illustrated by the following exercises—both those that are *marked* and those that are *unmarked*.

EXERCISES IN PAUSES.

1. All promise ∽ is poor dilatory man.
2. Procrastination is the thief of time.
3. Weeping ∽ may endure for a night ∽∽ but joy ∽ cometh in the morning.
4. Paul ∽ the Apostle ∽ wrote to Timothy.
5. Solomon, the son of David, was king of Israel.
6. He was a friend ∽ gentle ∽ generous ∽ good-humored ∽ affectionate.
7. You see a gentleman, polished, easy, quiet, witty, and, socially, your equal.
8. Husbands and fathers ∽ think of their wives and children.
9. But ∽ I shall say no more ∽ pity and charity being dead ∽ to a heart of stone.
10. The night wind with a desolate moan swept by.
11. Here come men ∽ women ∽ children.
12. It matters very little ∽ what immediate ‾ spot ∽ may have been the birth-place ‾ of such a man as Washington. No people ∽ can claim ∽∽ no country ∽ can appropriate him. The boon ‾ of Providence to the human race ∽ his fame ∽ is eternity ∽∽ and his dwelling-place ‾ creation.

KEY TO THE USE OF MARKED LETTERS.

ȧge or āge, ȧt or ăt, ȧrt, ȧll, bȧre, ȧsk; wȅ or wē, ȅnd or ĕnd, hȅr; ı̇ce or īce, ı̇n or ĭn, flȳ, hў̆mn; o̊ld or ōld, o̊n or ŏn, dǒ; mu̇te or mūte, u̇p or ŭp, fu̇ll; ċ as k; ġ as j; ṅ as ng; ṡ as z; this; azure; reäl (not *rē-ȧl*); o'vershoot'; badnèss (not *năss*); agèd (not *āj-ĕd*).

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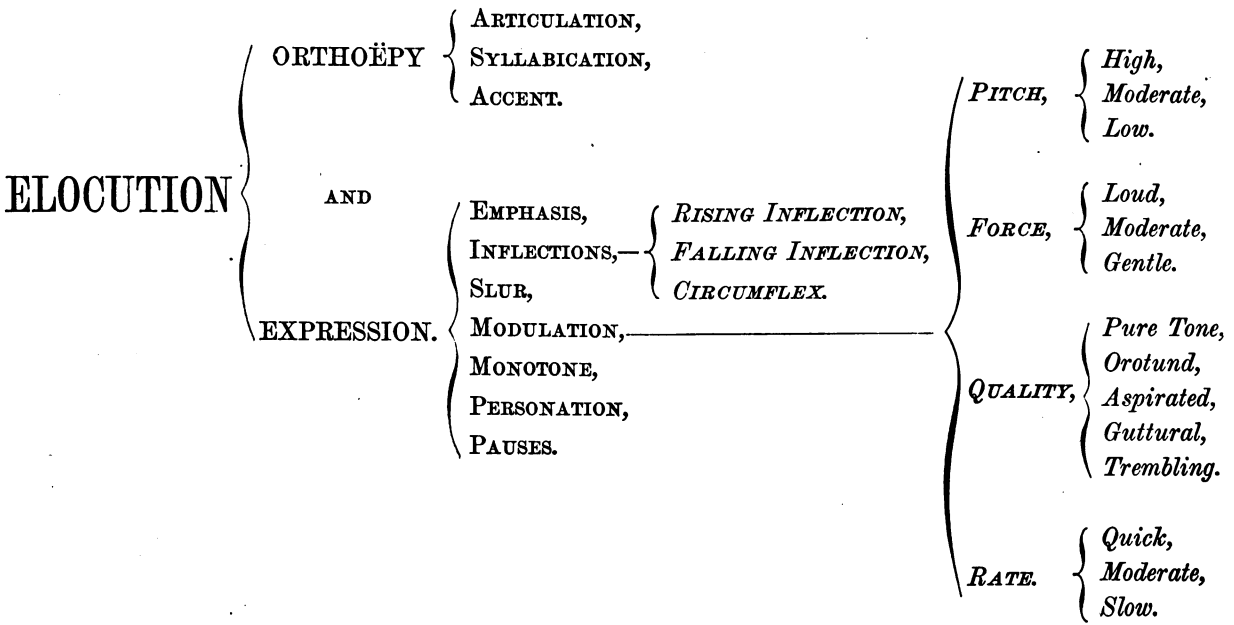
GENERAL BLACKBOARD DIAGRAM.



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PART II.

SELECT READINGS.

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PART II.

SELECT READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. CHARLES BENTHAM.

AN active, clever[1] lad in the[2] country never need feel dull—never experience[3] that miserable sensation[4] of wanting something to do. If he has a[5] turn for mechanical[6] inventions[7] and labors, this becomes a vast[8] and inexhaustible[9] sŏurce of plĕasure, and causes him to lay up a good deal of reälly valuable knowledge.

2. The simple and pātriarchal[10] state of society, in old-fashioned villages and small towns, allows him to go and see all that is going on. He watches the different artisans[11] at their labors, and makes friends among them; so that he can go and hammer and saw and file to his heart's content.

3. It is true, that mōre and higher kinds of mechanical operations may be seen in large towns and cities; but then a boy has rarely the same easy access[12] to them, nor can he be suffered to go among the workmen with the same confidence that he

[1] **Clĕv′ er,** having talent, smartness, or skill; good-natured.

[2] **The** (fhŭ), see Rule 3, p. 26.

[3] **Ex pē′ ri ence,** become practically acquainted with; prove by use or trial.

[4] **Sĕn sā′ tion,** feeling awakened by whatever affects an organ of sense.

[5] **A** (ă), see Rule 2, p. 26.

[6] **Me ċhăn′ ić al,** pertaining to machinery, or the laws of motion.

[7] **In vĕn′ tion,** the act of finding out; contrivance of something new.

[8] **Vast** (vâst), very great in number or extent.

[9] **Inexhaustible** (ĭn`ĕgz`hâst′i bl), that can not be emptied, wasted, or spent; unfailing.

[10] **Pā` trĭ arch′ al,** belonging or relating to a patriarch, or the father and ruler of a family.

[11] **Ar′ ti san,** one trained to hand skill in some mechanical art or trade; a mechanic.

[12] **Aċ cĕss′,** a near approach or coming to; admission.

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will be welcome, and that he will not be in the way of evil communication.

4. Charles Bentham, a young relative of mine, was[1] the mōst perfect example of what enjoyment and advantage a boy may derive from mechanical ămūsemènts that I ever knew. He was a fine, active lad, of a frank and intelligent disposition, that made him a universal fāvorĭte. He was quite at home in the yards and shops of rope-makers, carpenters, blacksmiths, watch-makers, turners, and I know not how many trades besides.

5. When he was a little lad of not mōre than fōur years old, he used to sit on the hearth-rug[2] of an evening, or of a winter's day, cutting little lŏgs of wood with his knife into wind-mills, bōats, and ships. The boats and ships that he made from that time till he was grown quite a youth[3]—some of which still remain—were acknowledged by ĕvèry one to be ad'mirable.[4]

6. Some were made befōre he had ever seen a reäl ship, from pictures of them; and, though not so correct as they otherwise would have been, were vĕry surprising. When he had actually seen ships, and become familiar with all the parts of them, he constructed some which were mōre correct, even to the smallèst piece of rope, so that the mōst experienced seaman could not detect a single error. One of these ships we have now in our possession—a vĕry beautiful thing.

7. But ships were ōnly one kind of his mechanical productions. Whatever he wanted for his own ămūsemènts, he made with the ŭtmōst ease. His fishing-rods were of his own making, even to the iron ferrules (fĕr'rĭlz); his lines were of his own making too. Having got some silk from his mother, he ran ŏff to the rope-yard, and soon came back with beautiful lines of his own twisting.

8. He made his own little wheel-bărrōws, garden-rake, and other tools. At the joiner's, he made all kinds of little boxes for his mother and sisters; at the shoe-maker's, he learned to make shoes; at the watch-maker's, he learned to make an actual clock of wood; and then, from a drawing in an encyclopediă,[5]

[1] **Was** (wŏz).

[2] **Hearth-rug** (hărth' rug).

[3] **Youth** (yŏth).

[4] **Ad' mi ra ble**, worthy to be admired; having qualities to awaken wonder joined with affection or agreeable feelings.

[5] **En cy` clo pē' dĭ a**, a book in which all branches of science or art are explained separately.

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proceeded to construct, with the ŭtmōst accuracy, a perăm'bulātor—an instrument to mĕasure distances.

9. When he was (wŏz) ten or twelve years of age, I first became acquainted with him; and then he had his own little shop over the stable, with his turning-lāthe and tools of all sorts; and he never was so happy as when he found out that he could make anything for you. A screw nut-crack, a wafer-seal, tobacco-stopper, a snuff-box, a set of nine-pins, anything, he was ready to make for his different acquaintances.

10. Going on a visit to a relative of his, who was a large farmer, he set to work and mended up rakes, forks, flails, gates, pōsts, rails, the paling of the garden—every thing, in fact, that needed mending. If a lock was out of order, he soon had it ŏff and put to rights; in short, there was no mechanical job that he was not master of, and could not quickly accomplish, to the astŏnishmènt of the family. Had he been thrown, like Robinson Crusoe,[1] on an uninhabited island, he would have speedily out-Crusoed Crusoe, and secured for himself domestic comforts, and protection from the elements.

11. To such a lad as this, it is astonishing how all odds and ends of things become trĕasures. Nothing[2] is lŏst; bits of wood, scraps of leather, tin, iron, old nails, screws, etc., are hōarded up, and turn, in his hands, into things of account. This fine lad had a box full of old watch-springs, bits of chain, hooks, buttons, wires—anything and everything—which were of essential[3] use at the right season.

II.

2. WILLIAM WORLEY.

WILLIAM WORLEY, the mōst useful and agreeable old man in our village, was a never-failing resōurce[4] when I wanted something to do, and somebody to help and ămūse

[1] **Robinson Crusoe** (krŏ' so), the hero of De Foe's great novel, a shipwrecked sailor, who lives alone for many years on an uninhabited island of the tropics, and who makes his life less lonely by the great number of his contrivances.

[2] **Nothing** (nŭth' ing), no thing.

[3] **Es sĕn' tial,** important in the highest degree; being of that which makes an object, or class of objects, what they are.

[4] **Rē sōurce',** that from which anything springs forth; hence, that to which one resorts, or on which one depends for supply or support.

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me. Where he came from, I can't[1] tell; for he was not a native of the place, though he had been[2] in it mōre years than I had lived.

2. He was a little man, with remarkably white hair and pink complexion; dressed in a blue cōat and waistcoat; a hat of a broadish rim that regularly took a turn up behind. He invariably wōre white lambs'-wool stockings and buckled shoes, and walked with a cane. It was evident that the old man was not a worker—Sundays and week-days, he was always dressed the same.

3. He lived in a small cottage in a retired garden; and his wife was employed in nursing, so that he generally had the place all to himself, and was as glad of a companion as I was. He was a flōrist;[3] his garden displayed showy beds of the mōst splendid auriculas,[4] tulips, and polyanthuses;[5] and it was a great delight to me to help him to weed his beds of a pleasant sunny morning, to arrānge his glasses, and to listen to him while he praised his fāvorĭte flowers. I vĕrily believe that no such flowers were to be found elsewhere in the country.

4. But the place into which I should have desired to penetrate mōre than all was his bedroom. This seemed to be a perfect trĕasury of all sorts of good and curious things. Nuts and apples, walnuts, stuffed birds, walking-sticks, fishing-rods, flower-seeds of curious sorts, and vārious other desirable things from time to time came fōrth from thence in a manner which ōnly made me desire to see how many others were left behind. But into that sanctum hŏnèst William never took anybody.

5. If my father wanted a walking-stick, he had ōnly to give the slīghtèst hint to William, and presently he would be seen coming in with one, varnished as bright as the flower of the mĕadōw crōwfoot. Indeed, his chief delights were to wander through the wood with his eyes on the watch for good sticks, or for curious birds, or to saunter ălŏng the mĕadōws by the stream—angling and gŏssiping in a quiet way to some village listener, like myself, about a hundred country things.

6. People called him an idle man, because he never was at

[1] **Can't** (kånt), can not.

[2] **Been** (bĭn).

[3] **Flō'rist,** one skilled in the cultivation or care of flowers.

[4] **Au rĭc' ū la,** a kind of primrose, called also, from the shape of its leaves, bear's-ear.

[5] **Pŏl`y ăn' thus,** a kind of flowering plant whose flower-stalks produce flowers in clusters.

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work on anything that brought him in a penny. But he had no family to provide for, and his wife got enough, and they might have something besides, for aught I know; and why should he work for what he did not want? In my eyes he seemed, and seems still, one of the wisest sort of men.

7. He passed his time in innocent and agreeable occupations. His flowers, and his bees, and his birds—for he had always two or three that used to hang by the side of his cottage on fine days, and sing with all their might—were his constant delight. He knew where a fish was to be caught, or rare bird to be seen; and if you wanted a fishing-rod or a stick, he was happier to give it than you were to receive it.

8. There were a hundred little things that he was ever and

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anon[1] manufacturing, and giving to just the people that they would mōst please. A screw nut-cracker—was it not the vĕry thing to delight a lad like me? A bone apple-scoop—why, it was a trĕasure to some old person. A mouse-trap, or a mole-trap, or a fly-cage—he was the man that came quietly walking in with it just as you were lamenting the want of it. Nay, he was the man to set them, and come regularly to look after them, till they had done what they were wished to do.

9. If you wanted a person to carry a message, or go on some important little matter to the next village, you thought dĭrĕctly of William Worley, and he was sure to be in the way, and ready to take his stick and be ŏff about it as seriously and earnestly as if he were to have ample reward for it. And ample reward he had—the belief that he was of service to his neighbors. Honèst old William! he was one of a simple and true-hearted ġeneration,[2] and of that generation himself the simplèst and truèst. Peace to his memory!

III.

3. CHINESE KITES.

MOST laughable[3] are the contrasts[4] presented in many of the habits of the Japanēse[5] and Chinēse[6] to those of Western nations. They mount their horses on the opposite side; their carpenters plane toward the person instead of from it; the men fly kites and spin tops, while the boys look on; their books read from top to bottom, and so on. Perhaps of all the odd practices thus indulged in, the one mōst easily to be accounted for, is the practice of kite-flying by grown-up men.

2. In China, people say, and there is some truth[7] in it, that the swaddled[8] babe appears almost as solemn and as staid[9] as a mandarin,[10] and that there, mōre than anywhere else, the child

---

[1] **A nŏn′**, quickly; in a short time.

[2] **Gen` er ā′ tion**, mass of people living at the same time; an age.

[3] **Laughable** (lăf′ a bl).

[4] **Cŏn′ trast**, opposition of things or qualities.

[5] **Jăp`a nēse′**, the people of Japan, or their language.

[6] **Chī nēse′**, the natives, or language, of China.

[7] **Truth** (trōth).

[8] **Swad′ dled**, bound tightly with a bandage or clothes.

[9] **Stāid**, sober; grave; steady.

[10] **Mandarin** (măn`da rēn′), a Chinese officer, either civil or military.

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is father of the man. The mandarin looks like a giant child, the child a dwarf mandarin. The sobriety[1] of age is combined with the plastic[2] nature of youth, and the amusements of the little child are shared by the father, the grandfather, and the great-grandfather—all are kite-flyers. This may be still better understood, when it is explained that the kites of China and Japan are not the simple articles we usually know by that name, but are toys that vary greatly in sort, size, and shape, and are often high in price.

3. Let us transport the reader to the suburbs[3] of some Chinese city, where a whole group of boys are gathered together to see the wonders worked by their elders in the kite-flying art. There is a whiz, a buzz, a whirring music in the air; all sorts of grotesque[4] objects are floating about, rising and falling and dancing to and fro; there are broad-winged birds, and many-colored dragons, lizards, bees, and butterflies, and painted circles and squares, and radiated[5] suns and moons and stars.

4. Most of the kites have pendent[6] tails, and strings in their centers, the linking line which connects these aërial monsters with the earth. Up these strings you see messengers ascending, and very pretty and clever ones they are too. The butterfly messenger, which is about the best, is so made that it flutters open-winged right up to the kite, whence it instantly and quickly descends, having been collapsed[7] and closed, on coming in contact with the kite, by means of a little spring which forms part of its mĕch*a*nism.[8]

5. The form of the ancient[9] French kite was probably that of a beast, and not of a bird, as they call it a *cerf-volant*, a flying stag. The English kite took its name, no doubt, from the bird,

[1] **Sō` brĭ′ e ty**, the habit of soberness or temperance, as to the use of spirituous liquors; calmness.

[2] **Plăs′ tic**, having power to give fashion or form to a mass of matter; capable of being molded or formed.

[3] **Sŭb′urbs**, places near to a city or large town.

[4] **Grotesque** (grō tĕsk′), like the figures found in grottoes or caves; wildly formed; droll; laughable.

[5] **Rā′ di ā` ted**, formed of rays of light diverging or passing out from a center.

[6] **Pĕnd′ ent**, supported from above; suspended; hanging.

[7] **Col lăpsed′**, closed by falling or sinking together.

[8] **Mechanism** (mĕk′ an ĭzm), the parts, taken together, by the action of which a machine produces its effects.

[9] **Ancient** (ān′ shent), old; that happened or lived many years ago.

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of which its first form was a rude imitation; but the Chinese names are vĕry numerous: *fung-tsang*, the wind-guitar; *chi-yan*, paper-hawk; *kwin-chi*, nēither mōre nor less than the English kite, bird and toy; and all sorts of fanciful and poĕtical titles.

6. To describe all kinds of kites to be seen in China would be to undertake too much; so we will ōnly venture to speak of a sort vĕry common among the Chinese, and particularly effective in appearance—namely, the bird kite. The hawk, or common kite, is the bird usually represented; and to make this they cut a piece of paper the exact shape and size of the natural bird when on the wing: this they paint the natural color and stretch on ribs of bamboo arranged very much in the shape of the old English cross-bow when strung, leaving the parts which represent the ends of the wing and tail-feathers unbound by twine, so as to shiver in the wind.

7. Thus constructed, the kite rises with great ease, and flies with wonderful grace of motion, imitating the reäl bird to a nīcĕty by now and then taking a lŏng swoop, then sōaring again, and then poising itself with a flutter before repeating the prŏcess. At times, a number of these kites are flown at once by attaching them at different intervals to the string of some larger kite, and the effect is thereby much increased; for the reäl kites are in the habit of sailing in a flock together as they circle over their prey.

8. What man among ourselves but has had his eyes attracted upward, and mōre or less of his ĭnterest engaged, by seeing a fire-balloon sailing in mid-air, or a sky-rocket bursting in the sky; ŏr, indeed, anything out of the common happening overhead? And is the Chinese or Japanese to be laughed at, if he relishes the still strānger sight of a couple of fantastically[1]-dressed friends walking arm-in-arm in the clouds with an umbrella over their heads; a hideous[2] ogre[3] face, rōaring as it sails ălŏng; a pretty[4] but immense butterfly flapping its wings like its living mŏdĕl; birds flying about so lĭfe-like that one can

[1] **Fan tăs′ tic al ly,** fancifully; whimsically; wildly.

[2] **Hĭd′ e ous,** frightful or offensive to the eye or the ear; dreadful to behold.

[3] **Ogre** (ō′ ger), a monster, or frightful giant of fairy tales, who lived on human beings.

[4] **Pretty** (prĭt′ tĭ), pleasing by delicacy, grace, or neatness.

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hardly believe them to be made of paper; a huge dragon or centiped,[1] which, with its scaly joints stretching out some sixty to a hundred feet in length, its thousand legs, and slow, undulating motion, looks marvelously like a giant specimen of that hŏrrible creature creeping down upon one out of the clouds,—and many other curious things that an Amĕrican would scarcely dream of?

9. Yĕt sights such as these may be seen in Japanese and Chinese cities at any time during the kite-flying season; and, while they can not fail to attract the attention of the observant[2] stranger, in common with many other novelties he sees about him, lead him to conclude that the old men and adults[3] of those countries have, at any rate, some excuse for the frivolity[4] they are accused of.

10. The ability to make such extraordinary[5] kites is mainly owing to the toughness, tenuity,[6] and flexibility[7] of the Chinese and Japanese paper, and the abundant material for ribs and frames afforded by the bamboo,—a plant which has not its equal for the lightness, strength, flexibility, and elasticity[8] of its fibrous[9] wood.

11. With these simple materials, and with the wonderful nēatness and ingenuity[10] the Chinese and Japanese are famous for, it is astonishing how rapidly and easily they construct the odd and complicated[11] figures which they fly as kites.

---

[1] **Cĕn′ ti ped,** a kind of many-jointed, worm-shaped, land animal, wingless, having many feet, and powerful biting fangs.

[2] **Ob serv′ ant,** taking notice; carefully attentive; obedient.

[3] **A dŭlt′,** a person or thing grown to full size or strength.

[4] **Frĭ vŏl′ i ty,** fondness for vain or foolish pursuits; triflingness.

[5] **Extraordinary** (eks trâr′ dĭ nar̆i), out of the common course; more than common.

[6] **Te nū′ i ty,** rareness, or thinness; slenderness.

[7] **Flĕx` i bĭl′ i ty,** the quality of being flexible, or capable of being bent or twisted without breaking; pliancy.

[8] **El las tĭc′ i ty,** ability of a thing to return to its former shape when compressed or expanded.

Fī′ broŭs, containing, or consisting of, fibers, or the thread-like portions of plants or muscles.

[10] **In` ġe nū′ i ty,** the quality or power of ready invention; skill.

[11] **Cŏm′ pli cāt ed,** folded or twisted together; containing many parts; not simple.

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SECTION II

I.

4. THE SPRING.

THE wind blows in the sweet rose-tree:
The cow lōws on the fragrant[1] lea;[2]
The streamlet[3] flows all bright and free:
'Tis not for me—'tis not for thee;
'Tis not for any one, I trōw:[4]
The gentle wind blōwèth,
The happy cow lōwèth,
The mĕrry stream flōwèth
For all belōw.
O the Spring, the bountiful[5] Spring!
She shīnèth and smīlèth on ĕvèry thing.

2. Whence come the sheep?
From the rich man's moor.[6]
Where comèth sleep?
To the bed that's poor.
Peasants must weep,
And kings endure:
That is a fate that none[7] can cure.
Yet Spring doth[8] all she can, I trōw:
She brings the bright hours,
She weaves the sweet flowers;
She dĕckèth her bowers for all belōw.
O the Spring, the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.[9]

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[1] **Frā′ grant**, sweet of smell.

[2] **Lēa**, sward-land or a meadow.

[3] **Strēam′ let**, a small stream; a rivulet; a rill.

[4] **Trōw**, suppose or think; believe.

[5] **Boun′ ti ful**, generous; free in giving.

[6] **Moor**, a large waste covered with heath, and having a poor, light soil, but sometimes marshy.

[7] **None** (nŭn), not one.

[8] **Doth** (dŭth).

[9] **Bryan Waller Procter**, an English poet, better known by his assumed name of Barry Cornwall, was born at London about 1790. Although his prose is excellent, he is chiefly noted as a song writer, some of his songs being singularly well adapted to music.

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II.

5. SPRING.

NOW the laughing, jolly Spring began sometimes to show her buxom[1] face in the bright morning; but ever and anon, meeting the angry frown of Winter, lōath[2] to resign his rough swāy over the wide realm of Nature, she would retire again[3] into her southern bower. Yĕt, though her visits were but short, her vĕry look seemed to exercise a magic[4] influence.

2. The birds began slowly to expand their close winter folds; the dark and melancholy[5] woods to assume an almōst imperceptible purple tint; and here and there a little chirping bluebird hopped about the orchard of Elsingburgh. Strips of fresh green appeared ălŏng the brooks, now released from their icy fetters; and nests of little variegated[6] flowers, nāmelèss, yet richly deserving a name, sprang up in the sheltered recĕsses of the lēaflèss woods.

3. By and by, the shad, the harbinger[7] at once of spring and plenty, came up the river before the mild southern breeze; the ruddy blossoms of the peach-tree exhibited[8] their gorgeous[9] păġeantry;[10] the little lambs appeared frisking and gamboling[11] about the sedate[12] mother; young, innocent calves began their first blēatings; the cackling hen announced her daily feat in the barn-yard with clamorous astŏnishmènt; ĕvèry day added to the appearance of that active vegetable and animal life which nature presents in the prŏgress[13] of the ġēniäl[14] spring; and,

[1] **Bŭx′ om,** fair, healthy, gay, and handsome; frolicsome.

[2] **Lōath,** unwilling; backward.

[3] **Again** (ă gĕn′), once more.

[4] **Măġ′ ĭc,** pertaining to the hidden wisdom supposed to be possessed by the Māgī, or "wise men from the East," who brought gifts to the infant Jesus; apparently requiring more than human power.

[5] **Mĕl′ an chŏl y,** low-spirited; unhappy; sad.

[6] **Vā′ ri e gāt ed,** marked with different colors.

[7] **Har′ bin ger,** one who provides lodging; a forerunner.

[8] **Exhibited** (ĕgz hĭb′ it ed), held forth or presented to view; presented for inspection; displayed.

[9] **Gor′ ġeoŭs,** imposing through splendid or many colors; showy.

[10] **Păġ′ eant ry,** grand exhibition or show; something for vain, outward display or appearance.

[11] **Găm′ bol ing,** leaping and skipping about in sport.

[12] **Se dāte′,** calm; quiet; sober.

[13] **Prŏġ′ ress,** a moving or going forward; gradual advance or growth in learning, goodness, etc.

[14] **Gē′ ni al,** joyous and awakening joy or happiness; productive.

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finally, the flowers, the zephyrs,[1] and the warblers, and the maiden's rosy cheeks, announced to the eye, the ear, the senses, the fancy,[2] and the heart, the return and the stay of the vernal[3] year. PAULDING.[4]

III.

6. THE BIRTH-DAY OF SPRING.

CRY Holiday! Holiday! let us be gāy,
And share[5] in the rapture[6] of heaven and earth;[7]
For, see! what a sunshiny joy they displāy,
To welcome the Spring on the day of her birth;
While the elements, gladly outpōuring their voice,
Nature's pæan[8] proclaim, and in ċhōrus[9] rejoice!

2. Loud cărols[10] each rill, as it lēaps in its bed;
The wind brings us music and balm[11] from the south,
And Earth in delight calls on Echo to spread
The tidings of joy with her many-tongued mouth;
Over sea, over shōre, over mountain and plain,
Far, far doth she trumpet the jubilee[12] strain.

3. Hark! hark to the robin! its magical call
Awakens the flowerets[13] that slept in the dells;[14]
The snow-drop, the primrose, the hyacinth, all

[1] **Zĕph′ yr,** any soft, mild, gentle breeze; a light wind, and particularly the west wind.

[2] **Făn′ cy,** a picture of anything formed in the mind; that power by which the mind forms an image or picture of something.

[3] **Ver′ nal,** belonging to, or appearing in, the spring; hence, belonging to youth, the spring of life.

[4] **James K. Paulding,** the early literary associate of Washington Irving, author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," and more than thirty other volumes, was born in Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Aug. 22, 1779, and died in Hyde Park, in the same county, April 6, 1860.

[5] **Share** (shâr), see Note 2, p. 18.

[6] **Răpt′ ure,** the state or condition of being rapt, or carried away from one's self by agreeable excitement; great joy or pleasure.

[7] **Earth** (ĕrth), see Note 4, p. 18.

[8] **Pæ′ an,** among the *ancients,* a song of rejoicing in honor of Apollo, god of music; hence, a loud and joyous song; a song of triumph.

[9] **Chō′ rus,** a band of singers; the parts of a song in which the company join the singer.

[10] **Căr′ ol,** to sing in joy; warble.

[11] **Balm** (bâm), a sweet-smelling plant; any thing which heals, or which soothes or lessens pain.

[12] **Jū′ bi lee,** a season of great joy.

[13] **Flow′ er et,** a little flower.

[14] **Dĕll,** a small, retired valley.

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Attune at the summons their silvery bells.
Hush! ting-a-ring-ting! don't you hear how they sing?
They are pealing a fairy-like welcome to Spring.

4. The love-thrilling wood-birds are wild with delight;
Like ărrōws loud whistling the swallows flit by;
The rapturous[1] lark, as he sōars out of sight,
Sends a flood of rich melody[2] down from the sky.
In the air that they quaff, all the feathery thrŏng
Taste the spirit of Spring, that outbursts in a sŏng.

5. To me do the same vernal whisperings breathe,
In all that I scent, that I hear, that I meet,
Without and within me, above and beneath:
Every sense is imbued with a prophecy[3] sweet
Of the pŏmp and the plĕasantnĕss Earth shall assume
When adorned, like a bride, in her flowery bloom.

6. In this transpōrt[4] of nature each feeling takes part:
I am thrilling with gratitude,[5] reverence,[6] joy;
A new spring of youth seems to gush from my heart,
And the man is transformed[7] all at once to a boy.
O! let me run wild, as in earlier years;—
If my joy be withheld, I shall burst into tears. SMITH.[8]

SECTION III.

I.

7. BEARS OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

SOME seven or eight years ăgō I was going on foot to Păris.[9] I had started tolerably early, and about noon, the fine trees of ă fŏrest tempting me at a place where the rōad makes a sharp

[1] **Răpt′ ur ous,** very joyous.

[2] **Měl′ o dy,** sweet singing; pleasant song.

[3] **Prŏph′ e cy,** a foretelling.

[4] **Trăns′pōrt,** great joy; rapture.

[5] **Grăt′ i tūde,** warm and friendly feeling toward a giver; thankfulness.

[6] **Rĕv′ er ence,** a continued feeling of great respect and love.

[7] **Trăns formed′,** changed in form or feeling.

[8] **Horace Smith,** an English author of great industry and merit, was born in London, Dec. 31, 1779, and died July 12, 1849.

[9] **Paris** (păr′ ris), capital of the French Empire, after London, the most populous city in Christendom.

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turn, I sat down with my back against an oak on a hillock[1] of grass, my feet hanging over a ditch, and began writing in my green book.

2. As I was finishing the fourth line, I vaguely[2] raised my eyes, and perceived, on the other side of the ditch, at the edge of the road straight before, only a few paces off, a bear[3] staring at me fixedly. In broad daylight one does not have the nightmare; one can not be deceived by a form, by an appearance, by a queer-shaped rock, by an absurd log of wood. At noon, under a May-day sun, one is not subject to illusions.[4]

3. It was indeed a bear, a living bear, a real bear, and, moreover, perfectly hideous. He was gravely seated on his haunches,[5] showing me the dusty underneath of his hind-paws, all the claws of which I could distinguish; his fore-paws softly crossed over his belly. His jaws were partly open; one of his ears, torn and bleeding, was hanging half[6] off; his lower lip, half torn away, showed his well-bared tusks; one of his eyes was gone, and with the other he was looking at me with a serious air.

4. There was not a woodman in the forest, and what little I could see of the road was entirely deserted. One may sometimes get out of a scrape with a dog by calling Gip, or Flora; but what could one say to a bear? Where did he come from? What could it mean, this bear on the Paris high-road? What business could this new sort of vagabond have? It was very strange, very ridiculous,[7] very unreasonable, and, after all, any thing but pleasant. I was, I confess, much perplexed. However, I remained immovable.

5. The bear on his side also remained immovable; he even seemed to me, to a certain extent, benevolent. He looked at me as tenderly as a one-eyed bear could look. True, he had his jaws wide open, but he opened them as one opens one's mouth. It was not a grin, it was only a gape.[8] There was something honest, sanctimonious,[9] resigned, and sleepy, about this bear.

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[1] **Hill′ ock**, a small hill.

[2] **Vāgue′ ly**, unfixedly; laxly.

[3] **Bear** (bâr), see Note 2, p. 18.

[4] **Illusion** (il lu′ zun), a deceptive appearance; a false show.

[5] **Haunches** (hânch′ ez), the hips; the hinder part.

[6] **Half** (hâf).

[7] **Ri dic′ ū lous**, fitted to awaken contempt and cause laughter.

[8] **Gape** (gāp).

[9] **Sanc` ti mō′ ni ous**, making a show of being pious or devout; saintly.

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Upon the whōle, his face was so good that I too resolved to put a good face on the matter. I accepted the bear as a spectator, and went on with what I had begun.

6. While I was writing, a large fly alighted on the bleeding ear of my spectator. He slowly raised his right paw, and passed it over his ear with a cat-like movemènt. The fly took itself ŏff. He looked after it as it went; then, when it had disappeared, he seized his two fore-paws, and, as if satisfied with this faultless attitude, he resumed his contemplation.[1] I assure[2] you I watched his movemènts with ĭnterèst.

7. I was beginning to get accustomed to his presence, when an unexpected incident occurred. A noise of hasty steps was heard on the high-road, and all at once I saw turning the corner another bear, a large black bear. The first was brown. This black bear arrived at full trot, and perceiving the brown bear, gracefully rolled himself on the ground by his side. The brown bear did not condescend[3] to look at the black bear, and the black bear did not condescend to look at me.

8. I confess that at sight of this new arrival, which redoubled my perplexity,[4] my hand shook. Two bears! This time it was too much. What did it all mean? Judging from the dĭrĕction from which the black bear had come, bōth of them must have set out from Paris,—a place where bears are few, especially wild ones.

9. I was all but petrified.[5] The brown bear had at last joined in the gambols of the other, and by dint of rolling in the dust, bōth of them had become gray. Meanwhile I had risen, and was considering whether I should pick up my stick, which had fallen into the ditch at my feet, when a third bear made his appearance—a reddish, diminutive,[6] deformed bear, still more tōrn and bloody than the first; then a fōurth, then a fifth, and a sixth, the last two trotting in company. The last four bears crŏssed the rōad without looking at any thing, almost running, and as if they were pursued.

---

[1] **Cŏn` tem plā´ tion,** act of the mind in considering with attention.

[2] **Assure** (ash shŏr´), to make sure or certain; to declare.

[3] **Cŏn` de scĕnd´,** to stoop or descend; deign; yield.

[4] **Per plĕx´ i tў,** difficulty; a troubled state; not knowing what to do.

[5] **Pĕt´ ri fied,** changed to stone or stony substance.

[6] **Dĭ mĭn´ ū tĭve,** of small size.

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10. This became too puzzling. I could not but be near the explanation. I heard barkings and shoutings; ten or twelve bull-dogs, seven or eight men armed with iron-shod sticks, and with muzzles in their hands, ran up at the heels of the fugitive bears. One of these men paused while the others were bringing back the muzzled beasts, and he explained to me this strange riddle.

11. The proprietor of a circus was taking advantage of the Easter[1] holidays to send his bears and his dogs to give some performances in the country. The whōle party traveled on foot; at the last resting-place the bears had been loosed, and while their keepers were dining at the neighboring tavern, they had taken advantage of their liberty to proceed mĕrrily and alone on their journey. They were *bears out for a holiday.*

II.

8. A FROST-BITTEN NOSE.

ONE day I took it into my head to go my rounds on foot. I armed myself from head to foot against the inroads of the cold; I envĕloped myself in a large Astrakhan[2] frŏck-cōat; I buried my ears in a fur cap; I wound round my neck a Căsh'-mēre scarf, and sallied into the street,—the ōnly part of me that was exposed to the air being the tip of my nose.

2. At first, every thing went on ăd'mirably; I was even surprised at the little impression the cold made upon me, and I laughed to myself at the many tales I had heard on the subject. I was, moreover, delighted that chance had given me this opportunity of becoming acclimatized.[3] However, as the first two pupils on whom I called were not at home, I began to think that chance managed matters too well, when I fancied I saw the people I met looking at me with a certain uncāsiness, but still without speaking.

3. Presently, a gentleman mōre communicative,[4] it would

[1] **Easť er,** a church feast-day in memory of Christ's resurrection.

[2] **Astrakhan** (ăs trå kăn'), a city of Russia, capital of a government of its own name, situated on an elevated island in the Volga.

[3] **Ac clī' ma tīzed,** inured or accustomed to a climate different from that which is natural.

[4] **Com mū' ni ca tĭve,** inclined or ready to converse with, or impart to, others.

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seem, than the rest, said to me in passing, "Nofs!" As I did not know one word of Rŭss, I thought it was not worth while to stop for the sake of a monosyllable, and I walked on. At the corner of Pear street I met a countryman, who was passing at full speed, driving his sledge; but, rapid as was his cōurse, he too thought himself bound to speak to me, and called out, "Nofs! nofs!"

4. At length, on reaching Admiralty square, I found myself face to face with a strŏng fĕllōw, who said nothing (nŭth′ ing) at all, but who, picking up a handful of snow, threw himself upon me; and befōre I could free myself from all my wrappers, began to besmear my face, and to rub it, and mōre especially my nose, with all his might. I did not much relish the joke, especially considering the weather; and, drawing my hand out of my pocket, I dealt him a blow that sent him rolling ten yards ŏff.

5. Unfortunately or fortunately for me, two peasants just then passed, who, after looking at me for a moment, seized hold of me, and in spite of my resistance, held me fast by the arms; while the desperate fĕllōw who first attacked me took up another handful of snow, and, as if determined not to be beaten, threw himself once mōre upon me. This time, taking advantage of my utter inability to defend myself, he again began his frictions;[1] but though my arms were tied, my tongue was free. Thinking myself the victim of some mistake, or of some concerted attack, I shouted mōst lustily[2] for help.

6. An ŏfficer came up running, and asked me in French what was the matter. "What, sir!" I exclaimed, making a last effort, and getting rĭd of my three men, who, with the most unconcerned air in the world, went on their way,—"do you not see what those rascals were doing to me?"

7. "Well, what were they doing to you?" "Why, they were rubbing my face with snow. Would you think that a good joke, I wonder, in such weather as this?" "But, my good friend, they were rendering you an enormous service," replied my interlocutor,[3] looking at me, as we French say, in the vĕry white of the eyes.

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[1] **Friction** (frĭk′ shun), the act of rubbing the surface of one body against that of another.

[2] **Lŭs′ ti ly**, vigorously.

[3] **In ter lŏc′ u tor**, one who speaks in dialogue.

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8. "How so?" "Why, of cōurse, your nose was being frozen." "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, feeling with my hand the threatened feature.

9. "Sir," said a passer-by, addressing my friend the officer, "I warn you that your nose is freezing." "Thank you, sir," said the officer; and, stooping down, he gathered up a handful of snow, and performed for himself the same service which had been rendered to me by the poor fellow whom I had rewarded so badly.

10. "You mean to say, sir, if it had not been for the man who first attacked me, that"—— "You would have lŏst your nose," rejoined the ŏfficer, while rubbing his own.

11. "In that case, sir, allow me"—— and off I ran in pursuit of my friend, who, thinking that I wanted to kill him outright, began running also; so that, as fear is generally mōre nimble than gratitude, I should probably never have overtaken him, had not some people, seeing him running away and me in pursuit, taken him for a thief, and seized him. When I came up, I found him talking with great volubility,[1] trying to show that he was only guilty of too much kīndnèss.

12. Ten flŏrins[2] which I gave him explained matters. He kissed my hand, and one of the bystanders, who spoke French, recommended me to take mōre care of my nose in future. The recommendation was unnecessary; during the rest of my walk I never lost sight of it. DUMAS.[3]

III.

9. A TALE OF TERROR.

I WAS once traveling in Calabria,[4] a land of wicked people, who, I believe, hate ĕvèry one, and especially the French. To tell you the reason why would take too lŏng: suffice[5] it to

[1] **Vŏl` ū bĭl´ i tў**, ready motion of the tongue in speaking; readiness in speech.

[2] **Flŏr´ inš**, coins first made at Florence. The silver florin was valued at from twenty-three to fifty-four cents: the gold florin about a dollar and a half.

[3] **Alexandre Dumas** (dŏ må´) a French novelist and dramatist, born in Paris, July 28, 1824.

[4] **Că lā´ brĭ a**, the south part of the kingdom of Naples, separated from Sicily by the Straits of Messina.

[5] **Suffice** (suf fīz´), to satisfy or content.

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say, that they hate us with a deadly hātrèd, and that one of our countrymen gets on vĕry badly when he falls into their hands.

2. In these mountains the rōads are precipices.[1] It was with much dĭf'ficulty that my horse made his wāy over them. I had for my companion a young man who went first. Taking a path[2] which appeared to him shorter and mōre practicable,[3] he led us ăstrāy. It served me right. Why did I trust to a head of ōnly twenty years?

3. While daylight lasted, we tried to find our wāy through the wood; but the mōre we tried the more we were bewildered; and it was pitch dark when we arrived at a vĕry black-looking house. We entered,—not without fear,—but what could we do? We found a whōle family of charcoal-burners, seated round a table, at which they immediately invited us to take places.

4. My young man did not wait to be pressed. We soon made ourselves at home, and began to eat and drink; or at least my companion did. My time was chiefly occupied in examining the place and the appearance of our hōsts.[4] They had quite the look of charcoal-burners; but as for the house, you would have taken it for an arsenal.[5]

5. What an assortment of guns, pistols, *swōrds*, knives, and cutlasses![6] Every thing displeased me, and I saw very well that I displeased everybody. My companion, on the contrary, making himself quite one of the family, laughed and chatted with them, and with an imprudence that I ought to have foreseen (but, alas! it was so decreed), told them at once where we came from, where we were going, and who we were. He informed them, in short, that we were Frenchmen!

6. Just imagine! We, all the while, ălōne, out of our rōad, so far from all human aid, and in the power of our mortal[7] enemies! And then, as if to omit nothing that might insure

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[1] **Prĕc' i pice,** a headlong descent; a very steep overhanging place.

[2] **Path** (pāth).

[3] **Prăc' ti ca ble,** capable of being done; admitting of use, or of being passed or traveled; passable.

[4] **Hōst,** one from whom another receives food, lodging, or entertainment; a landlord.

[5] **Ar' se nal,** a public building, or buildings, for the storage, or for the manufacture and storage, of arms and all other military equipments, whether for land or sea service.

[6] **Cŭt' lass,** a broad, curving sword, with but one cutting edge.

[7] **Mor' tal,** bent on one's destruction; deadly.

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our death, he played the rich man; promised to pay these people whatever they wished for our entertainment, and for our guides the next day.

7. Then he spoke of his valise, begging them to take particular care of it, and to put it at the head of his bed; for he did not wish, he said, any other pillow. O youth, youth, thou art to be pitied! Cousin, one would have thought we carried the crown diamonds. All that there was in my comrade's valise to cause so great solicitude[1] was—a bundle of his sweetheart's letters!

8. Supper over, our hosts left us. They slept below, we in the room above that where we had supped. A loft, to which we had to mount seven or eight feet by a ladder, was the resting-place that awaited us. It was a sort of nest, into which we were to introduce ourselves by creeping under cross-beams loaded with provisions for the whole year. My companion climbed up alone, and, already half asleep, threw himself down with his head upon the precious valise.

9. As for myself, I determined to watch; and, having made a good fire, I sat down near it. The night, which had been undisturbed, was at length near its end. Just before the break of day, when almost reassured, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below. Listening intently at the chimney, which communicated with the one in the lower room, I distinctly heard[2] the husband utter these words: "*Well, come now, must we kill them both?*" The wife replied, "*Yes;*" and I heard no more.

10. How shall I go on? I stood scarcely breathing, my whole body cold as marble. To have seen me, you would not have known whether I was dead or alive. Horrible![3] when I but think of it, even now! We two, without weapons, against twelve or fifteen who had so many! And my companion half dead with sleep and fatigue! To call him—to make the slightest noise—I dared not; to escape alone was impossible: the window was not very high from the ground; but beneath it, howling like wolves, were two savage bull-dogs. Imagine, if you can, the agony[4] of my situation.

[1] **So lic' i tude**, anxious care; uneasiness of mind caused by the fear of evil or the desire of good.

[2] **Heard** (herd).

[3] **Hor' ri ble**, causing, or tending to cause, a shuddering; frightful.

[4] **Ag' o ny**, extreme or very great pain of body or mind.

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11. At the end of a lŏng quarter of an hour, I heard some one on the stairs, and, through the crack of the door, I saw the father with his lamp in one hand, and in the other one of his large knives. Up he came, his wife after him, I behind the dōor: he opened it; but, befōre he came in, he put down the lamp, which his wife took. As he entered, barefoot, from outside, the woman said to him, in a lōw voice, shading the light with her hand, "*Sŏftly, go softly.*"

12. When he got to the ladder, he mounted it, holding his knife between his teeth. Approaching the head of the bed, where my poor young friend, with throat bare, was lying,—with one hand the monster grasped the knife, and with the other—ah! cousin—he seized a ham which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice, and retired as he had come. The door closed again, the lamp disappeared, and I was left ălōne to my reflections.

13. As soon as dāy dawned, all the family came bustling to waken us, as we had requested. They brought us a vĕry clean and a very good brĕakfast, I assure you. Two chickens formed part of it, of which we must, said our hōstèss,[1] eat one, and take ăwāy the other. Seeing these, I at length understood the meaning of those terrible words, "MUST WE KILL THEM BOTH?" And I think now, cousin, you too will have penetration enough to guess what they signified.

14. Cousin, oblige me by not telling this stōry. In the first place, as you can not fail to see, I do not play a vĕry enviable part in it. In the next place, you would spoil it. Truly, I do not flatter: that face of yours would ruin the recital. As for myself, without boasting, I have just the countenance one ought to have in relating *a tale of terror.* COURIER.[2]

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[1] **Hōst' ess,** a woman who receives and kindly entertains guests at her house; a female innkeeper.

[2] **Paul Louis Courier,** an able French scholar and writer, born in Paris, Jan. 4, 1772, and murdered by his game-keeper, Frémont, near his country-seat, at Veretz, April 10, 1825. Courier's pamphlets are masterpieces of style. They have been published, together with his translations from the Greek, and other works, in Paris, 1834, in four volumes, and since reprinted in one volume.

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SECTION IV.

I.

10. DAY: A PASTORAL.[1]

PART FIRST—MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet[2] perched on high,

[1] **Pastoral** (pås′ tor al), a poem describing country life, especially the life and manners of shepherds.

[2] **Part′ let**, a ruff, band, or collar, for the neck, formerly worn by women; a hen, so called from the ruffling of her feathers, forming a sort of ring or ruff about her neck.

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Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jŏcund[1] that the morning's nigh.

2. Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shădōws, nursed by night, retire;
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

3. Philomel[2] forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive[3] where she prates at night:
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Sōars beyŏnd the shepherd's sight.

4. From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallōw spring;
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled[4] wing.

5. Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies on the dewy dale.

6. From the balmy sweets, uncloyed
(Restlèss till her task be done),
Now the busy bee's employed,
Sipping dew befōre the sun.

7. Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid[5] stream distills,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

8. Colin's[6] for the promised corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious,—while the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

9. Sweet, oh sweet, the warbling thrŏng,
On the white emblossomed sprāy!
Nature's universal sŏng
Echoes to the rising dāy.

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[1] **Jŏc′ und**, lively; merry.
[2] **Phĭl′ o mĕl**, the nightingale.
[3] **Plāint′ ive**, serious; sad.
[4] **Dăp′ pled**, marked with spots of different shades of color; spotted.
[5] **Lĭm′ pid**, transparent or clear.
[6] **Cŏl′ in**, the name in pastoral poetry for a farmer or shepherd

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II.

11. DAY: A PASTORAL.

PART SECOND—NOON.

FERVID[1] on the glittering flood,
Now the noontide radiance[2] glōws
Drooping ō'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

[1] **Fer' vid**, very hot; burning; boiling; zealous

[2] **Rā' di ance**, vivid light; brilliancy; brightness

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2. By the brook the shepherd dines,—
From the fierce meridian heat
Sheltered by the branching pines,
Pendent ō'er his grassy seat.

3. Now the flocks forsake the glade,
Where unchecked the sunbeams fall,—
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivied abbey[2] wall.

4. Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Can not cătch a single sound,
Save the clack of yŏnder mill.

5. Cattle cōurt the zephyrs bland
Where the streamlet wanders cool,
Or with languid[3] silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

6. But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noontide beam
Scorch its sŏft, its silken wings.

7. Not a leaf has leave to stir;
Nature's lulled—serene[4]—and still:
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,[5]
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

8. Languid is the landscape round,—
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises every fainting flower.

9. Now the hill, the hedge,[6] are green;
Now the warbler's thrōat's in tune:
Blīthesome[7] is the verdant[8] scene,
Brightened by the beams of noon.

---

[1] **Glāde,** an open or cleared place in a forest or wood.

[2] **Ab′ bey,** a society of persons of either sex, shut out from the world, and bound to remain single, and devote their time to religion; the *building* used for such a society.

[3] **Lăn′ guid,** heavy; dull; weary.

[4] **Se rēne′,** clear and calm; bright.

[5] **Cur** (kẽr), a worthless dog.

[6] **Hĕdġe,** thorn bushes, or other shrubbery, planted as a fence.

[7] **Blīthe′ some,** merry; cheerful.

[8] **Ver′ dant,** green; fresh.

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III.

12. DAY: A PASTORAL.

PART THIRD—EVENING.

O'ER the heath[1] the hĕifer strays
Free (the fŭrrōwed task is done);
Now the village windōws blaze,
Burnished by the setting sun.

[1] **Hēath**, a plant which bears beautiful flowers. Its leaves are small, and continue green all the year; a place overgrown with heath.

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2. Now he sets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent[1] dye?

3. Trudging as the plowmen go
(To the smoking hamlet bound),
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthened ō'er the level ground.

4. Where the rising fŏrest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built, airy beds,
See the rooks[2] returning home.

5. As the lark, with varied tune,
Cărols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild, resplendent[3] moon
Breaking through a parted cloud.

6. Now the hermit owlet[4] peeps
From the barn or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

7. As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom[5] springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

8. Tripping through the silken grass
O'er the path-dĭvīded dale,
Mark the rose-complexioned lass,
With her well-poised milking pail!

9. Linnets with unnumbered notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mĕllōw thrōats,
Bid the setting sun ădieū.

CUNNINGHAM.[6]

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[1] **Re fŭl′ gent,** casting a bright light; brilliant; splendid.

[2] **Rook** (rŭk), a bird that looks much like the crow, but which feeds mostly on seeds and grain.

[3] **Re splĕn′ dent,** shining with luster; very bright.

[4] **Owl′ et,** a little owl; also, as here, an owl.

[5] **Bosom** (bŭ′ zum).

[6] **Allan Cunningham,** a Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Blackwood in 1785, and died in London, Nov. 5, 1842.

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IV.

13. SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

THE world hath its night. It seemèth necessary that it should have one. The sun shinèth by day, and men go fōrth to their labors; but they grow weary, and nightfall comèth on, like a sweet boon from heaven.

2. The darknèss drawèth the curtains, and shuttèth out the light, which might prevent our eyes from slumber; while the sweet, calm stillnèss of the night permits us to rest upon the lap of ease, and there forgĕt ăwhīle our cares, until the morning sun appēarèth, and an angel puts his hand upon the curtain, and undraws it once again, touches our eyelids, and bids us rise, and proceed to the labors of the day.

3. Night is one of the greatèst blessings men enjoy: we have many reasons to thank Gŏd for it. Yĕt night is to many a gloomy season. There is "the pestilence that walkèth in darknèss;" there is "the terror by night;" there is the dread of robbers and of fell disease, with all those fears that the timorous[1] know, when they have no light wherewith they can discern objects.

4. It is then they fancy that spiritual creatures walk the earth; though, if they knew rightly, they would find it to be true, that "millions of spiritual creatures walk this earth unseen, bōth when we sleep and when we wake;" and that at all times they are round about us—not mōre by night than by day.

5. Night is the season of terror and alarm to mōst men. Yĕt even night hath its sŏngs. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant Gŏd's glōries? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the wĭndōw of your chāmber, and listened there?

6. Listened to what? Silence—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of Gŏd playing in heaven? Did you not conceive, that yŏn stars, those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song—that ĕvèry star was singing God's glōry, singing, as it shōne, its mighty Maker, and his lawful, well-deserved praise?

[1] **Tĭm′ or oŭs**, fearful of danger; without courage; timid.

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7. Night hath its sŏngs. We need not much poëtry in our spirit to cătch the song of night, and hear the spheres[1] as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear,—the praises of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their cōurses. SPURGEON.[2]

V.

14. THE EVENING HOUR.

SWEET evening hour! Dear evening hour!
That calms the air and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild bird to its nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

2. Sweet hour! that bids the laborer cease;
That gives the weary team release,
And leads them home, and crowns them there
With rest and shelter, food and care.

3. O season of sŏft sounds and hues;
Of twilight walks among the dews;
Of tender memories, converse sweet,—
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

4. Yĕs, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow and wishes climb,
When timid souls begin to dare,
And Gŏd receives and answers prayer.

5. Then, trembling, from the vaulted skies
The stars look out, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels calm reclining there,
And gazing on our world of care.

6. Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and Daniël prayed,
When Abram's offerings God did own,
And Jesus loved to be ălōne!

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[1] **Sphēres,** globes, worlds, or stars.

[2] **Charles Haddon Spurgeon,** a distinguished English preacher of the Baptist denomination, was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834. The chapel where he preaches, in London, is of great size. Several volumes of his sermons have been published.

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SECTION V.

I.

15. MY FIRST LESSON.

PART FIRST.

ABBY PUNDERSON—yĕs, that was the name of my first school-mĭstrĕss. She was one of the stĭffĕst, nīcĕst, and mōst thoroughly prim old maids that ever took care of other people's children. She taught in a little red school-house, in "Shrub-oak," half a mile back of Falls Hill. I like to be particular in the geŏgraphy, though I had never opened an atlas in my life, when Miss Punderson received me into her alphabet class.

2. I see her now, sĭtting so vĕry upright in her high-backed chair, solemnly opening the blue-paper covers of Webster, and calling me by name: I see the sharp-pointed scissors lifted from the chain at her side: I hear the rap, rap, of her thimble against the wooden covers of that new spelling-book,—yĕs, I feel myself dropping that bashful little courtesy,[1] and blushing under those solemn gray eyes, as she points down the lŏng row of Roman capitals and tells me to read.

3. I remember ıt all: she had on a brown calico dress; her hair was parted plainly, and done up in a French twist behind; there was a good deal of gray in that black hair, and around her prim mouth any quantity of fine wrinkles; but her voice was low and sweet. She was stiff, but not crŏss, and the little girls loved her in a degree, though she did give them long stretches of hemming, and over-seams to sew.

4. My first school-mistress came from some neighboring town. She was neither Episcopalian nor Presbyterian, but wōre the nīcĕst little Methodist bŏnnet, made of silver-gray satin without a bow or bit of lace,—a Quaker bonnet cut short. Then she had a dainty silk shawl, dinted like a dove's wing, and always carried her handkerchief fōlded when she went to prayer-meeting.

5. The school-house stood on the bank of a small stream

[1] **Courtesy** (kẽrt′ sĭ), a slight bowing of the body, with bending of the knees, as a mark of respect or politeness, formerly done by women.

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which turned a saw-mill just above. It was so overshadowed by young hemlocks that you could ōnly hear the singing of the waters, as they stole by the wĭndōws.

6. Some forty feet of mĕadōw lay between the wĭndōws and the bank, and a noble pear-tree full of golden fruit, flung its shădōw over the school-house, as we got our lessons. Those great bell-pears were cruelly[1] tantalizing[2] as they grew and ripened ămĭd the green leaves; but when they came rushing down from the boughs, and fell in the grass dĭrĕctly under us, so plump and mĕllōw, it was reälly too much for human nature.

7. But Miss Punderson was strict: she read the Golden Rule every Monday, and kneeling at her high-backed chair, prayed for us diligently night and morning all the week, while we stood mutely around. Indeed, her control was so perfect that we hardly ventured to look at the pears when they fell; the ideä of touching them never entered our hearts.

8. But one thing troubled us vĕry much. Just as the fruit grew rīpèst, Miss Punderson began to take her dinner-basket and hymn-book, and crŏss into the mĕadōw back of the school-house, where she would disappear down the hemlock bank, and stay sometimes during the entire hour of noon.

9. One day I was startled at my lesson by a splendid pear that came rushing from the tŏpmōst boughs of the tree, and rolled down tōward the mill-stream. Daniel Haines, who was sĭtting on the second class bench close by me, whispered from behind his spelling-book, that "the mĭstrèss would be after that 'ere pear about noon-time."

10. Mary Bell, a little girl in my class, looked suddenly up and nodded her head. We had found it all out; that was why the mĭstrèss crŏssed the bank čvèry noon. She was fond of pears, and wanted them all to herself,—greedy old thing!

11. We began to feel very angry and ill-used; not one of us would have thought it. What right had she to the pears? They did not belong to her more than to us. In fact, Mary Bell's father, who owned the saw-mill, and lived in the great house with pointed gables just in sight, was the only person who had a claim on that tree or its fruit.

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[1] **Cruelly** (krō′ el li), Rule 4, p. 26.

[2] **Tăn′ ta liz` ing,** tormenting by exciting false hopes or expectations; visiting with bitter disappointment.

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II.

16. MY FIRST LESSON.

PART SECOND.

WHEN the recess[1] came, we were upon the watch. Just as usual, the mĭstrĕss took her dinner-basket, and, getting over the fence, went tōward the hemlock bank. Once she stooped as if to tie her shoe.

2. "See, see!" whispered Daniel, who was on his knees peeping through the rail fence. "She's making believe to tie her shoe: oh, the old maid is cute![2]—I told you so! Let's jump over and see the mean old thing eat it!" He climbed the fence as he spoke, and we followed, a little frightened, but resolute to find out the truth.

3. Daniĕl went before, treading vĕry sŏftly and looking everywhere in the grass. Once he stooped, made a dart at a tuft of clover, and up again. I caught a glimpse of something yĕllōw in the hand he was pushing with considerable hŭrry and trouble into his pocket. But he looked straight forward into the hemlocks and began to whistle, which frightened us half out of our wits, and we threatened to run back again unless he stopped.

4. Daniel went back in high dŭdgeon,[3] trying to cover his pocket with one hand. I think Mary Bell and I would have gŏne[4] back too, but that moment we heard a voice from the hemlock bank. "Come, come," whispered Mary Bell; "let's see if she has reălly got it."

5. We crept forward vĕry sŏftly and looked over into the stream. It had a dry, pebbly shōre, broken with a few mŏss-covered stones, all in deep shădōw—for the hemlocks overhung the spot like a tent. Upon one of these stones sat our schoolmistrĕss, with her hymn-book open, singing. Her voice was sŏft and clear, and joined in with the murmurs of the stream solemn and sweet.

6. The old maid sung her little hymn, closed the book, and, casting a timid glance up and down, to be sure that she was in solitude, knelt down by the mŏssy stone, which had been her

[1] **Re cĕss'**, intermission; a time of rest.

[2] **Cūte**, clever; sharp.

[3] **Dudgeon** (dŭd' jun), resentment; ill-will; anger.

[4] **Gŏne**, Note 5, p. 18.

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seat, and began to pray. The mistrèss was ălōne with her God; she had ōnly vĕry simple language in which to tell him her wants, but its earnèstnèss brought the tears into our eyes.

7. Poor soul! she had been grieving all the time that no one of the scholars ever knelt by her side in prayer. She besought Gŏd with such meek earnèstnèss to touch our hearts and bring us humbly to his feet, kneeling, as she did, for a blessing or in thăńkfulnèss. She told the Lord, as if he had been her ōnly father, how good and precious we were, lacking nothing but his holy grace. She so humbled herself, and pleaded for us, that Mary Bell and I crept ăwāy from the bank, crying sŏftly, and ashamed to look each other in the face.

8. Daniĕl Haines was sitting in a crook of the fence, eating something vĕry greedily; but we avoided him, and went into the school-house quite heart-broken at our own naughtinèss. After a little, the mĭstrèss came in looking serene and thoughtful, as if she had been comforted by some good friend.

9. Mary Bell and I were still and serious all the afternoon. Once or twice I saw her beautiful blue eyes looking at me wistfully over her spelling-book, but we knew that it was wrŏng to whisper, and for the world would not have disobeyed the mistress then.

10. At last the classes were all heard. The mĭstrèss looked, we thought, sadly around at the little benches, ărōse, laid her hand on the high-backed chair, and sunk slowly to her knees. The children stood up, as usual. I looked at Mary Bell; she was trembling a little; the color came and went on her face. My heart beat quick; I felt a glow on my cheek, something sŏft and fervent stirring at my heart.

11. We bōth rose, hand in hand, walked through the scholars up to that high-backed chair, and knelt sŏftly down by the mĭstrèss. She gave a little start, opened her eyes, and instantly they filled with tears; her lips trembled, and then came a burst of thanksgiving to Gŏd for having answered her prayer. She laid her hand first upon one head and then upon the other. She called down blessings upon us; she pōured fōrth her whōle soul eloquently, as she had done under the hemlock boughs. I have heard burning prayers since, but never one that entered the depths of my memory like that.

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12. The next day Mary Bell and I followed the mĭstrèss down to the mill-stream, for we felt guilty till she knew all. But she persisted that Gŏd himself had led us to the bank. No matter though Daniel Haines appeared to have done it. Wicked ĭnstrumènts were ŏft*e*n used to work out good. God had answered her prayer, and it was enough. She ōnly hoped we would not be ashamed of having kneeled by our lonely school-mistress.

13. Ashamed! For the first time in our lives, we threw our arms around Abby Punderson's neck and kissed her. Poor soul! she hardly knew how to take it; those withered lips had been so lŏng unused to kisses that they began to tremble as ours touched them. We were vĕry young, and could not comprehend why she hid her face between those stiff hands and wept so piteously.

MRS. STEPHENS.[1]

III.

17. COUSIN DEBORAH'S LEGACY.[2]

COUSIN DEBORAH was an old, unmarried lady, who had no other property than a moderate life-annuity.[3] The furniture of her house was faded and antique;[4] the linen was well darned; the plate was scanty, and worn thin with use and frequent scouring; the books were few and in no vĕry good condition.

2. She had no jewels or trinkets; her days were passed in a dreary state of tranquillity,[5] stitching, stitching, stitching for ever, with her belovèd huge work-box at her elbōw. *That* wanted nothing; for it was abundantly fitted up with worsted,[6] cotton, tape, buttons, bodkins, needles, and such a multiplicity of reels and balls, that to enumerate them would be a tēdĭoŭs task.

3. Cousin Dĕb'orah particularly prided herself on her darning; carpèts, house linen, stockings, all bōre unimpeachable[7]

[1] **Ann S. Stephens,** an American authoress, was born in Derby, Conn., in 1813. In 1837 she removed to New York. She has written well, both in prose and verse.

[2] **Lĕg′ a cy,** a gift, by will, of money or goods.

An nū′ i ty, a sum of money payable yearly.

[4] **Antique** (an tēk′), ancient; of old fashion.

[5] **Trăn quĭl′ lĭ ty, a calm state;** peace; quietness; freedom from care or trouble.

[6] **Worsted** (wŭst′ ed), **a kind of** yarn spun from long wool.

[7] **Un` im pēach′ a ble,** free from doubt or fault.

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testimony[1] to this branch of ĭn'dustry.[2] Holes and thin places were hailed with delight by her; and it was whispered—but that might be a mere matter of scandal[3]—that she even went so far as to cut holes in her best table-cloths for the purpose of exercising her skill and ingenuity in repairing the fractures.[4]

4. Be that as it may, the work-box was as much a companion to her as dogs or cats are to many other single ladies. She was lŏst without it: her conversation always turned on the subject of thread-papers and needle-cases; and never was darning-cotton more scientifically rōlled into neat balls than by the taper fingers of Cousin Dĕb'orah.

5. The contents of that wonderful work-box would have furnished a small shop. As a child, I always regarded it with a species of awe[5] and veneration;[6] and without daring to lay a finger on the trĕasures it contained, my prying eye greedily devoured its mysteries, when the raised edge revealed its mountains of cotton and fŏrests of pins and needles.

6. And I have no doubt that Cousin Dĕb'orah first regarded me with favor in consequence of being asked by my mother to give me a lesson in darning,—a mōst necessary accŏmplishmènt in our family, as I was the ĕldèst of many brothers and sisters; and, though vĕry happy among ourselves, the cir'cumstances of our dear parents rendered the strĭctèst ĭn'dustry and frugality[7] absolutely indispensable in order "to make bōth ends meet."

7. She was proud of me, on the whōle, as a pupil, though she sometimes had occasion to reprove me for īdlenèss and skipping stitches; and between us, it is impossible to say how many pairs of stockings we made whōle in the cōurse of the year. Many a time I was invited by Cousin Dĕb'orah to take tea with her, and bring my work-bag in my hand, as a matter of cōurse; and we used to sit for lŏng hours without speaking, intent on our needles, the silence unbroken save by the ticking of the eight-day clock.

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[1] **Tĕs' ti mo ny,** proof of some fact; witness.

[2] **In' dus try,** steady attention to business.

[3] **Scăn' dal,** something said which is false and injurious to character.

[4] **Frăct' ūre,** a breach or break.

[5] **Awe** (å), great fear and regard.

[6] **Vĕn`er ā' tion,** the strongest feeling of respect and love.

[7] **Frugality** (frō`găl' i tĭ), that careful use of things valuable which expends nothing needlessly, and applies what is used profitably.

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8. I sometimes found it vĕry dull work, I confess. Not so Cousin Dĕb'orah. She needed no other society than that of her work-box; and I do not believe she loved any human being so well. Her whōle heart was in it; and the attăchmènt she evinced tōward me, as time went on, was fostered and encoŭraged by our mutual[1] zeal in performing tasks of needle-work. Not that I shared in *her* devotion: *I* was actuated by a sense of duty ălōne, and would far rather, could I have done so conscientiously,[2] have been dancing and laughing with companions of my own age.

9. But ply the needle I did, and so did Cousin Dĕb'orah; and we two became, with the huge old work-box between us, quite a pair of loving friends; and at least two evenings in ĕvèry week I went to sit with the lone woman.[3] She would have had me do so *every* evening; but, though there were so many of us at home, our parents could not bear to spare any of us out of their sight oftener than they deemed indispensable.[4]

10. At length Cousin Dĕb'orah's quiet and blămeless life came to an end. Having shut her work-box, locked it, and put the key in a sealed packet, she turned her face to the wall and fell asleep. When her will[5] was opened, it was found that she had left her books, furniture, and plate to a family that stood in the same relationship to her as we did, but who were in much mōre prosperous cir'cumstances than we. To me she devised[6] the huge old work-box, with all its cŏntents, "in token of the high esteem and affection with which I was regarded" by the deceased.

11. I was to inherit the wĕll-stōred work-box, ōnly on condition that it was to be daily used by me in preference to all others. "Every ball of darning cotton, as it dĭmĭnishes, shall bring its blessing," said Cousin Dĕborah; "for Ada Benwell" (that was my name) "is a good girl, and has darned mōre holes in the stockings of her little brothers and sisters than any other

[1] **Mūt' u al**, interchanged: common; given and received.

[2] **Conscientiously** (kŏn` shĭ ĕn'-shus lĭ), with a strict regard to right and wrong.

[3] **Woman** (wŭm' an).

[4] **In` dis pĕn' sa ble**, not possible to omit or spare.

[5] **Will**, the lawful writing by which a person disposes of his property, to take effect at his death.

[6] **De vīsed'**, gave by a will.

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girl of her age. Therefore,[1] I particularly commend the balls of darning cotton to her notice; and I particularly recommend her to use them up as soon as she can, and she will meet with her reward in due season."

12. My mother was a little disappointed at the contents of our kinswoman's will, and expressed her displĕasure in a few sharp remarks, for which my father gently reproved her. The subject of the legacies was never again discussed by us. The work-box was in constant requisition[2] at my side, and the balls of darning cŏtton rapidly dĭmĭnished. One day, as I was sitting beside my mother, busy with my needle, she remarked, "You have followed our poor cousin's dĭrĕctions, my dear Ada. She particularly recommended you to use up the balls of darning cotton as soon as possible; and look, there is one just done."

13. As my mother spoke, I unrōlled a lŏng needleful, and came to the end of that ball. A piece of paper fell to the ground, which had been the nucleus[3] on which the ball was formed. I stooped to pick it up, and was just about throwing it into the fire, when it caught my mother's eye, and she stretched out her hand and seized it. In a moment she unfolded it bēfōre our astonished gaze: it was a bank note of fifty pounds![4] "O, dear, misjudged Cousin Deborah!" she exclaimed: "*this* is our Ada's reward in due season. It's just like her,—kind, queer old soul!"

14. We were not lŏng in using up all the other balls of darning cotton in that marvelous work-box; and such a reward as I found for my ĭn'dustry sure never was met with befōre or since. Truly, it was a fairy box, and my needle the fairy's wand. No less than ten fifty-pound notes were thus brought to light; and my father laughingly declared I had wrought my own dower[5] with my needle. No persuasions could induce him to appropriate the trĕasure; he said it was my "reward," and belŏnged to me ălōne.

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[1] **Therefore** (thĕr´ fôr), for that or this reason.

[2] **Requisition** (rĕk` wĭ zĭsh´ un), the act of requiring; demand

[3] **Nū´ cle ŭs**, a kernel; hence, a central point about which matter is gathered.

[4] **Pound**, a British name of money of the value of 20 shillings sterling, the gold sovereign, or about $4.84.

[5] **Dow´ er**, the property which a woman brings to a husband in marriage; a gift.

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IV.

18. SOCKS FOR JOHN RANDALL.

IT was ă matter of talk that Wĭdōw Randall knit so many socks for the soldiers. She was a poor woman, and had little to do wĭth; but she must have spent a great deal of money for yarn, buying so much of the best at war prices. Knitting seemed almost a mania[1] with her. She was sometimes seen knitting bĕfōre brĕakfast. No sooner was her housework done, than out came her knitting, and her needles flew, click, click, click, faster even than they did when her fingers were young and supple;[2] while her pale, sad face bending above them made one almost weep to look at her. She was one of those who do not weep, but who ever carry a full fountain of tears sealed up within them.

2. Not a box in all the country near was sent to the soldiers that did not contain a pair of Widow Randall's socks; and box after box from the Sanitary[3] Commission carried her contributions. Always welcome, so sŏft, so warm, so nice were her socks. The appreciative could not help unrolling them, feeling their sŏftnèss and speaking their praise; and always carefully stitched within them they found a letter. Sometimes it was ōnly, "To my dear son, John Randall, from his ever-loving mother;" sometimes it told of her love, and hope, and earnest prayer; sometimes it implored him to write to her, and tell her that he lived, and tell her of his welfare if he lived.

3. How many soldiers were blessed through her love for one! How many felt a glōw of thanks as they drew her comforting socks over their benumbed feet, and dropped a tear upon her tender letter to the son who might then be perishing uncared for, unknowing how a mother's love had sought for him, prayed for him, unceasingly.

4. A pair of "socks for John Randall" once fell into the hands of a poor motherlèss English[4] boy. His lone, yearning, orphan heart responded to the maternal tĕndernèss which he had missed and mōurned for in his own life; and wĭth the

[1] **Mā′ nĭ a**, an insane or unreasonable desire; madness.

[2] **Sŭp′ ple**, pliant; easily bent.

[3] **Săn′ i ta rў**, relating to, or intended to continue or secure health.

[4] **English** (ĭng′ glish).

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instinċts of a son, he wrote the wĭdōwed mother a letter of love and thanks in the name of all the absent and wandering sons, and sent her gold, and offered to be her son, if God had bereaved her of her own.

5. A pair of "John Randall's socks" worked their way into a Kentucky rĕġiment at the west. There a rough, hard old soldier got possession of them, and found the note within them, and read it aloud to the silent group around him. In that group was a lone youth who had come a stranger into the regiment, and who never spoke of his home or friends. No one listened to the note so intently as he, and it was strange to see how his color came and went as he listened. Then the tears rolled fast down his cheeks.

6. "Give me the letter," he said; "it is from my mother. The letter and the socks are mine."—"Yours! is your name John Randall?"—"Yĕs." A hearty laugh. "Randall! You can't come that game so easy, Boy George."

7. "Boy George," as the youth was fămiliarly called, colored deeper than befōre, but persisted. "My reäl name is John Randall, and the letter and socks are mine." "Yours when you get 'em, and not much before," answered the man who had them. "If you've changed your name once, you may change it a dozen times, but that wōn't give you my socks."

8. "Boy George" said no mōre about the socks, but again asked for and received the letter. He sought a quiet place and read it, and read it again. "My dēarèst son, dearest beyŏnd all expression, if you are still living, write to me and tell me so; if you love me still, be a good boy, and try to meet me in heaven."

9. This was all; but it was enough for the heart of that undutiful and suffering son. Wild and adventurous, and failing to obtain his mother's consent, he had gone to the war without it, changing his name, and enlisting in a regiment of a distant State. He had taken care that none of his early friends should know where he was, and he knew little of them. He had in some way heard that his mother was dead, and he feared that his own misconduct had broken her heart.

10. Thank Gŏd that in his mercy this bitterness was spared from his cup. His mother still lived, still loved him as of old. He would write to her—would tell her all, all his sins, his sor-

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rows—would ask her forgĭvenèss, her blessing. He kissed his mother's letter, read it again, and then lifted up his heart to God, the first time for long years.

11. He sought the soldier to whom had fallen his mother's socks, ŏffering his own and money for them. "Then it was your mother that knit them, was it?" questioned the rough soldier when he heard the strŏng desire of "Boy George" to obtain them. "Well, you shall have them: give me your duds, and take them."

12. How precious those socks seemed to him! Evèry stitch wrought by his mother's kind hand; and with every stitch a sigh heaved, or a prayer breathed. He seemed to hear the sighs and prayers; he held the socks in his hand, and dropped tear after tear upon them, until his heart was moved, so sŏft*ened*, that he fell upon his knees, as he had not done since he was a child, and prayed, "*God forgive me!*"

13. It was broad daylight, and no work to be done in the house, when Widow Randall dropped her knitting-work just as she was binding ŏff the heel, never taking care to fasten her needles, and letting her ball roll on the floor. One of her neighbors had brought her a letter which he said "had come from the war," and he "mistrusted that it might be from John, or might tell something about him." No wonder, then, that the mother dropped her needles quickly and forgot her ball. News from John! John alive!

14. She read, "Dear Mother—How shall I write you? I am alive, but I shall never see you again, never hear you speak my forgĭvenèss. I am mortally wounded,[1] and have not lŏng to live. The socks with your note in them came just before the battle. They broke me all up, and sent me to my knees befōre God. Bless you, mother, that you never forgot me, never forgot to pray for me; and it is your prayers that have led me to pray at last. How I have mōurned for you, mother! I heard you were dead, and feared it was my unkindness that caused your death. May God and you bōth forgive your repentant and dying son."

15. The full fountain so long sealed is at last opened. The eyes that have not wept for many a year weep now. Joy, grief, which is ŭppermōst? Which is strongest? Widow Randall

[1] **Wounded** (wŏnd′ ed).

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knows that she is childlèss, but she knows that her son died repentant and prayerful. She knows, too, that her labor has not been in vain in the Lord; not in vain the bread cast on the wide waters; not in vain her hope, and patience, and prayer. Never, never is prayer in vain when prompted by love, and winged by faith.

MRS. P. H. PHELPS.

SECTION VI.

I.

19. EGGS AND FEATHERS.

PART FIRST.

FAR south, in the Indian[1] Ocean, in the midst of almōst cēaselèss surf and spray, rises what is appropriately termed Dānġer Island. Of all the lonely spots on the globe whose existence has been ascertained, this is probably the mōst lonely. Once ōnly since the creation has it been known to be visited by man.

2. The sea for many hundred miles rōlls and flashes over a shăllōw bottom, till, arriving at a certain degree of latitude, the floor of rock abruptly ends, and the ocean becomes, in a mōmènt, of unfathomable depth. On the vĕry edge of this abyss[2] stands Danger Island, which the least touch of an earthquake, or an unusual stroke of a hŭrricāne, may topple over into the bŏttŏmlèss gulf.

3. From this persuasion, possibly, man has never attempted to erect his dwellings upon it: there it stands, in the midst of the surge,[3] overcanopied by the bluēst of blue skies, surrounded by a boundless expanse of waves, generally shining and beautiful, but as little specked by sails as if they girdled an uninhabited world. Yĕt, though no gale is astir, the billows incessantly fret and fōam against the cliffs of Dānger Island, which on all sides descend sheer into the deep, so as to appear from a distance perfectly inaccessible.[4]

[1] **Indian** (ĭnd′ yan).

[2] **A bўss′, a gulf; a bottomless depth; hence, any very deep space.**

[3] **Surge** (sĕrj), rolling water.

[4] **In` aċ cĕss′ i ble, not to be obtained, approached, or reached.**

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4. A surveying ship, traversing[1] the ocean in all directions, for scientific purposes, once approached this wild rock. The weather was calm and lovely; the waves, usually so rĕstlèss, being afforded by the wind no pretext for climbing and rōaring about the cliffs, lay still and smooth, as if to entrap the unwary[2] măriner.[3]

5. Taking advantage of the occasion, a few daring young ŏfficers ordered a bōat to be lōwered, and, pushing ŏff with many a sturdy[4] rower from the ship's side, soon drew near the perpendicular[5] precipices[6] of Dānger Island. Nature has perhaps nowhere produced a mōre strānge or fairy[7] spot.

6. As the men rested on their ōars, and looked up, they beheld trees of dense[8] and beautiful fōliāge[9] throwing out their arms over the cliffs[10] on all sides; while birds of the mōst variegated and brilliant plumage seemed to hang like clustering flowers on the boughs. Having never been disturbed by man, they were ignorant that his approach boded[11] them mischief, so that if they now and then quitted their perches, and spread out their dazzling wings, it was ōnly in frolic and spōrt.

7. After rowing to a considerable distance ălŏng the foot of the precipices, the gentlemen discovered a small fissure,[12] through which they felt confident they could climb to the summit; and the bōat being pushed quite close to the rocks, two or three of the mōst daring landed, and, after no slight toil and peril, reached the top. The prospect which then presented itself was truly extraordinary. Rendered green as an emerald[13] by the agency of hidden springs, the whōle surface of the island was thickly strewn with eggs of innumerable oceanic[14] birds, which,

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[1] **Trăv′ ers ing,** wandering over; crossing.

[2] **Un wā′ ry,** not watchful against danger; unguarded.

[3] **Măr′ in er,** seaman; sailor.

[4] **Sturdy** (stĕr′ dĭ), hardy; strong.

[5] **Per` pen dĭc′ ū lar,** exactly upright; toward the earth's center.

[6] **Prĕc′ i pice,** a very steep descent of land or rock.

[7] **Fairy** (fâr′ ĭ), relating or belonging to fairies. Fairies were imaginary, not real, spirits, once thought to be able to take a human form, either male or female, and to meddle in the affairs of mankind.

[8] **Dĕnse,** compact; close.

[9] **Fō′ li āge,** leaves; a cluster of leaves, flowers, and branches.

[10] **Cliff,** a high and steep rock; a very steep or overhanging place.

[11] **Bōd′ ed,** foreshowed.

[12] **Fissure** (fĭsh′ ŭr), a split, or narrow opening.

[13] **Em′ e rald,** a precious stone of a rich green color.

[14] **Oceanic** (ō` shē ăn′ ĭk), relating to, or found or formed in, the ocean.

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rising from the task of incubation,[1] formed a canopy of fluttering wings overhead.

8. The eggs were of all colors,—white, light chŏcolate, and dark blue, dotted with brown or crimson, turquoise[2] or black. Here and there little bills protruded[3] from the shells; and the mothers, though scared ăwāy for a moment by the unusual appearance of men, soon alighted near their young, being, in spite of the name of their home, thoroughly unacquainted with danger. It might almōst be said that the whōle surface of the isle formed but one nest, dĭvīded into several compartments, where the naturalist, if he could live on eggs, might study the appearance, habits, and character of half the wingèd dwellers on the deep.

9. It is altogether unnecessary, however, to voyage so far in order to contĕm′plate[4] the beauty of one of Nature's masterpieces,—the egg. On few things has so much beauty been lavished. Just peep, in any lane, or break, in spring, into a bird's nest, and, lying cozily in their mŏssy couch, you will behold a number of mysterious spheres, ĕvèry one of them with life within, but externally smooth and brilliant as a ġem, penciled with delicate lines, flecked with red, cloudy, streakèd, furnished with thousands of invisible[5] pōres, through which the air penetrates to the imprisoned bird, to hās*ten* its development, and coöperate with animal heat in imparting to it all the mystĕrious powers of organization[6] and vitality.[7]

10. Considering one of these marvels[8] from our own point of view, we should, bēfōre instructed by experience, imagine it was something intended to last for ever, so wonderful is its constitution,[9] so rare its beauty, so ĕx′quisite[10] the finish and polish

[1] **In`cu bā′tion,** the act of sitting on, or otherwise warming, eggs for the purpose of hatching young.

[2] **Turquois** (tĕr kēz′), a mineral, used in jewelry, of a peculiar bluish-green color.

[3] **Protruded** (pro trōd′ ed), thrust out; came forth.

[4] **Con tĕm′plāte,** to look at on all sides or in all bearings; to study.

[5] **In vĭz′ i ble,** unseen; not capable of being seen.

[6] **Or`găn i zā′tion,** the parts of which a thing is formed; structure.

[7] **Vi tăl′ i ty,** life; the power or means of maintaining life.

[8] **Mar′vĕl,** that which causes admiration or surprise; a wonder.

[9] **Cŏn`sti tū′tion,** the state of being; make.

[10] **Exquisite** (ĕks′ kwĭ zit), carefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving rare satisfaction.

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with which, so to speak, it has been chiseled and turned out of hand. Yĕt it is meant to endure but for a few days at furthèst. The young birds are cradled in things of beauty, which, when they have served their purpose, are thrown aside like the mērèst drŏss; not here and there, scantily and by driblets, but profusely, in incalculable quantities, over the whōle surface of our globe. And why not? The power that called the egg into existence can, when it is broken and thrown ăsīde, bring fōrth others of equal lovelinèss in multitudes that know no limit.

11. If you pierce the shell, what do you find within? First, a covering, white, thin, and delicate like the pĕtal[1] of the rarèst flower, which envĕlops the young bird, and preserves it from contact with the polished but hard substance of the shell. Then, if you proceed further, you come upon the mighty prŏcess of matter quickening into life,—the chānging of two dissimilar fluids into bones, and flesh, and feathers, and tălons, and heart, and brains, together with all the machinery of voice, instinct,[2] affection, and such other things as characterize life in all creatures, whether they emerge, like the ostrich, from a huge globe, or like the humming-bird, from an egg scarcely equaling in size the smallest pea.

12. Every one has heard of the egg-hatching ŏvens of Grand Caīro;[3] but unless by actual inspection, it would be almost impossible to form a correct ideä of them. They are, in fact, not ovens at all, but lŏng suites[4] of small, lōw chāmbers, lighted from above, and heated by hypocausts[5] belōw the flooring. When you look down the lŏng line of rooms, you imagine yourself to be gazing upon whōle acres of eggs, and experience a warmth equal to that which you would feel if forty hens were sitting on you. About the nineteenth day the throbbings of life are first seen in the egg; soon after which the shell parts, and leaves the bird exposed to the outer chānges of life. Then man

[1] **Pĕt′ al**, one of the inner or colored leaves of a flower.

[2] **In′ stiṅct**, inward impulse; the natural, unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action.

[3] **Cairo** (kī′ ro), the capital city of Egypt. Population, 250,000.

[4] **Suite** (swēt), a connected series; a collection; also, a train of followers.

[5] **Hўp′ o ȧaust**, an arched, underground room from which the heat of a fire is conducted to rooms above by means of earthen tubes. It was first used in baths.

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takes upon himself the ŏffice of the hen, and feeds the young chickens till they are able to provide for themselves.

13. If there is romance[1] in hatching birds in this manner, we entirely miss it. Much mōre poĕtical did it appear to us to stand beside a solitary nest in the desert. It was that of some unknown bird, which, with sweet confidence in the forbearance of every thing possessing life, had constructed her nest in the open waste, under the frail shelter of a little tuft of grass. We arrived during her brief period of absence, when she had gŏne out of sight, just to take a sweep, and stretch her wings in the balmy air. The nest was round, made externally of mŏss and grass, and lined with a variegated pattern of pink and white feathers. On this lay the five eggs, in color of a sky-blue, dotted with spots of gold.

14. It was a sight of rare beauty: the surrounding grass, slightly scorched by the sun's rays, waved and rustled over the lovely spheres, as the gentle desert breeze fanned it into motion. Presently we heard a sharp cry overhead, and looking up, beheld the anxious mother wheeling round in small circles, and, by her cries of increasing agony, entreating us to be gŏne. Obeying through reverence for maternal love, we left the poor bird, of whatever species she might be, to bring fōrth her young in peace.

II.

20. EGGS AND FEATHERS.

PART SECOND.

IF from the first home of the bird we turn to its clothing, what ĕndless forms of magnĭficence[2] present themselves! The branch of the fern, the frond[3] of the palm, the pensile[4] boughs of the larch bending benēath a weight of snow-flakes, yield the prize of organization to an ŏstrich feather, to the tail of the peacock, or to that of the bird-of-paradise. Even the rainbow, which in summer spans the plain, and paints the cloud

[1] **Ro măncе′**, an extravagant or fictitious tale; the fanciful.

[2] **Măg` nĭf′ i cence**, grandeur of appearance; splendor of show or state.

[3] **Frŏnd**, the organ formed by the union, into one body, of leaves and stalks in certain plants.

[4] **Pĕn′ sĭle**, pendent; hanging.

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with its brilliant rādĭā'tions of light, is less dazzling in its tints than the plumage of many a bird.

2. Sometimes, at the peep of dawn in the desert, where you have perhaps been sleeping all night on your prayer-carpet, if you glance ălŏng the surface of the sand-hills, you may discern millions of spikes, dĭmĭnutive as the fīnèst needle, and green as an emerald, spreading fōrth a fairy mantle to the sky. It would be difficult to imagine any thing sŏfter or mōre lustrous[1] than this ĕvanĕscent[2] robe of verdure, which fades as the dawn advances, and disappears altogĕther at the first touch of the sun.

3. An Ar'ab said it was as green as the wings of the angel Gābriel, or as a feather plucked from the breast of Abou Tob. Who and what is Abou Tob? we inquired, and to our surprise found it was the phenix,[3] which, after having been expelled from the natural history of Europe, has taken refuge in the warmer faith of the children of the desert.

4. One of the mōst ex'quisite sights we have ever beheld was produced by the agency of feathers. Sitting on a broad, sandy flat in the Upper Nile, about half an hour bēfōre sunrise, we lĭstened, in a delicious[4] rĕvĕriē,[5] to the dĭvīne waters, as they flowed and rippled on ēither side of the isle. Time, in such situations, flies rapidly by. The sun, ere we were aware of it, rose, as if with a bound, from behind the Arabian mountains, and immediately the whōle earth lay flooded with golden light. At the same instant, the flapping and rustling of countlèss wings were heard overhead; and looking up, we beheld an immense flight of pĕlicans voyaging southward.

5. The breast of the pĕlican, it is well known, is milky white; yĕt now, being touched by the beams of the young sun, it became covered with a roseäte flush. In one bird this would have been striking; but when the delicate tinge passed like an irrādiation[7] ălŏng the sŏft curves of a thousand bosoms at once, it produced an effect truly marvelous.

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[1] **Lŭs' trous**, shining; bright.

[2] **Ev` an ĕs' cent**, vanishing like vapor; fleeting.

[3] **Phē' nix**, a bird fabled to live single, and, after death, to rise again from its ashes.

[4] **Delicious** (de lĭsh' us), delightful; most grateful or sweet to the senses.

[5] **Rĕv` er iē'**, a loose or irregular train of thoughts occurring in musing; a vision.

[7] **Ir rā` dĭ ā' tion**, act of giving out beams of light; illumination.

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6. To our shame, we confess it, we killed, and attempted to eat, one of these harmlèss dwellers ămĭd the waters. But our pŭnishmènt was instantaneous: no human teeth could masticate its tough fibers, nor could any human stomach digest them. It is true we could gaze upon its dead breast, and try to fancy the celestial[1] hues that had gladdened our sight in the morning; but they were no lŏnger visible.[2] The breast was indeed soft as that of the swan; but as it suggested ghastly ideās, we flung it into the Nile; so that nothing remained to us but the regret of having slaughtered the beautiful bird in vain.

7. Far ăwāy up in Africa, we met a căr'avan[3] bringing slaves, gold, ivory, odoriferous gums, and ŏstrich feathers tōward the shōres of the Mediterranean. Some of these feathers were white, —not the cold white of snow, but the creamy sŏft white of a fair woman's skin. In London, Paris, or New York, we fancy they would have been worth their weight in gold.

8. Each feather was in itself a picture. There was nothing in it which, when touched, produced that harsh, grating sensation of the nerves caused by passing the finger along ordinary feathers. It hung in soft, wavy curls, like the finest lace, on bōth sides of the stem, and terminated in a little fan of ringlets, that fell soothingly upon the hand, like nothing else we are acquainted with in the creation.

9. Yĕt the bird on which these marvels grew is one of the mōst awkward, ungainly, flat-footèd creatures that Africa—the

c *4.* Mŏdèst and shy as a nun is she;
o One weak chirp is her ōnly note.
[illegible] is he,

a stuffed cushion, it scours away in droves athwart the waste.

10. Among the trĕasures of the same căr'avan were other feathers, of colors so bright that they suggested the īdeā of having been freshly dyed by art,—some vermilion,[4] others of the brīghtèst green, others turquois, or bĕryl[5] yĕllōw, or clouded

[1] **Celestial** (se lĕst' yal), belonging to the heavens, either spiritual or the regions of air; heavenly.

[2] **Vĭs' i ble,** to be seen; in view.

[3] **Căr' a van,** a company of travelers, pilgrims, or merchants, traveling together for security.

[4] **Ver mĭl' ion,** a beautiful red color; a lively and brilliant red.

[5] **Bĕr' yl,** a hard mineral usually of a green, or bluish-green color. The beryl, when transparent, is of great beauty, and, set as a ġem, is called *aqua-marine.*

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like the ōpal,[1] or sparkling like the chalcĕd'ony.[2] One bunch of mingled tints so strikingly resembled a nosegay, that we thought for a moment the young Ar'ab chief who held them in his hand was taking home some African flowers to his bride; and so, perhaps, he was; but they were flowers that would not fade, and may still be nodding on the brow of some loving brunette[3] benēath the tents of Ishmael.[4]

11. In the far East, tīny[5] humming-birds are eagerly sought by the ladies of the harem. In the Moluccas,[6] the nutmeg bird, with plumage in color like the fruit, is a special fāvorīte, though its sober hues appear to Europē'ans extremely poor in comparison with those of its gaudy neighbors. In old Greece, a vĕry peculiar use was made of feathers, not after the death of their owners, but while they yĕt flashed and fluttered with joy on the wings that bred them.

12. Several kinds of birds, having been carefully tamed, were scented with liquid ōdors, and during bañquets,[7] let loose in spācious[8] and splendid saloons, where, flitting among the lights, they scattered sweet dews over the guests. Among the luxurious[9] of the same country, counterpanes were made with feathers of the peacock's tail, which cast their gorgeous hues over the forms of sleeping beauty.

III.

21. ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

flight of pĕlicans voyaging southward.

5. The breast of the pĕlican, it is well known, is milky white; yĕt now being touched by the [illegible]

[1] **O' pal,** the *precious opal* has a peculiar play of colors of delicate tints, and is highly esteemed as a gem. The colors of *fire opal* are like the red and yellow of flame. *Common opal* has a milky appearance.

[2] **Chăl cĕd' o ny,** a stone of several varieties and various colors, used in jewelry.

[3] **Brunette** (brō nĕt'), a girl or woman with a brown or dark skin.

[4] **Ish' ma el,** here means *the Arabs* who are the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham.

[5] **Tī' ny,** little; very small.

[6] **Mō lŭc' cas,** or *Spice Islands,* a name given to the islands of the Malay Archipelago.

[7] **Banquet** (băngk' wĕt), a feast.

[8] **Spā'cious,** wide extended; roomy.

[9] **Luxurious** (lŭgz yū' rĭ ŭs), greatly delighting in the pleasures of the table; devoted to pleasure.

[10] **Dāme,** the mistress of a school, or of a family.

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IV.

22. THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WHY dost[1] thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive[2] words to say?
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?—
And who is Will, I pray?

2. Robert of Lĭn̆coln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding cōat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest;—
Hear him call in his mĕrry note:
Bob-o'-lĭn̆k, bob-o'-link,
Spĭn̆k, spa n̆k, spink;
Look, what a nice new cōat is mine,—
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chēe, chee, chee.

3. Robert of Lĭn̆coln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spĭn̆k, spa n̆k, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chēe, chee, chee.

4. Mŏdèst and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her ōnly note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pōuring bōasts from his little thrōat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;—
Cătch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

5. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple,—a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:

[1] **Mēad**, a meadow. [2] **Lincoln** (lĭngk′ ŭn).

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like the opal, or sparkling like the chalcĕd'ony.[2] One bunch of mingled tints so strikingly resembled a nosegay, that we thought for a moment the young Ar'ab chief who held them in his hand was taking home some African flowers to his bride; and so, perhaps, he was; but they were flowers that would not fade, and may still be nodding on the brow of some loving brunette[3] beneath the tents of Ishmael.[4]

Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Găthering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

7. Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and sīlĕnt with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

8. Summer wanes;[1] the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no mōre he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;[2]
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that mĕrry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee. BRYANT.[3]

[1] **Wāne**, decrease; waste away.

[2] **Crōne**, an old woman or man.

[3] **William Cullen Bryant**, among the first, if not the first, of American poets, was born in Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794. He is the poet of nature, especially as found in America. His style, both in prose and verse, is pure, manly, elegant, and vigorous. He has traveled extensively in this country and Europe. His residence is near the village of Roslyn, on Long Island. He is still connected with the "Evening Post."

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IV.

22. THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WHY dost[1] thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive[2] words to say?
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?—
And who is Will, I pray?

2. Why come from yŏn leaf-shaded hill,
A suppliant[3] at my door?
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?—
And is Will rēälly poor?

3. If poverty's his crime, let mirth
From out his heart be driven;
That is the dĕadliëst sin on earth,
And never is forgiven!

4. Art Will himself?—It must be so:
I learn it from thy mōan;
For none can feel another's woe
As deeply as his own.

5. Yĕt wherefore strain thy tīny thrōat,
While other birds repose?
What means thy mĕl'ancholy note?—
The mystery disclose!

6. Still "Whip poor Will!"—Art thou a sprite,[4]
From unknown regions sent,
To wander in the gloom of night,
And ask for pŭnishment?

7. Is thine a conscience[5] sōre beset
With guilt?—or, what is worse,
Hast thou to meet writs, duns, and debt—
No money in thy purse?

8. If this be thy hard fate indeed,
Ah, well māyst thou repine;

---

[1] **Dost** (dŭst).

[2] **Pĕn′sĭve**, thoughtful, or sad.

[3] **Sŭp′pli ant**, one who entreats, or asks humbly.

[4] **Sprīte**, an apparition; a spirit.

[5] **Conscience** (kŏn′shĕns), the power or principle within us which decides on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of our actions and affections, and approves or condemns them.

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The sympathy I give, I need—
The poet's doom is thine!

9. Art thou a lover, Will?—Hast proved
The fairèst can deceive?
Thine is the lot of all who've loved,
Since Adam wedded Eve.

10. Hast trusted in a friend, and seen
No friend was he in need!
A common error,—men still lean
Upon as frail a reed.

11. Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame,
A crown of brambles won?—
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same
With ĕvèry mother's son.

12. Hast found the world a Bābel[1] wide,
Where man to Mammon[2] stoops,—
Where flourish Arrogance[3] and Pride,
While mŏdèst Merit droops?

13. What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain?
To guess it who's the skill?
Pray have the kĭndnèss to explain
Why I should whip poor Will.

14. Dost merely ask thy just desert?
What, not another word?—
Back to the woods again, unhurt:
I will not harm thee, bird!

15. But use thee kindly; for my nerves,
Like thine, have penance[4] done;
"Use ĕvèry man as he deserves,—
Who shall 'scape whipping?"—none!

---

[1] **Bā′ bel,** the name of the city where the confusion of languages took place [Gen. XI. 9.]; hence, confusion; disorder.

[2] **Măm′ mon,** wealth; riches.

[3] **Ar′ ro gance,** haughtiness; the disposition to urge for one's self undue claims.

[4] **Pĕn′ ance,** labor, pain, or suffering, self-applied, or imposed by authority of the Church, as a punishment for faults.

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16. Farewell, poor Will!—not văluelèss
This lesson by thee given:
"Keep thine own counsel, and confess
Thyself ălōne to Heaven!" MORRIS.[1]

SECTION VII.

I.

23. THE FRENCHMAN'S DOG.

VOLUMES could be filled with anecdotes[2] of the mutual attachment of men and dŏgs; and we are of opinion that the affection in such cases is vĕry much mōre noble and generous than is usually supposed. No person, probably, can have any proper ideă of this tĕndernèss of feeling, who has not kept a fāvorite dog.

2. Coŭrage, watchfulnèss, fĭdĕlity,[3]—many of the best qualities that awaken respect, admiration, and love, among human beings,—are possessed to a wonderful extent by dŏgs. There seems to be a sort of humanity[4] in them. This is mōst ăd'mirably shown in the beautiful picture that appears on the next page. Mark the determination to protect, and conscious repose of power, in the large dog, and the bristling assurance, indulged from a sense of security, of the small one!

3. Dŏgs, in their love for man, play a part in nearly ĕvèry tragedy.[5] A modern novelist, describing a murdered man, adds,

[1] **George P. Morris**, the popular American song-writer, was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1802. He commenced his literary career in New York, at the age of fifteen. As a journalist he was sprightly and entertaining, though as a poet, and more particularly as a song-writer, he acquired his chief reputation. Millions of copies of his songs have been circulated. Various editions of his poems have been published, the last of which appeared in 1860. He died in New York, July 6, 1864.

[2] **An' eō dōte**, a particular fact or single passage of private life of an interesting nature; a short story.

[3] **Fī dĕl' i tў**, loyalty; faithfulness.

[4] **Hu măn' i ty**, the nature peculiar to man; kindness.

[5] **Trăg' e dy**, a poem prepared for the stage, representing some action having a fatal and mournful end; any event in which human lives are lost by human violence.

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with rare power of picture-words: "The full, sweet light of the summer day fell into the chāmber of the dead, where they had laid him down, and left him in the deep stĭllnèss that no footfall stirred, no voice disturbed, and no love watched, save that of a little spaniel,[1] which had crept into his breast, and flew at those who sought to move her from her vigil,[2] and crouched there, trembling and moaning piteously."

[1] **Spaniel** (spăn′ yĕl). [2] **Vĭg′ il**, the act of keeping awake; watch.

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4. We believe, that, among the different varieties of dogs, the small spaniel kind is the mŏst affectionate; but probably we are led to entertain this notion from an acquaintanceship with the character of our own favorite Fiddy,—a small spaniel, of joyous and intelligent character, and possessing boundlèss attachment to persons about her. An anecdote is told of a small dog of this variety which does not appear to us to be in any respect incredible.[1]

5. During the Reign of Tĕrror in France, a gentleman in one of the northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic, and sent to Paris, to appear befōre the revolutionary trībūnal.[2] His dŏg was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him, but, on arriving in the capital, was refused admission to the prison of his master.[3] The distress was mutual: the gentleman sorrowed for the lŏss of the society of his dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison.

6. Living ōnly on scraps of food picked up in the neighborhood, the poor dog spent mōst of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fĭdĕlity at length melted the feelings of the pōrter, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master[3] was unbounded; that of his master, on seeing his dog, was not less.

7. It was difficult to separate them; but the jailer, fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Evèry day, however, at a certain hour, he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews, the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master; looked at him again; again licked his hands, and whined his delight. After a few mornings, feeling assured of re-admission, he departed at the call of the jailer.

8. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal; and, to the surprise of the court, there also was the dŏg. It had followed his master into the hall, and clung to him, as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle[4] of so much affection would have

[1] **In ċrĕd′ i ble,** not possible to be credited or believed.

[2] **Trĭ bū′ nal,** the seat of a judge; hence, a court of justice.

[3] **Master** (mås′ ter).

[4] **Spĕċ′ ta ċle,** something presented to view; usually, a *remarkable* sight.

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moved the judges, and induced them to be merciful. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed, and men acted in the spirit of mā'niacs[1] or dē'mons.[2]

9. Will it be credited?—the prisoner, accused only of being an aris'tocrat,[3] was doomed to be guillotined;[4] and, in pronouncing sentence, the judge added, partly in jest and partly in earnèst, that his dog might go with him! The condemned man and his humble companion were conducted back to prison. What were the mental sufferings of the unhappy gentleman, it is needlèss to inquire; the dog was happily unconscious of the approaching tragedy.

10. Morning dawned; the hour of execution arrived; and the prisoner, with other victims of revolutionary vengeance, went fōrth to the scaffold. One last caress was permitted; next minute the ax fell, and severed the head of the poor gentleman from his body. His dog saw the bloody deed perpetrated, and was frantic with grief. He followed the mangled corpse of his master to the grave. No persuasions could induce him to leave the spot. Night and day he lay on the bare ground. Food was offered, but he would not eat.

11. If a dog's heart could be broken, the heart of this one surely was. Day by day his body grew thinner, his eye mōre glassy. Occasionally he uttered low, moaning sounds. They were the expiring efforts of nature. One morning he was found, stretched lifeless on the earth. Death had kindly put an end to his sufferings.

12. Who can describe the depth of agony that this faithful creature had endured? None. All can, however, tell how France has been punished for the crimes of which the above is only one among many thousands.

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[1] **Mā' ni ăć**, a madman.

[2] **Dē' mon**, a spirit holding a middle place between men and the gods of the pagans; an evil spirit; a devil.

[3] **A ris' to crăt**, one who favors, in principle or practice, a form of government whose power is vested in the chief persons of a state; one who is haughty, proud, or overbearing in his temper or habits.

[4] **Guillotined** (gĭl' lō tēnd'), beheaded with the guillotine, a machine in which a heavy ax is raised by means of a cord, and let fall upon the neck of the victim.

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II.

24. LEWIS AND HIS DOG.

MASTER JOHN had come to sail a little bōat which his grandfather had given him: the string by which the length of its voyage was to have been regulated had broken, and the boat had drifted farther and farther from its hăplèss owner, until at last it had reached a species of buoy[1] to which the park-keeper's punt[2] was occasionally moored, and there it had chosen to stick hard and fast. In this rebellious little craft was embarked, so to speak, all Master John's present stock of earthly happinèss; thence the sŏrrōw which Mary's carĕsses were unable to assuage, and thence the lămentātions[3] which had attracted Lewis's attention.

2. "Don't cry so, my little man, and we'll see if we can't[4] find a way of gĕtting it for you," observed Lewis, encouragingly, raising the distressed ship-owner in his arms, to afford him a better view of his stranded property. "We must ask my dŏg to go and fetch it for us. Come here, Mr. Faust! You are not afraid of him? he wouldn't hurt you; that's right, pat him—there's a brave boy. Now, ask him to fetch your boat for you: Say, 'Please, Mr. Faust, go and get my bōat'—say so."

3. And the child—half-pleased, half-frightened, but with implicit[5] faith in the dog's intellectual powers, and the advisability of conciliating its good-will and implōring its assistance—repeated the desired formula[6] with great fervor.[7] "That's well! Now, nurse, take care of Master—what did you say?—ay,[8] Master John, while I show Faust where the bōat is." As he spoke, he took up a stone, and, attracting Faust's attention to his proceedings, jerked it into the water just beyŏnd the spot where the boat lay, at the same time directing him to fetch it.

4. With a bound like the spring of a lion, the noble dog

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[1] **Buoy** (bwâ'), a float; a floating mark to point out the position of objects benēath the water.

[2] **Punt**, a flat-bottomed boat.

[3] **Lăm` en tā' tion**, the act of bewailing; expression of sorrow.

[4] **Can't** (kânt).

[5] **Im plīc' it**, resting on another; trusting fully to another's word, power, or authority; entire.

[6] **Formula** (fâr' mu lâ), a set rule or form; a fixed method in which any thing is to be arranged, done, said, or the like.

[7] **Fer'vor**, heat; very great feeling.

[8] **Ay** (â'), yea; yes.

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dashed into the water, and swam vigorously toward the object of his quest,[1] reached it, seized it in his powerful jaws, and turned his head tōward the bañk in preparation for his hōmeward voyage; while the delighted child laughed and shoutèd with joy at the prospect of regaining his lŏst trĕasure. Instead, however, of proceeding at once toward the shōre, the dog remained stātionary, beating the water with his fore-paws to keep himself ăflōat, and occasionally uttering an uneasy whine. "Here—Faust! Faust! What in the world's the matter with him?" exclaimed Lewis, calling the dog, and inciting[2] him, by gestures, to return—but in vain. His struggles ōnly became mōre vīōlent, without his making the slightèst prŏgress through the water.

5. Attracted by the sight, a knot of loungers găthered round the spot, and vārious suggestions were hazarded as to the dog's unaccountable behavior. "I think he must be seized with cramp," observed a good-natured, round-faced man, in a velveteen jacket, who looked like one of the park-keepers. "The ănimal is suicidally disposed, apparently," remarked a tall, aristocratic-looking young man, with a sinister[3] expression of countenance, to which a thick mustache[4] imparted a character of fiĕrcenèss. "Anxious to submit to the cold-water cure, more probably," replied his companion. "It will be kill, rather than cure, with him, before long," returned the former speaker, with a half-laugh. "He's gĕtting lōwer in the water ĕvèry minute."

6. "He's caught by the string of the bōat which is twisted round the buoy!" exclaimed Lewis, who, during the above conversation, had seized the branch of a tree, and, raising himself by his hands, had reached a position from which he was able to perceive the cause of his fāvorĭte's disaster. "He'll be drowned if he is not unfastened. Who knows where the key of the boat-house is kept?" "I'll run and fetch it," cried the good-natured man; "it's at the receiving-house, I believe." "Quick; or it will be no use!" said Lewis, in the greātèst excitement.

7. The man hŭrried ŏff, but the crowd round the spot had

[1] **Quĕst,** desire; search.

[2] **In cīt' ing,** moving to action; rousing.

[3] **Sĭn' is ter,** left-handed; evil.

[4] **Mustache** (mŭs tăsh'), that part of the beard which grows on the upper lip; hair left to grow above the mouth.

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now become so dense,—even carriages filled with fashionably dressed ladies having stopped to witness the catastrophe,[1]—that it was no easy matter for him to make his way through it; and several minutes elapsed without witnessing his return. In the meantime, the poor dog's struggles were becoming fainter and fainter; his whining had changed to something between a hōarse bark and a howl,—a sound so clearly indicative of suffering as to be mōst distressing to the bystanders; and it was evident, that, if some effort were not speedily made for his relief, he must sink.

8. "He shall not perish unassisted!" exclaimed Lewis, impetuously—"Who will lend me a knife?" Several were immediately ŏffered him, from which he selected one with a broad blade. "May I inquire how you propose to prevent the catastrophe?" asked, superciliously,[2] the mustached gentleman to whom we have before alluded. "You shall see, dĭrĕctly," returned Lewis, dĭvĕsting himself of his cōat, wāistcoat, and nĕckclŏth. "I presume you are aware there is not one man in a hundred who could swim that distance in his clothes," resumed the speaker, in the same sneering tone; "do you actually,—I merely ask as a matter of curiosity,—do you reälly consider it worth while to peril your life for that of a dŏg?"

9. "For such a noble animal as that—yĕs!" replied Lewis, sternly. "I might not take the trouble for a *mere puppy;*" and he pronounced the last two words with a marked emphasis, which rendered his meaning unmistakable. The person he addressed colored with anger, and slightly raised his cane,—but he read that in Lewis's face which caused him to relinquish his intention; and, smiling scornfully, he folded his arms and remained to observe the event.

10. Having completed his preparations, Lewis placed the knife between his teeth, and, motioning to the crowd to stand aside, gave a short run, dashed through the shällōw water, and then, breasting the stream gallantly, swam, with powerful strokes, toward the still struggling animal. As he perceived his master approaching, the poor dŏg ceased howling; and, seemingly re-animated by the prospect of assistance, redoubled his

[1] **Ca tăs′ tro phe**, a final event, usually of a disastrous nature.

[2] **Sū` per cĭl′ i ŏŭs ly**, proudly; haughtily; overbearingly.

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efforts to keep himself ăflōat. In order to avoid the stroke of his paws, Lewis swam round him, and, supporting himself by resting one hand upon the buoy, he grasped the knife with the other, and at one stroke severed the string.

11. The effect was instantly perceptible: freed from the restraint which had till now paralyzed[1] his efforts, the dŏg at once rose higher in the water; and, even in that extremity, his affection for his master overpowering his instĭnct of self-preservation, he swam tōward him with the child's bōat (of which, throughout the whōle scene, he had never loosened his hold) in his mouth. Merely waiting to assure himself that the animal had yĕt strength enough remaining to enable him to regain the shōre, Lewis set him the example by quitting the buoy, and striking out lustily for the bank.

12. But now the weight of his clothes, thoroughly saturated as they had become, began to tell upon him; and his strokes became weaker, while his breath came short and thick. Faust, on the contrary, freed from the string which had entangled him, proceeded merrily, and reached the shōre ere Lewis had performed half the distance. Depositing the bōat in triumph at the feet of one of the bystanders, the generous animal ōnly stopped to shake the water from his ears, and then, plunging in again, swam to meet his master.

13. It was perhaps fortunate that he did so; for Lewis's strength was rapidly deserting him, his clothes appearing to drag him down like leaden weights. Availing himself of the dŏg's assistance, he placed one arm ăcrŏss its back, and, still paddling with the other, he was partly dragged and partly swam forward till his feet touched ground, when, letting the animal go free, he waded through the shăllōw water and reached the bank, exhausted indeed, but in safety.

14. Rejecting the many friendly ŏffers of assistance with which he was instantly overwhelmed, he wrung the water from his dripping hair, stamped it out of his boots, and hastily resuming his cōat and waistcoat, was about to quit a spot where he was the observed of all observers, when Lord Bellefield, after exchanging a few words with his companions, made a sign to attract Lewis's attention. Having succeeded in so doing, he said,

[1] Păr′ a lyzed, made powerless.

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"That is a fine dog of yours, sir; will you take a twenty-pound note for him?"

15. Lewis's countenance, pale from exhaustion, flushed with anger at these words; pausing a mōmĕnt, however, ere he replied, he answered, coldly, "Had he been for sale, sir, I should scarcely have risked drowning in order to save him. I value my life at mōre than twenty pounds." Then, turning on his heel, he whistled Faust to fŏllōw him, and walked ăwāy at a rapid pace in the dĭrĕction of Hyde Park Corner.

III.

25. THE KENTUCKIAN'S DOG.

A KENTUCKIAN spōrtsman had ă favōrite stag-hound, strŏng, and of first-rate qualities, named Brāvo, which he, on one occasion, when going on a hunting-expedition, left at hōme, taking in his stĕad, on trial, a fine-looking hound which had been presented to him a few days befōre. Having gŏne a certain length into the woodland in quest of game, he fired at a powerful stag,[1] which he brought down after a considerable run, and believed to be dead.

2. The animal, however, was ōnly stunned by the shot. He was no sooner touched with the keen edge of the knife, than he rose with a sudden bound, "threw me from his body," says the hunter, "and hurled my knife from my hand. I at once saw my danger, but it was too late. With one bound he was upon me, wounding and almost disabling me with his sharp horns and feet. I seized him by his wide-spread antlers,[2] and sought to regain possession of my knife, but in vain; each new struggle drew us further from it.

3. "My horse, frightened at the unusual scene, had madly fled to the top of an adjoining ridge, where he stood looking down upon the cŏmbat,[3] trembling and quivering in ĕvĕry limb. My dŏg had not come up, and his bāy[4] I could not now hear. The struggles of the furious animal had now become dreadful, and every moment I could feel his sharp hoofs[5] cutting deep into

[1] **Stăg**, the male red deer.

[2] **Ant′ler**, a start or branch of a horn of an animal of the deer family, as of the moose or stag.

[3] **Cŏm′bat**, a struggle to resist, conquĕr, or destroy; a small battle.

[4] **Bāy**, bark.

[5] **Hoofs** (hŏfs).

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my flesh; my grasp upon his antlers was growing less and less firm, and yĕt I relinquished not my hold.

4. "The struggle had brought us near a deep ditch, washed[1] by autumn rains, and into this I endeavored to fōrce my adversary; but my strength was unequal to the effort: when we approached to the vĕry brink, he lēaped over the drain. I relinquished my hold, and rolled in, hoping thus to escape him; but he returned to the attack, and throwing himself upon me, inflicted numerous severe cuts upon my face and breast befōre I could again seize him.

5. "Locking my arms round his antlers, I drew his head close to my breast, and was thus, by great effort, enabled to prevent his doing me any serious injury. But I felt that this could not last lŏng; every muscle and fiber of my frame was called into action, and human nature could not long bear up under such exertion. Faltering a silent prayer to Heaven, I prepared to meet my fate.

6. "At this moment of despair[2] I heard the faint bayings of the hound; the stag, too, heard the sound, and springing from the ditch, drew me with him. His efforts were now redoubled, and I could scarcely cling to him. Yĕt that blĕssèd sound came nearer and nearer! Oh, how wildly beat my heart as I saw the hound emerge[3] from the ravine,[4] and spring forward with a short, quick bark, as his eye rested on his game!

7. "I released my hold of the stag, which turned upon the new enemy. Exhausted,[5] and unable to rise, I still cheered the dog, that, dastard[6]-like, fled before the infuriated animal, which, seemingly despising such an enemy, again threw himself upon me. Again did I succeed in throwing my arms around his antlers, but not until he had inflicted several deep and dangerous wounds[7] upon my head and face, cutting to the vĕry bone.

8. "Blinded by the flowing blood, exhausted and despairing, I cursed the coward dog, which stood near, bāying furiously, yĕt refusing to seize his game. Oh, how I prayed for Brāvo!

[1] **Washed** (wŏsht).

[2] **Despair** (de spâr′), loss of hope.

[3] **Emerge** (e mĕrj′), come forth from; rise out of and appear.

[4] **Ravine** (ra vēn′), a deep and narrow hollow, usually worn by water.

[5] **Exhausted** (egz hâst′ ed), deprived wholly of strength; fatigued.

[6] **Dăs′ tard**, one who meanly shrinks from danger; a great coward.

[7] **Wound** (wŏnd), a hurt; an injury; damage.

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The thoughts of death were bitter. To die thus in the wild fŏrest ălōne, with none to help! Thoughts of home and friends cōursed like lightning through my brain. At that moment, when hope herself had fled, deep and clear over the neighboring hill came the baying of my gallant Brāvo!

9. "I should have known his voice among a thousand. I pealed forth, in one faint shout: '*On, Bravo, on!*' The next mōmènt, with tiger-like bounds, the noble dog came leaping down the hill, scattering the dried autumnal leaves like a whirlwind in his path. 'No pause he knew;' but fixing his fangs[1] in the stag's thrōat, he at once commenced the struggle.

10. "I fell back, completely exhausted. Blinded with blood, I ōnly knew that a terrific struggle was going on. In a few moments all was still, and I felt the warm breath of my faithful dog as he licked my wounds. Clearing my eyes from gōre, I saw my late adversary dead at my feet, and Brāvo, 'my own Bravo,' as the hĕroĭne of a modern nŏvèl would say, standing over me. He had gnawed in two the rope with which he had been tied, and following his master[2] through all his windings, arrived in time to rescue him from a horrible death."

SECTION VIII.

I.

26. THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
Strŏng,[3] black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nŏstrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darknèss of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

[1] **Făngs**, tusks; long, pointed teeth by which the prey is seized and held.

[2] **Master** (mås' ter).

[3] **Strŏng**, see Note 5, p. 18.

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2. Look,—how 'round his straining thrōat
Grace and shifting beauty flōat!
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins,—
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the bōasting heart of man!
He can trace his lĭneäge[1] higher
Than the Bourbon[2] dare aspire,—
Douglas,[3] Guzman,[4] or the Guĕlph,[5]
Or Ó'Brien's[6] blood itself!

3. He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Ar'abs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race dĭvīne!
And yĕt,—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green;
With him, a roving Bĕd'ouin,[7]
He lived—(none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day)—
And died, untamed, upon the sands
Where Balkh[8] amidst the desert stands! PROCTER.

II.

27. DON FULANO.

THERE they came! Gerrian's whōle band of horses in full career! First, their heads suddenly lifted above a crest of

[1] **Lĭn' e age,** descendants in a line from a common forefather; race.

[2] **Bourbon** (bōr' bon), the name of a French royal family which traces its origin to Louis IX.

[3] **Doŭg' las,** here refers to a Scottish family which has been connected with the royal houses of Scotland and England, and with the most distinguished nobles of Europe.

[4] **Guzman** (gōth măn').

[5] **Guelph** (gwĕlf), a line of German princes, originally Italian, and traced to the 9th century, from which the present royal family of England claims its descent.

[6] **O'Brien,** the name of a family ranking among the most ancient in Ireland.

[7] **Bedouin** (bĕd' ō ĕn), one of a tribe of Arabs.

[8] **Balkh** (bălk).

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the prāi'rie; then they burst over, like the foam and spray of a black, stormy wave when a blast strikes it, and wildly swept by us, with manes and tails flaring in the wind. It was magnificent.[1] My heart of a horseman leaped in my breast. "Hurrah!"[2] I cried. "Hurrah 't is!" said Gerrian.

2. The herd dashed by in a huddle, making for the corral.[3] Just behind, aloof from the rush and scamper of his less noble brethren, came the black,—my purchase. It was grand to see a horse that understood and respected himself so perfectly. One, too, that meant the world should know that he was the vĕry chiēfèst chief of his race, proud with the blood of a thousand kings. How masterly he looked! How untamably he stepped!

3. The herd was galloping furiously. He disdained to break into a gallop. He trotted after, a hundred feet behind the hīndmōst, with large and liberal action. And even at this half speed, easily overtaking his slower cŏmrādes, he from time to time paused, bounded in the air, tŏssed his head, flung out his legs, and then strode on again, writhing all over with suppressed power.

4. He was an Amĕrican horse,—so they distinguish in Californiă one brought from the old States,—a superb[4] young stallion, perfectly black, without spot upon him, except where a flake of foam from his indignant[5] nŏstril had caught upon his flank. A thorough-bred horse, with the perfect tail and silky mane of a noble race. Hard after him came José, the herdsman, on a fast mustang.[6] As he rode, he whirled his lasso[7] with easy turn of the wrist.

5. The black, trotting still, and halting still to cur'vet[8] and

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[1] **Mag nif' i cent**, on a grand scale; grand in appearance.

[2] **Hurrah** (hŏ rä'), a shout of joy, or triumph, or applause.

[3] **Cŏr' ral**, an inclosure or yard, especially for cattle, near a house.

[4] **Su perb'**, grand; rich; showy.

[5] **In dĭg' nant**, greatly provoked, as when a person is excited by unjust treatment, or a mean action; angry.

[6] **Mŭs' tang**, the wild horse of the prairies in Mexico, California, &c.

[7] **Lăs' so**, a rope or cord with a noose, used for catching wild horses, and other animals.

[8] **Curvet** (kĕr' vet), to leap as a horse, when he raises both his fore legs at once, equally advanced, and, as his fore legs are falling, raises his hind legs, so that all of his legs are in the air at once.

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căracōle,[1] turned back his head contemptuously at his pursuer. "Mexicans may chase their own ponies, and break their spirit by brutality; but an Amĕrican horse is no mōre to be touched by a Mexican than an American man. Bah! make your cast! Dōn't trifle with your lăsso! I challenge you. Jerk ăwāy, Señor Greaser! I give you as fair a chance as you could wish." So the black seemed to say, with his provoking backward glance, and his whinny of disdain.

6. José took the hint. He dug cruel spurs into his horse. The mustang lēaped forward. The black gave a tearing bound, and quickened his pace, but still waited the will of his pursuer. They were just upon us, chased and chaser, thundering down the slope, when the herdsman, checking his wrist at the turn, flung his lasso straight as an ărrōw for the black's head.

7. I could hear the hide rope sing through the summer air, for a moment brēezeless. Will he be taken! Will horse or man be victor! The loop of the lasso opened like a hoop. It hung poised[2] for one instant a few feet before the horse's head, vibrating in the air, keeping the circle perfect, waiting for the herdsman's pull to tighten about that proud neck and those swelling shoulders.

8. Hurrah! THROUGH IT WENT THE BLACK! With one brave bound he dashed through the open loop. He touched ōnly to spurn its vain assault, with his hīndmōst hoof. "Hurrah!" I cried. "Hurrah! 't is," shouted Gerrian. José dragged in his spurned lasso. The black, with elated[3] head, and tail waving like a banner, sprung forward, closed in with the herd; they parted for his passage, he took his leadership, and presently was lŏst with his suite[4] over the swell of the prairie.

9. When we had come in sight of the cŏrral, we discovered, to our surprise, the whōle band of horses had voluntarily entered. Gerrian sent in José, who drove all but the black out of the staked enclosure. He trotted about at his ease, snuffing at the stakes and bars, and showing no special disposition to follow.

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[1] **Căr´a cōle**, a semi-round, or half turn, which a horse makes, either to the right or left.

[2] **Poised**, balanced or suspended by equal weight or power.

[3] **El lā´ted**, lifted up; raised by success or pride.

[4] **Suite** (swēt), attendants or followers; a set; a series; a collection; as a *suite* of rooms.

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10. I entered ălōne. Presently he began performing at his own free will. It was magnificent to see him as he circled about me, fire in his eye—pride in his nŏstril, power and grace from tip to tip. He trotted powerfully; he galloped gracefully; he thundered at full speed; he lifted his fore-legs to welcome; he flung out his hind-legs to repel; he leaped as if he were springing over bāyonets; he pranced and curveted as if he were the pretty plaything of a girl. Then, when he had amused himself, and delighted me sufficiently, he trotted up and snuffed about me, just out of reach.

11. Finally, instinctively knowing me for a friend, the black came forward and made the best speech he could of welcome,—a neigh, and no more. Then he approached nearer, and, not without shying and starts, of which I took no notice, at last licked my hand, put his head upon my shoulder, suffered me to put my arm round his neck, and in fact lavished upon me ĕvèry mark of confidence. At last, after a good hour's work, I persuaded him to accept a halter. Then, by gentle seductions,[1] I induced him to start and accompany me homeward.

12. The black would tolerate no one but me. With me he established as close a brotherhood as can be between man and beast. I named him, after the gold mine, my share of which I had given in exchange, DON FULANO.[2] He represented to me my whōle profit for the sternèst and roughèst work of my life. I looked at him, and looked at the mine,—that pile of pretty pebbles, that pile of bogus ore,—and I did not regret my bargain. I never have regretted it. "My kingdom for a horse,"—so much of a kingdom as I had, I had given. WINTHROP.[3]

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[1] **Se dŭc′ tion**, act of leading away from duty; means of tempting or attracting.

[2] **Fulano** (fō lä′ no).

[3] **Theodore Winthrop**, an American soldier and author, was born in New Haven, Conn., Sept. 22, 1828. He was graduated at Yale College in 1848, and for the sake of his health visited England, Scotland, France, Germany, Italy, and Greece. He also traveled extensively in this country. He was killed at the battle of Great Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861. He left in manuscript three novels, "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," and "Edwin Bothertoft," which, as well as a number of magazine articles, have been published since his death.

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III.

28. THE CID AND BAVIECA.

1.

THE king looked on him kindly, as on a vassal[1] true;
Then to the king Ruy Diaz[2] spake, after reverence due,
"O king! the thing is shameful, that any man beside
The liĕge lord of Castile[3] himself, should Bavieca ride:

2.

"For nēither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
So good as he, and certes,[4] the best befits my king.
But, that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
I'll make him go as he was wont[5] when his nŏstrils smelt the Moor."

3.

With that, the Cid,[6] clad as he was, in mantle furred and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
Streamed like a pennon on the wind, Ruy Diaz' minivere.

4.

And all that saw them praised them,—they lauded man and horse,
As matchèd well, and rivals for gallantry and fōrce;
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

5.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapped in twain his nĕther[7] rein:—"Gŏd pity now the Cid!—
God pity Diaz!" cried the lords,—but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him, with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding, and obeyed as by a lamb.

6.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king,
But, "No," said Don Alphonso, "it were a shameful thing,
That pēerlèss Bavieca should ever be bestrid,
By any other mortal but Bivar,—mount, mount again, my Cid!"

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[1] **Văs′ sal**, one who holds lands of a superior, and who vows fidelity and homage to him; a tenant.

[2] **Ruy Diaz** (dē′ ăth), Count of Bivar (bē vär′) an illustrious champion of Christianity and of the old Spanish royalty, in the 11th century.

[3] **Castile** (kăs tēl′), a former kingdom of Spain.

[4] **Cer′ tēs**, certainly; in truth.

[5] **Wont** (wunt), used; accustomed.

[6] **Cĭd**, chief or commander—a name given to Ruy Diaz.

[7] **Nĕth′ er**, lower.

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SECTION IX.

I.

29. DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS.

A WANTON[1] destruction of insects, simply because they are insects, without question as to their habits, without inquī'ry as to their mĭs'chievousness, for no other reason than that, wherever we see an insect, we are accustomed to destroy it, is wrŏng. We have no right to seek their destruction if they are harmlèss. Our ōnly thought of an insect is that it is something to be broomed or trod on. There is a vague[2] īdēā that naturalists sometimes pin them to the wall, for some reason that they probably know; but that there is any right, or rule, or law that binds us toward Gŏd's minor[3] creatures, scarcely enters into our conception.[4]

2. A spider in our dwelling is out of place, and the broom is a scepter that rightly sweeps him ăwāy; but in the pasture, where he belŏngs, and you do not,—where he is of no inconvenience, and does no mischief,—where his webs are but tables spread for his own food,—where he fŏllōws his own instincts in cătching insects for his livelihood,—why should you destroy him there, in his brief hour of hăppinèss? And yĕt, wherever you see a spider, "*Hit him!*" is the law of life.

3. Upturn a stone in the field. You shall find a city unawares. Dwelling together in peace are a scōre[5] of different insects. Worms draw in their nimble heads from the dazzling light. Swift shoot shining, black bugs back to their covert.[6] Ants swarm with feverish agility,[7] and bear ăwāy their eggs. Now sit quietly down and watch the ĕn'ġĭnery[8] and economy[9] that are laid open to your view. Trace the canals or highways through which their traffic has been carried. See what strānge

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[1] **Wanton** (wŏn'tŭn), unrestrained; sportive.

[2] **Vāgue**, unsettled; uncertain.

[3] **Mĭ' nor**, inferior; lesser.

[4] **Con cĕp' tion**, the image, idea, or notion of any action or thing which is formed in the mind.

[5] **Scōre**, a notch or mark made to keep an account; twenty.

[6] **Covert** (kŭv'ert), a covered place; a shelter.

[7] **A ġĭl' i tў**, quickness of motion.

[8] **En' ġĭne rў**, artful contrivance

[9] **E cŏn' o mў**, orderly system.

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conditions of life are going on bēfōre you. Feel at least sympathy[1] for something that is not a reflection of yourself. Learn to be ĭn'terested without egotism.[2]

4. But no, the first impulse[3] of răti̇onal[4] man, educated to despise insects and Gŏd's minor works, is to seek another stone, and, with kindled eye, pound these thoroughfares of harmlĕss insect life until all is utterly destroyed. And if we leave them and go our way, we have a sort of lingering sense that we have fallen somewhat short of our duty. The mōst universal and the most unreasoning destroyer is man, who symbolizes[5] death better than any other thing.

5. I, too, learned this murderous plĕasure in my boyhood. Through lŏng years I have tried to train myself out of it; and at last I have unlearned it. I love, in summer, to seek the solitary[6] hillside,—that is less solitary than even the crowded city,—and, waiting till my intrusion[7] has ceased to alarm, watch the wonderful ways of life which a kind Gŏd has poured abroad with such profusion.[8] And I am not ashamed to confess that the leaves of that great book of revelation which God opens ĕvĕry morning, and spreads in the valleys, on the hills, and in the fŏrests, are rich with marvelous[9] lessons that I could read nowhere else. And ŏf*t*en things have taught me what words have failed to teach. Yeā, the words of revelation have themselves been interpreted to my understanding by the things that I have seen in the solitudes of populous nature.

6. I love to feel my relation to every part of animated nature. I try to go back to that simplicity of Paradise[10] in which man walked, to be sure at the head of the animal kingdom, but not bloody, desperate, cruel, crushing whatever was not useful to him. I love to feel that my relationship to Gŏd gives me a right

[1] **Sym' pa thy,** kindness of feeling toward sufferers; fellow-feeling.

[2] **E' go tĭsm,** the practice of too often using the word *I;* hence, speaking or writing much of one's self; self-praise.

[3] **Im' pulse,** hasty inclination.

[4] **Rational** (răsh' un al), having reason.

[5] **Sym' bol ĭz es,** serves as a sign or representation of.

[6] **Sŏl' i ta ry,** not much visited; retired.

[7] **Intrusion** (in trō' zhŭn), act of entering into a place without invitation, right, or welcome.

[8] **Profusion** (pro fū' zhŭn), great supply or plenty; rich abundance.

[9] **Mar'vel oŭs,** strange; wonderful.

[10] **Păr' a dīse,** the garden of Eden, in which Adam and Eve were first placed; heaven.

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to look sympathĕt'ically upon all that God noŭrishes. In his bitternèss, Job declared, "I have said to the worm, 'Thou art my mother and my sister.'" We may not say this; but I surely say to all living things in God's creation, "I am your elder brother, and the almoner[1] of God's bounty to you. Being his son, I too have a right to look with beneficence[2] upon your little lives, even as the greater Father does."

7. A wanton disregard of life and happinèss toward the insect kingdom tends to produce carelèssnèss of the happiness of animal life everywhere. I do not mean to say that a man who would needlessly crush a fly would therefore slay a man; but I do mean to say that that mŏral constitution out of which springs kīndnèss is hindered by that which wantonly destroys happiness anywhere. And I hold that a man who wantonly would destroy insect life, or would destroy the comfort of the animal that serves him, is prepared to be inhuman tōward the lower forms of human life.

8. The fact is, that all those invasions[3] of life and happiness which are educating men to an indulgence of their passions, to a disregard of Gŏd's work, to a low and base view of crēätion, to a love of destrŭctivenèss, and to a disposition that carries with it cruelty and suffering, and that is hindered from breaking out ōnly by fear and sĕlfishnèss, lead to a disregard of labor and the laborer. The nature which they beget will cătch man in his sharp necessities, and mercilessly coërce[4] him to the benefit of the strŏng and the spoiling of the weak. And it is the interest of the poor man, and the oppressed man, that there should be a Christianity[5] that shall teach men to regard the whōle animal kingdom belōw themselves as Gŏd's kingdom and as having rights—minor and lower rights, but *rights*—befōre God and before man.

BEECHER.[6]

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[1] **Al' mon er**, one who distributes alms, or gifts, in behalf of another.

[2] **Be nĕf' i cence**, the practice of doing good; kindness.

[3] **Invasion** (in vā' zŭn), encroachment; raid.

[4] **Coerce** (ko ĕrs'), restrain by force.

[5] **Christianity** (krĭst yăn' i tў), the system of doctrines and precepts taught by Christ; the religion of Christians.

[6] **Rev. Henry Ward Beecher**, the distinguished American preacher, lecturer, and writer, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813. He graduated at Amherst College, Mass., 1834. He is at present minister of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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II.

30. THE CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.

PART FIRST.

DIRECTLY in front of the tent, and at no great distance from it, a thick network of vines stretched between two trees. Over the leaves grew flowers so thickly as almost to hide them; the whōle surface shining as if a bright carpet had been spread from tree to tree, and hung down between them. Francis, who had for some time kept his eyes in that dĭrĕction, all at once exclaimed: "Look yŏnder—humming-birds!"

2. "Where are they?" inquired Lucian.[1] "Sŏftly, brothers, approach them gently." As Lucian said this, he walked cautiously forward, followed by Băsil[2] and Francis. "Ah!" exclaimed Lucian, as they drew near, "I see one now; it is the ruby-thrōat: see his throat how it glitters!"

3. "Shall we try to catch it?" asked Francis. "No, I would rather observe it a bit. You may look for the nest, as you have good eyes." When the curiosity of the boys was satisfied, they were about to return to the tent; but Lucian suddenly made a motion, which caused his brothers to look on the ground.

4. Crouching among the leaves, now crawling side-ways, now making short springs, and then hiding itself, went a fearful-looking creature about the size of the humming-bird. Its body consisted of two pieces joined about the middle, and covered all over with a reddish-brown wool or hair, that stood upright like bristles. It had ten limbs, long, crookèd, and covered with hair like the body—two curved claw-like feelers in front, and two horns projecting behind, so that but for its sharp fiery eyes, it would have been difficult to tell which was its head.

5. "The leaping-spider," whispered Lucian to his brothers; "see, it is after the humming-bird!" This was evident. Step by step, and leap after leap, it was approaching the cluster of blossoms where the humming-bird was at that moment. Sometimes the spider would hide itself among the leaves of the vine, then, when the bird settled for a moment to feed, it would advance nearer by a quick run or a leap, concealing itself again

[1] **Lucian** (lū′ shĭ an). [2] **Basil** (bāz′ il).

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to ăwāit a fresh opportunity. At last, the bird poised itself at the mouth of a flower, sucking out the honey with its lŏng tongue, and in a moment the spider sprang forward and clutched it round the body with his feeler.

6. The bĭrd, wiſh a wild chirrup, flew outwards and upwards as if to carry the spider ăwāy. But its flight was suddenly checked; and, on looking more closely, the fine thread of the spider was seen attached to the tree at one end and his body at the other, strŏng enough to prevent the poor bird from escaping from his enemy. Soon the little wings ceased to move. The boys could see that the bird was dead, and the mandibles[1] of the spider were buried in its shining throat.

7. And now the spider began reeling in his line, in order to carry up his prey to his nest among the branches. But the eyes of the boys were caught at this moment by a shining object stealing down the tree. It was a lizard of the mōst brilliant colors; its back of golden green, the undernēaſh part of its body a greenish-white, its thrōat of the brīghtèst scarlet. It was not mōre than six ĭnches in length.

8. As it was crawling onward, its bright eye fell on the spider and his prey. All at once the lizard stopped, its color changed; the red thrōat became white, the green body brown, so that it could hardly be distinguished from the bark of the tree on which it crouched. Soon it was evident that it meant to attack the spider, and to do this it ran round the tree to the nest, where it crouched down, waiting the return of the master of the house.

9. The spider, no doubt exulting[2] in the thought of the feast he was going to have, and little suspecting a foe so near, came up. In a moment the lizard sprang upon him, and lizard, spider, and bird fell to the ground. There was a short struggle between the first two, but the spider was no match for the lizard, who in a few moments had ground off his legs, and killed him by thrusting his sharp teeth into the spider's skull.

10. From the moment the lizard sprang upon his prey all his bright colors had returned—if possible, brighter than before. And now the lizard began dragging the body of the spider ăcrŏss the grass, when suddenly, from a tree close by, out of a

[1] **Măn′ di bles**, jaws; the anterior or upper pair of jaws of spiders.

[2] **Exulting** (ĕgz ŭlt′ ing), leaping for joy; glad above measure.

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dark round hole, some twenty feet from the ground, a red head and brown shoulders were visible. It was moving from side to side, watching the ground bēlōw, and evidently preparing to come down. Lucian, when he saw the red head, olive-brown body, and fierce dark eyes, knew it for a scorpion-lizard.

III.

31. THE CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.

PART SECOND.

THE little green lizard, rustling over the dead leaves with the spider, caught the scorpion's attention, and he resolved to deprive him of the prey. But the green lizard was brave, and turned to fight—his thrōat swelled out, and looked brighter than ever.

2. After a while, they sprang at each other open-jawed—wriggled over the ground, their tails flying in the air; then separated, and again assumed defiant[1] attitudes, their forkèd tongues shot fōrth, and their sparkling eyes glittering in the sun.

3. The wēakèst part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is it, that the slīghtèst blow will separate it from the body. Its foe evidently knew this, and tried to attack the tail; but the lizard carefully faced him whichever way he turned. For several minutes they fought, and then the bright colors of the green lizard grew paler; the scorpion rushed forward, threw the other on his back, and befōre he could recover himself, bit off his tail. The poor little fĕllōw, feeling he had lŏst mōre than half his length, ran ŏff, and hid among the lŏgs.

4. It was well for him that he did so; and it would have been better for the scorpion had he stayed in his hole, for a new enemy had drawn near while the battle was raging. From the leafy spreading branches of a mulberry-tree, a red snake, about the thĭcknèss of a walking-cane, was hanging down, a full yard of it, out from the trees. Just as the lizard ran ŏff without its tail, the scorpion perceived the long red body of the serpent dangling above him, and knowing it was a terrible enemy, ran ŏff to hide himself.

5. But instead of taking to a tree, where he might have

[1] **De fi′ ant,** bold; challenging.

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escaped, he ran out, in his fright, to the open ground. The snake dropped down, overtook him in a moment, and killed him on the spot. Snakes do not chew their food, but swallōw it whōle, sucking it gradually down their thrōats. This the red snake began to do with the scorpion-lizard—it was a curious operation, and the boys watched it with much interèst.

6. But other eyes were bent upon the rĕptile. A dark shădŏw was seen moving over the ground; and on looking up, the boys saw a large bird, with snow-white head and breast, wheeling in the air. It was the great southern kite; and beautiful it was to see him sailing in circles with his wide-spread tapering wings.

7. Nearer and nearer he came, till the boys could see the red gleam of his eyes; and now for the first time the snake caught sight of him too. It had hitherto been closely occupied with its prey, which it had just swallowed. When it looked up and saw the kite, its red color turned pale, and it struck its head into the grass, as if to hide itself. It was too late. The kite swooped gently down, and when it rose again, the reptile was seen wriggling in his talons!

8. But as the kite rose, it was evident, from the flapping of his wings, that his flight was impeded.[1] The cause soon appeared. The snake was no longer hanging from his talons, it had twined itself round his body. All at once the kite began to flutter, and bōth bird and serpent fell heavily to the ground. A violent struggle ensued—the bird trying to free himself from the folds of the snake, while the snake tried to squeeze the kite to death. How was it to end? The kite could not free itself from the snake. The snake dared not let go the kite, for it would have been seized by the head, and have lost its power. So, though bōth would gladly have been parted, nēither could let the other go.

9. At length the kite got his bēak close to the head of the serpent, then seized the rĕptile's lower jaw in his mouth; the serpent tried to bite, without effect, and now the kite had the best of it—planting his talons round his adversary's thrōat, he held him as in a vice. The coils of the reptile were seen to loose and fall off. In a few moments its body lay ălŏng the grass mōtionlèss. The kite raised his head, extended his wings

[1] **Im pēd′ ed**, obstructed; hindered.

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to make sure he was free; then, with a scream of triumph, rose upward, the long body of the serpent trailing after him like a train.

10. At this moment another scream reached the ears of the young hunters. It might have passed for the echo of the first, but its tones were wilder and louder. All eyes were turned in the dĭrĕction whence it came. The boys knew vĕry well that it was the white-headed eagle.

11. The kite had heard the cry too, and at once tried to rise higher into the air, resolved to hold on to his hard-earned plunder. Birds of his species will sometimes outfly and escape the eagle. Up rose the kite, straining ĕvèry pinion of his pointèd wings, and upward goes the pursuing eagle. Closer and closer they appear to come. Soon bōth disappear beyŏnd the reach of vision. Hark! there is a sound like the whirling of a rocket—something has fallen on the tree-top. It is the kite—dead, and the blood spurting from a wound in his shoulder!

12. And now the eagle has shot down with the snake in her talons, gliding slowly over the tops of the trees, and alighted on the summit of a dead magnoliä.[1] Basil seized his rifle, sprung on his horse, and rode off among the bushes. He had been gŏne but a few minutes, when a sharp crack was heard, and the eagle was seen tumbling from her perch. This was the last link in the *Chain of Destruction.* REID.[2]

IV.

32. CRUELTY OF ANIMALS.

THAT one animal should sŭppōrt its own life ōnly by the destruction of another creature,[3] appears to be răther a cruel dispensation[4] of nature, and repugnant[5] to the beauty and kīndnèss which prevail in the order of created things. Averse[6] as are we, the created beings, to inflicting pain on any of our

[1] **Mag nō′ li a,** a tree having large, fragrant flowers.

[2] **Mayne Reid,** a British novelist, was born in the north of Ireland in 1818. He came to America in 1838, traveled extensively in nearly every State of the Union, and aided the United States in her war with Mexico. He now resides in London. His books for boys are very popular.

[3] **Creature** (krēt′ yĕr), any thing created; an animal; a man.

[4] **Dĭs` pen sā′ tion,** that which is commanded, dealt out, or appointed.

[5] **Re pŭg′ nant,** opposite; contrary.

[6] **A verse′,** unwilling.

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fĕllōw-creatures, it can not but seem strānge that the Creātor should have made so many animals to suffer a vīōlent death, and apparently to endure torturing pangs, by the lacerations[1] to which they are subjected by their destroyers.

2. The reflection is a just one, and one which, until late years, has never received a word of answer. Endeavors were made to reconcile the Dĭvīne love with this apparent cruelty, by asserting that the lower animals are endued with so lōw a sense of pain that an injury which would inflict severèst torture on a man would cause but a slight pang to the animal.

3. Yĕt, as all animals are clearly sensitive to pain, and many of them are known to feel it acutely, this argument has but trifling weight. Moreover, the system which is insensible to pain would be equally dull to enjoyment; and thus we should reduce the animal creation to a level but little higher than that of the vegetables.

4. The true answer is, that, by some merciful and marvelous provisions, the mode of whose working is at present hidden, the sense of pain is driven out of the victim, as soon as it is seized or struck by its destroyer. The first person who seems to have taken this view of the case was Livingstone,[2] the well-known traveler, who learned the lesson by personal experience. After describing an attack made upon a lion, he proceeds:—

5. "Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height: he caught my shoulder as he sprung, and we bōth came to the ground belōw together. Growling hŏrribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog shakes a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of drēaminèss, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients, partially under the influence of *ch*lōroform,[3] describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife.

---

[1] **Lăc` er ā′ tion**, act of rending or tearing; breach made by tearing.

[2] **David Livingstone**, the celebrated African traveler, missionary, and author, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1815. He was busily exploring the country south of the Nyanzas, in Central Africa, in 1867.

[3] **Chloroform** (klō′ ro fârm), an oily liquid used to cause insensibility; also applied externally to lessen pain.

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6. "This singular condition was not the result of any mental prŏcess. The shake annihilated[1] fear, and allowed no sense of hŏrror on looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the *Carnivora*;[2] and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creätor for lessening the pain of death."

7. This fearful experience is, although mōst valuable, not a solitary one, and is made mōre valuable by that vĕry fact. I am acquainted with a similar stōry, of an ŏfficer of the Indian army, a German nobleman by birth, who, while in Bengal,[3] was seized and carried ăwāy by a tiger. He described the whole scene in much the same language as that of Livingstone, saying, that, as far as the bodily senses were concerned, the chief sensation was that of a pleasant drowsinèss, rather admixed with curiosity as to the manner in which the brute was going to eat him.

8. Only by his reasoning powers, which remained unshaken, could he feel that his position was one of almost hōpelèss danger, and that he ought to attempt to escape. Perhaps, in so sudden and overwhelming a shock, the mind may be startled for a time from its hold upon the nerves, and be, so to speak, not at home to receive any impression from the nervous system.

9. Many men have fallen into the jaws of these fearful beasts, but vĕry few have survived to tell their tale. In the case of Livingstone, rescue came through the hands of a Hottentot servant, who fired upon the lion, and who was himself attacked by the infuriated animal. In the latter instance, the intended victim owed his life to a sudden whim of the tiger, which, after carrying him for some distance, threw him down, and went ŏff without him. The officer used thankfully to attribute his escape to his meager[4] and fleshless condition, which, as he said, induced the ĕpicurē′an[5] tiger to reject a dinner on so lean and tough an animal as himself.

---

[1] **An nĭ′ hi lāt ed,** reduced to nothing; destroyed.

[2] **Car nĭv′ o ra,** an order of animals which live on flesh.

[3] **Bengal** (bĕn gâl′), the largest presidency and province of British India.

[4] **Mēa′ ger,** having little flesh; thin; lean; without strength, richness, or the like.

[5] **Ep`i ċu rē′ an,** pertaining to Epicurus, a celebrated Greek philosopher, who regarded pleasure as the highest human happiness; hence, given to over-indulgence, especially in the pleasures of the table.

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SECTION X.

I.

33. THE TIDES.

THE moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light;
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

2. There comes no voice from the great woodlands round
That murmured all the day;
Beneath the shădōw of their boughs, the ground
Is not more still than they.

3. But ever heaves and mōans the rĕstlèss Deep;
His rising tides I hear;
Afar I see the glimmering billōws leap:
I see them breaking near.

4. Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair,
Pure light that sits on high;—
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where
The mother-waters lie.

5. Upward again it swells; the moonbeams shōw,
Again, its glimmering crest;[1]
Again it feels the fatal weight belōw,
And sinks, but not to rest.

6. Again, and yĕt again; until the Deep
Recalls his brood of waves;
And, with a sullen moan, abashed,[2] they creep
Back to his inner caves.

7. Brief rĕspīte![3] they shall rush from that recess
With noise and tumult soon,
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
Up tōward the placid[4] moon.

---

[1] **Crĕst**, the highest part or summit; the foamy, feather-like top of a wave.

[2] **A băshed'**, much confused.

[3] **Rĕs' pīte**, a putting off of that which was appointed; delay; rest.

[4] **Plăc' id**, pleased; contented; unruffled; quiet.

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8. O restlèss Sea! that in thy prison here
Dost struggle and complain;
Through the slōw centuries[1] yearning to be near
To that fair orb in vain.

9. The glōrious sōurce of light and heat must warm
Thy bosom with his glōw,
And on those mounting waves a nobler form
And freer life bestōw.

10. Then ōnly may they leave the waste of brine
In which they welter[2] here,
And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
In a serener sphere. W. C. BRYANT.

II.

34. TIDE-BOUND IN THE SEA-CAVES.

PART FIRST.

IT was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory,[3] that, with its stern granitic[4] wall, bars ăċċĕss′ for ten days out of ĕvèry fourteen to the wonders of the Doocot,[5] and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. It was hard to be disappointed, and the caves so near.

2. The tide was a low nēap;[6] and if we wanted a passage dry-shod, it behooved[7] us to wait for at least a week. But nēither of us understood the phĭlŏsophy[8] of nēap-tides at that period. I was quite sure I had got round at low water, with my uncles, not

[1] **Century** (sĕnt′ yu ry), a hundred years.

[2] **Wĕl′ ter**, to rise and fall; to tumble over; to wallow.

[3] **Prŏm′ on to ry**, headland; high land extending into the sea.

[4] **Gra nĭt′ ic**, having the nature of, or consisting of, granite—a kind of rock.

[5] **Doo′ ċot**, sea-caves situated in Scotland, near the entrance of the Crŏmarty Frith, an inlet of the North Sea, and connected with wooded headlands called South and North Sutors.

[6] **Nēap**, *neap tides* are those which happen in the second and last quarters of the moon, when the difference between high and low water is less than at any other period in the month.

[7] **Be hoove′**, to be fit, meet, or necessary for.

[8] **Phĭ lŏs′ o phy**, the knowledge of effects by their causes.

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a great many days before; and we both inferred, that, if we but succeeded in gĕtting round now, it would be quite a plĕasure to wait among the caves inside, until such time as the fall of the tide should lay bare a passage for our return.

3. A narrōw and broken shelf runs ălŏng the promontory, on which, by the assistance of the naked feet, it is just possible to creep. We succeeded in scrambling up to it, and then, crawling outward on all-fours,—the precipice, as we proceeded, beetling mōre and more formidable[1] from above, and the water becoming greener and deeper belōw,—we reached the outer point of the promontory; and then doubling the cape on a still narrowing margin,—the water, by a reverse prŏcess, becoming shallower and less green as we advanced inward,—we found the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet.

4. Down we bōth dropped, proud of our success: up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell; and for at least the whōle coming week,—though we were unaware of the extent of our good luck at the time,—the marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own. For one short seven days, to bŏrrōw emphasis from the phraseōlogy[2] of Carlyle,[3] "they were our own, and no other man's."

5. The first ten hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels; and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes benēath the precipices, and along the piece of rocky sea-beach in front. We succeeded, by creeping, in discovering dwarf-bushes, that told of the bright influences of the sea-spray; the pale yĕllōw honeysuckle, that we had never seen before save in gardens and shrubberies; and on a deeply shaded slope we detected the sweet-scented wood-roof of the flower-pot and parterre,[4] with its delicate white flowers and pretty verticillate[5] leaves.

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[1] **For′ mi da ble,** of a nature to excite fear aud hinder from undertaking; alarming.

[2] **Phrā`se ŏl′ o ġy,** peculiar manner of using words in sentences.

[3] **Thomas Carlyle,** the Scottish author, was born in 1795. He is one of the ablest, most brilliant, and remarkable of British writers.

[4] **Parterre** (pår tår′), an arrangement of plots or beds of flowers, with spaces between of gravel or turf for walking on.

[5] **Ver tic′ il late,** arranged in a ring, or around the stem, like the rays of a wheel.

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6. There, too, immediately in the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the overbeetling precipice above, like the first drops of a heavy thunder-shower, we found the hot, bitter scurvy-grass, with its mĭnūte cruciform[1] flowers, which the great Captain Cook[2] used in his voyages. Above all, *there* were the caves, with their pigeons, white, variegated, and blue, and their mysterious and gloomy depths, in which plants hardened into stone, and water became marble.

7. In a short time, we had broken ŏff with our hammers whōle pocketfuls of stalactites[3] and petrified mŏss. There were little pools at the side of the cave, where we could see the work of congelation[4] going on, as at the commencement of an October frŏst, when the cold north wind but barely ruffles the surface of some mountain pond or sluggish moorland stream, and shows the newly formed needles of ice glistening from the shōres into the water. So rapid was the cōurse of dĕposĭtion,[5] that there were cases in which the sides of the hŏllōws seemed growing almost in propōrtion as the water rose in them; the springs, lipping over, deposited their mĭnūte crystals on the edges, and the reservoirs[6] deepened and became mōre capācious[7] as their mounds were built up by this curious masonry

8. The lŏng, telescopic[8] prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern, while all around was dark as midnight; the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a mōmènt from the recĕss′, as it flitted past in the sunshine; the black, heaving bulk of the grampus,[9] as it threw up its slender jets of sprāy, and then, turning downward, displayed its glŏssy back and vast angular fin; even the pigeons, as they

[1] **Cru′ cĭ form** (krō), cross-shaped.

[2] **Capt. James Cook,** an English navigator, born in Yorkshire, England, Oct. 27, 1728, and killed at the Sandwich Islands, Feb. 14, 1779.

Sta lăc′ tīte, carbonate of lime, attached like an icicle, which it resembles in form, to the roof or side of a cave.

[4] **Cŏn` ge lā′ tion,** the process or act of changing a fluid to a solid state, usually by cold.

[5] **Deposition** (dĕp` o zĭsh′ un), act of depositing or laying down.

[6] **Reservoir** (rĕz` er vwär′), a place where any thing is kept in store; a basin or cistern.

[7] **Ca pā′ cious,** able to contain; roomy; large.

[8] **Tĕl` e scŏp′ ĭc,** like, or pertaining to, a telescope; far-reaching.

[9] **Gram′ pus,** a large kind of fish which breathes by a spout-hole on the top of the head, as whales do.

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shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next rādiant in the light,—all acquired a new ĭnterèst from the peculiarity of the *setting* in which we saw them. They formed a series of sun-gilt vignettes,[1] framed in jet; and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them much of the strange and the beautiful.

9. It did seem rather ominous,[2] however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while yĕt there was a full fathom[3] of water benēath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then, after a quarter of an hour's space began actually to creep upward on the beach. But just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify,[4] we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on.

10. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shădōws lengthened, and yĕt the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadōws; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away, and the whōle became somber[5] and gray.

11. The sea-gull flapped upward from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack; the dusky cormorant[6] flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf on the precipice; the pigeons came whizzing downward from the uplands and the opposite land, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves; ĕvèry creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homeward; but nēither my companion nor myself had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them.

12. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves

[1] **Vignette** (vĭn yĕt′), a wood-cut, engraving, etc., without a border.

[2] **Om′ i nŏŭs,** pertaining to an omen or sign; usually foreshowing something evil.

[3] **Făth` om,** a measure of length, containing six feet.

[4] **Rĕc′ ti fy,** to make straight or right.

[5] **Som′ ber,** dull; dusky; gloomy.

[6] **Cor′ mo rant,** a class of web-footed sea-birds, often called *sea-raven,* noted for great greediness of appetite.

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among the crags, where the falcon[1] and the rāven[2] build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare pŏssibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up. The cliffs had never been scaled, and they were not destined to be scaled now. And so, as the twilight deepened, and the precarious[3] footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious, we had just to give up in despair.

III.

35. TIDE-BOUND IN THE SEA-CAVES.

PART SECOND.

"WOULDN'T care for myself," said the poor little fellōw, my companion, bursting into tears; "if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?" "Wouldn't care, nēither," said I, with a heavy heart; "but it's just back-water, and we'll get out at twelve." We retreated together into one of the shallower and dryer caves; and clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass, that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed for ourselves a mōst uncomfortable bed, and lay down in each other's arms.

2. For the last few hours, mountainous piles of clouds had been rising, dark and stormy in the cave's sea-mouth; and they had flared portentously[4] in the setting sun, and had worn, with the decline of evening, almost every meteŏric tint of anger, from fiery red to a somber, thunderous brown, and from somber brown to doleful black; and we could now at least hear what they portended, though we could no lŏnger see.

3. The rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shōre, and to boom, like distress-guns, from the recesses of the two deep sea-caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or sunk; and the intermittent patter of the streamlet over the deeper cave, now

[1] **Falcon** (fâ′ kn), a bird of prey, which is often trained to catch other birds, or game.

[2] **Raven** (rā′ vn).

[3] **Pre cā′ ri oŭs**, exposed to constant risk; uncertain; unsteady.

[4] **Por tĕnt′ ous ly**, ominously; in a manner to foreshadow ill.

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driving against the precipices, now descending heavily on the stones.

4. My companion had only the reäl evils of the case to deal with; and so, the hardnèss of our bed and the coldnèss of the night considered, he slept tolerably well; but I was unlucky enough to have evils greatly worse than the real ones to annoy me. The corpse of a seaman had been found on the beach, about a month previous, some forty yards from where we lay.

5. The hands and feet, miserably contracted, and corrugated[1] into deep folds at every joint, yĕt swōll*en* to twice their proper size, had been bleached as white as pieces of alumed sheep-skin; and where the head should have been, there existed ōnly a sad mass of decay. I had examined the body, as young people are apt to do, a great deal too curiously for my peace; and though I had never done the poor nāmelèss seaman any harm, I could not have suffered mōre from him during that melancholy night had I been his murderer. Sleeping or waking, he was continually before me.

6. Evèry time I dropped into a dose, he would come stalking up the beach, from the spot where he had lain, with his stiff white fingers, that stuck out like eagles' claws, and his pale, broken pulp of a head, and attempt to strike me; and then I would awaken with a start, cling to my companion, and remember that the drowned sailor had lain festering among the identical bunches of sea-weed that still rotted on the beach not a stone-cast ăwāy. The near neighborhood of a scōre of living bandits[2] would have inspired less hŏrror than the recollection of that one dead seaman.

7. Toward midnight the sky cleared, and the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose, red as a mass of heated iron, out of the sea. We crept down in the uncertain light, over the rough, slĭppèry crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently far to yield us a passage; but we found the waves chafing among the rocks, just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours befōre, and a full fathom of sea enclasping the base of the promontory. A glimmering ide'a of the reäl nature of our situation at length crŏssed my mind. It was not

[1] **Cor' ru gāt ed**, formed or shaped into folds; wrinkled.

[2] **Băn' dit**, a lawless or desperate fellow; a robber.

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imprisonment for a tide to which we had consigned ourselves: it was imprisonment for a week.

8. There was little comfort in the thought, arising as it did amid the chills and terrors of a dreary midnight; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our ōnly path of escape. There was a vĕssĕl crŏssing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shōre; and, assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bŭlk passing slowly across the red, glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and then disappearing in the murky blăcknèss; and just as we lost sight of her for ever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves—the shout, in reply, of the startled helmsman.

9. The vessel, as we afterward learned, was a large stone-lighter, deeply laden, and unfurnished with a bōat; nor were her crew at all sure that it would have been safe to attend to the midnight voice from among the rocks, even had they the means of communication with the shōre. We waited on and on, however, shouting by turns, and now shouting together, but there was no second reply; and at length losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortlèss bed, just as the tide had again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upward, higher and higher at ĕvèry dash.

10. As the moon rōse and brightened, the dead seaman became less troublesome, and I had succeeded in dropping as soundly asleep as my companion, when we were bōth aroused by a loud shout. We started up, and again crept downward among the crags to the shōre, and as we reached the sea, the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. There was a brief pause, followed by another shout; and then two bōats, strŏngly manned, shot round the western promontory, and shouted yĕt again. The whōle town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back.

11. The precipices had been a scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial, and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to the number. True, there

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were cases remembered of people having been tide-bound in the Doocot caves, and not much worse in consequence; but as the caves were inaccessible even during nēaps, we could not, it was said, possibly be in them; and the sole remaining ground of hope was, that, as had happened once before, ōnly one of the two had been killed, and that the survivor was lingering among the rocks, afraid to come home. And in this belief, when the moon rose, and the surf fell, the two boats had been fitted out.

12. It was late in the morning ere we reached Crŏmarty,[1] but a crowd on the beach awaited our arrival; and there were anxious-looking lights glancing in the windows, thick and manifold; nay, such was the interest elicited, that some enormously bad verse, in which the writer described the incident, a few days after, became popular enough to be handed about in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by the *élite* of the town. MILLER.[2]

IV.

36. THE HIGH TIDE.[3]

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Bŏston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

2. Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews[4] and peewits[5] pied[6]
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

[1] **Crŏm′ ar ty,** a seaport town of Scotland, beautifully situated on Cromarty Frith.

[2] **Hugh Miller,** A British geologist and writer, was born at Cromarty, on the east coast of Scotland, Oct. 10, 1802, and died at Portobello, near Edinburgh, Dec. 26, 1856.

[3] **High Tide** on the coast of Lincolnshire, England, 1571.

[4] **Mew** (mū), a kind of sea-fowl; a gull.

[5] **Pē′ wit,** the lapwing; also, the black-headed or laughing gull.

[6] **Pied,** marked with different colors; spotted.

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3. I sat and spun within the doore:
My thread brake ŏff,—I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wanderèth,—
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

4. "Cusha![1] Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre ăwāy I heard her sŏng.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all ălŏng;
Where the reedy Lindis flōwèth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick growèth
Faintly came her milking song:

5. "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your mĕadōw grasses mĕllōw,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yĕllōw;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hŏllōw,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and fŏllōw,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.'

6. If it be lŏng, aye, long ăgō,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flōw,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strŏng;
And all the aire it seemèth mee
Bin full of flōating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

7. Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe might be seene,

[1] **Cusha** (kůsh' ä).

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Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

8. The swannerds,[1] where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till, flōating ō'er the grassy sea,
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."[2]

9. Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all ălŏng where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

10. "For evil news from Mablethorpe,[3]
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

11. I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin[4] rang again,
"Elizabeth! *Elizabeth!*"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

12. "The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,

[1] **Swan' nerd**, swan.
[2] **En' der by-Ma' vis**, a parish of England, county of Lincoln.
[3] **Ma' ble thorpe**, a parish of England, county of Lincoln.
[4] **Wĕl' kin**, the sky.

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And bōats adrift in yŏnder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"Gŏd save you, mother!" straight he sayth;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

13. "Good sonne, where Lindis winds ăwāy
With her two bairns[1] I marked her lŏng;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afarre I heard her milking sŏng."
He looked ăcrŏss the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

14. With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! ălŏng the river's bed
A mighty ēygre[2] reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

15. And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the ēygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

16. So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

17. Upon the roofe we săte that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lŏfty bēacon light

[1] **Bairn** (bårn), a child.

[2] **Ea′gre**, an entire flood tide moving up a river in one wave, or in two or three successive waves.

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Stream from the church-tower, red and high—
A lurid[1] mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

18. They rang, the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearlèss rowed;
And I,—my sonne was at my side,
And yĕt the ruddy bēacon glōwed:
And yet he moaned benēath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lŏst! my love, Elizabeth."

19. And didst thou visit him no mōre?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shōne on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

20. That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flōw, alas!
To manye mōre than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she sayth);
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

21. I shall never hear her mōre
By the reedy Lindis shōre,
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be fălling;
I shall never hear her sŏng,
"Cusha, Cusha!" all ălŏng,
Where the sunny Lindis flōwèth,
Goëth, floweth;
From the meads where melick grōwèth,
When the water winding downe,
Onward floweth to the towne.

[1] **Lū′ rid, ghastly pale; dismal.**

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22. I shall never see her mōre
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shōre;
I shall never hear her calling,—
"Leave your mĕadōw grasses mĕllōw,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yĕllōw;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hŏllōw,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and fŏllōw;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed." JEAN INGELOW.

SECTION XI.

I.

37. THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind, one morning, sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion[1] in ĕvèry place!"

2. So it swept with a bustle[2] right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with mercilèss squalls,
Old women's bŏnnèts and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier[3] shout,
As the apples and ŏranges tumbled about;
And the urchins,[4] that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran ŏff each with a prize.

[1] **Com mō′ tion**, disturbed or forcible motion; disorder.
[2] **Bustle** (bŭs′ l), great stir.
[3] **Lus′ ti er**, healthier; stronger.
[4] **Urchin** (ĕr′ chin), a mischievous child.

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3. Then ăwāy to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave, mātronly[1] cows,
And tŏssed the colts' manes all about their brows,—
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood silently mute.[2]

4. So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.

5. It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's clōak.

6. Through the fŏrèst it rōared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy[3] old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

7. Then it rushed, like a monster, ō'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out, like bees, in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames, with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost, in a terrified crowd:
There was rearing of ladders, and lŏgs laying on,
Where the thatch[4] from the roof threatened soon to be gŏne.

8. But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tŏssed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood,
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud. HOWITT.[5]

[1] **Mā′ tron lў**, elderly; like a mother.

[2] **Mūte**, hindered from speaking; silent; a dumb attendant, often employed as an executioner in Turkey.

[3] **Sturdy** (stĕr′ dĭ), stiff; strong.

[4] **Thătch**, straw, turf, or other covering.

[5] **William Howitt**, an English author, was born in 1795. He was married to Miss Mary Botham in 1823. They have prepared many books, both jointly and separately, in prose and verse. Their writings generally are very popular, and none more so than their juvenile books.

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II.

38. THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'M not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September;
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember.
The day before, my kite-string snapped,
And I, my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat;—
For me two storms were brewing![1]

2. It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married pairs get clashing;—
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing;
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder;
A little rocking of the trees,—
And then came on the thunder.

3. Oh, how the ponds and rivers boiled,
And how the shingles rattled!
And oaks were scattered on the ground,
As if the Titans[2] battled;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter,—
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

4. It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying;—
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a-flying:
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off, like witches;
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept,—
I lost my Sunday breeches![3]

---

[1] **Brewing** (brō′ ing), see Rule 4, p. 26.

[2] **Tī′ tans**, the fabled giants of the ancients.

[3] **Breeches** (brich′ ez), a kind of short trowsers or pantaloons, worn by men and boys, covering the hips and thighs.

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5. I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
A demon had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's ōnly riches:
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

6. That night I saw them in my dreams,—
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded thread,
The winds had whistled through them;
I saw the wide and ghastly rents,
Where demon claws had tōrn them;
A hole was in their ămplĕst part,
As if an imp had wōrn them.

7. I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mōurn
My loved, my lŏng-lŏst breeches! HOLMES.[1]

III.

39. SPRING CLOTHING.[2]

IF there's any thing in the world I hate,—and you know it,—it is, asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times,—and I do, the mōre shame for you to let me.

2. What do I want now? As if you didn't know! I'm sure,

[1] **Oliver Wendell Holmes**, an American physician and poet, was born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809. He is professor in the Medical College of Harvard University. His poems are remarkably popular. As a writer of songs and lyrics, he stands in the first rank. He is also a popular lecturer and prose writer.

[2] **Curtain Lecture** of Mrs. Caudle. This is a fine exercise in Personation (see p. 48).

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if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me, gracious knows!

3. What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* I suppose you call that a joke,—one of your club jokes! As I say, I ōnly wish I'd any money of my own. If there is any thing that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for ĕvĕry farthing. It's dreadful!

4. Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it isn't ŏften I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day,—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh, Caudle! how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinoes[1] and beaver bonnets?

5. What do you say? *What of it?* What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!"

6. You didn't see it? The mōre shame for you? I'm sure, those Briggs girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew.

7. What do you say? *I ought to be ashamed to own it?* Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not crŏss over the thrĕshōld[2] next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind,—they sha'n't;[3] and there's an end of it!

8. I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cŏst their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

9. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's ōnly natural that a father should. *How much money do I want?* Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and—— What do you say? *I needn't count 'em? You know how many there are!* That's just the way you take me up!

10. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see,—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things

[1] **Merino** (me rē′ no), a thin cloth, of merino wool, for ladies' wear.

[2] **Thrĕsh′ old**, the door-sill; door.

[3] **Sha'n't** (shânt), Note 3, p. 18.

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te new pins. I know that, Caudle; and, though I say it,—ess their little hearts!—they do credit to you, Caudle.

11. How much? Now, dŏn't be in a hŭrry! Well, I think, ith good pinching,—and you know, Caudle, there's never a ife who can pinch closer than I can,—I think, with pinching, can do with twenty pounds.

12. What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?* What? *You ŏn't*[1] *give half the money?* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't are; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, nd grow up like heathens and cannĭbals; and then you'll save our money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

13. What do you say? *Ten pounds enough?* Yĕs, just like ou men; you think things cŏst nothing for women; but you on't care how much you lay out upon yourselves.

14. They ōnly want frocks and bŏnnets? How do *you* know what they want? How should a man know any thing at all about it? And you wōn't give mōre than ten pounds? Vĕry well! Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you*'ll make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you,—no, sir!

15. No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses. You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I ōnly wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths,—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle,—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any—or not a farthing!

16. Nō, sir; no,—I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable. What do you say? *You'll give me fifteen pounds?* No, Caudle, no; not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do! JERROLD.[2]

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[1] **Wōn't**, will, or *wōll*, not.

[2] **Douglass Jerrold**, an English author and humorist, was born in London, Jan. 3, 1803. He wrote numerous successful plays for the theaters, and many striking and original pieces for magazines. He died, from disease of the heart, June 8, 1857.

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SECTION XII.

I.

40. THE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

THE Count,[1] who is in prison for a political cause, and is not allowed books or paper to beguile his solitude, has found one little green plant growing up between the paving-stones of the prison-yard in which he is allowed to walk. He watches it from day to day, marks the opening of the leaves and buds, and soon loves it as a friend. In dread lest the jailer, who seems a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolves to ask him to be careful of it; and this is the conversation they have on the subject:—

2. "As to your gĭl'lyflower"[2]—"Is it a gillyflower?" asked the Count. "Upon my word," said the jailer, "I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you, you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden upon it long ago, without any ill-will to you or to it, had I not remarked the tender ĭnterĕst you take in it, the little beauty!"—"Oh, my interest," said the Count, "is nothing out of the common."

3. "Oh! it's all very well; I know all about it," replied the jailer, trying to wink with a knowing look; "a man must have occupation,—he must take to something,—and poor prisoners have not much choice. You see, Sir Count, we have amongst our inmates men who doubtlĕss were formerly important people; men who had brains,—for it is not small-fry that they bring here: well, now, they occupy and ămūse themselves at vĕry little cŏst, I assure you. One cătches flies—there's no harm in that; another carves figures on his deal-table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place."

4. The Count would have spoken, but he went on. "Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others little white mice. For my part, I respect their tastes to such a point, that I am happy

[1] **Count**, a nobleman on the continent of Europe, equal in rank to an English earl.

[2] **Gĭl'ly flow'er**, a flowering plant, called also *purple gillyflower*, cultivated for ornament.

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to gratify them. I had a beautiful large Angora[1] cat with lŏng white fur. He would lēap and gambol in the prettiest way in the world, and when he rolled himself up to go to sleep, you would have said it was a sleeping muff. My wife made a great pet of him, so did I. Well, I gave him ăwāy, for the birds and mice might have tempted him, and all the cats in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse."

5. "That was vĕry kind of you, Mr. Jailer," replied the Count, feeling uneasy that he should be thought capable of caring for such trifles; "but this plant is for me mōre than an ămūsemènt."—"Never mind, if it ōnly recalls the green boughs under which your mother nursed you in your infancy, it may overshadow half the court. Beside, my orders say nothing about it, so I shall be blind on that side. If it should grow to a tree, and be capable of assisting you in scaling the wall, that would be quite another thing. But we have time enough to think of that; have we not?" added he with a loud laugh. "Oh, if you tried to escape from the fortress!"

6. "What would you do?"—"What would I do! I would stop you, though you might kill me; or I would have you fired at by the sentinel, with as little pity as if you were a rabbit! That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower! no, no; or put my foot on it, never! I always thought that man a perfect rascal, unworthy to be a jailer, who wickedly crushed the spider of a poor prisoner; that was a wicked action—it was a crime!"

7. The Count was touched and surprised. "My dear jailer," said he, "I thank you for your kīndnèss. Yĕs, I confess it, this plant is to me a sōurce of much ĭn'teresting study."

8. "Well, then, Sir Count, if your plant has done you such good service," said the jailer, preparing to leave the cell, "you ought to be mōre grateful, and water it sometimes; for if I had not taken care, when bringing you your allowance of water, to moisten it from time to time, the poor little flower would have died of thirst.

9. "One moment, my good friend," cried the Count, mōre

[1] **Angora** (an gō' rå), a town of Asiatic Turkey, situated in the midst of a rich and elevated plain. The Angora cats are much larger than ours, with beards like the lynx. They are common in Paris.

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and more struck at discovering so much natural delicacy under so rough an outside; "what, have you been so thoughtful of my plĕasures, and yĕt you never said a word about it? Pray, accept this little present, in remembrance of my gratitude;" and he held out his silver drinking-cup.

10. The jailer took the cup in his hand, looking at it with a sort of curiosity. "Plants only want water, Sir Count," he said; "and one can treat them to a drink without ruining one's self. If this one ămūses you, if it does you good in any way, that is quite enough;" and he went and put back the cup in its place.

11. The Count advanced towards the jailer, and held out his hand. "Oh! no, no," said the latter, moving back respectfully as he spoke; "hands are ōnly given to equals or to friends."

12. "Well, then, be my friend." "No, no, that can not be, sir. One must look ahead, so as to do always to-mŏrrōw as well as to-day one's duty conscientiously. If you were my friend, and you attempted to escape, should I then have the courage to call out to the sentinel, 'fire!' No; I am ōnly your keeper, your jailer, and your humble servant." BONIFACE.[1]

II.

41. JAFFAR.

JAFFAR[2] the Bar'mecīde, the good vizier,[3]
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,[4]—
Jaffar was dead! slāin by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun,[5] sullen with mistrust

[1] **Joseph Xavier Boniface,** better known by his assumed name of *Saintine,* a French author and dramatist, was born in Paris, July 10, 1797. His dramatic works, romances, and other writings are very numerous and popular. His prize story of *Picciola,* from which the above was selected, has passed through more than twenty editions, and been translated into many languages.

[2] **Jaf far'** usually written *Giaffar,* was beheaded, at the age of 37, at Anbar, on the Euphrates, in 803; and all the other Barmecides were arrested and deprived of their property. This severity of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid was caused by his jealousy of the great popularity of the Barmecides.

[3] **Vĭ zīēr',** a councilor of state; a high officer in Turkey and other countries of the East.

[4] **Pēer,** one of the same rank, or character; an equal.

[5] **Haroun** (hå' rŏn).

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Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
All Araby and Persia[1] held their breath.

2. All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for vĕry scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood fōrth in Bagdad,[2] daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the cimeter,[3]
On all they owed to the dĭvīne Jaffar.

3. "Bring me this man," the cāliph[4] cried. The man
Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cord!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from lovelèss household fears,
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me—loved me—put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

4. Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiëst vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The cāliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this ġem,
The rĭchèst in the Tartar's diädem,
And hold the giver as thou deemèst fit."
"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High tōward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!" HUNT.[5]

[1] **Persia** (pĕr′ shĭ ȧ).

[2] **Bagdad** (băg dăd′, or bag′ dad), a large and noted city of Asiatic Turkey, formerly capital of the empire of the caliphs.

[3] **Cĭm′e ter**, a short, crooked sword, used by the Persians and Turks.

[4] **Cā′ liph**, a successor or representative of Mohammed; the highest title borne in Turkey and Persia.

[5] **Leigh Hunt**, an English poet and essayist, was born in Southgate, Middlesex, Oct. 19, 1784, where he died, Aug. 28, 1859. He was an extensive and popular writer of prose and verse.

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III.

42. GENEROUS REVENGE.

AT the period when the Republic of Gĕn′oä[1] was dĭvĭded between the factions[2] of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low ŏrigin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratic[3] form of government.

2. The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting[4] this state of things, and regained their former supremacy.[5] They used their victory with considerable rigor; and in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity[6] in passing upon him a sentence of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation[7] of all his property.

3. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first măġ′istracy, —a man haughty in temper, and proud of ăncient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments,—in pronouncing the sentence on Uberto, aggravated[8] its severity, by the insolent[9] terms in which he conveyed it. "You," said he, —"you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Gĕn′oä—you, by their clemency,[10] are ōnly doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung."

4. Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the cōurt; yĕt, stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own. He then made his obēisance, and retired; and, after taking leave

[1] **Gĕn′ o a**, a famous fortified seaport city of Northern Italy.

[2] **Fac′ tion**, a party united in opposition to the prince, government, or state; any party acting solely for their own private ends, and for the destruction of the common good.

[3] **Dĕm` o crăt′ ĭc**, pertaining to a government by the whole people.

[4] **Sub vert′ ing**, overturning.

[5] **Su prĕm′ a cy**, higher authority or power; the state of being supreme.

[6] **Lĕn′ i ty**, gentleness of treatment; mercy.

[7] **Cŏn` fis cā′ tion**, the act of appropriating private property, as a penalty, to the public use.

[8] **Ag′ gra vāt` ed**, made worse; heightened.

[9] **In′ so lent**, overbearing; rude.

[10] **Clĕm′ en cy**, mildness; kindness; indulgence.

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of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

5. He collected some debts due to him in the Nēāpŏlitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipĕl'ago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his ĭn'dustry and capacity in mer'cantile pursuits raised him in a cōurse of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his mōst prosperous days at Gĕn'oä; and his reputation for honor and generosity equaled his fortune.

6. Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hŏstīle to mōst of the other Italian[1] states, and especially to Gĕn'oä. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country-house, he saw a young Christian[2] slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention.

7. The youth seemed oppressed with labor, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed; and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his nātīve tongue, and replying to his inquīr'ies,[3] informed him that he was a Gĕnoëse'.

8. "And what is your name, young man?" said Uberto. "You need not be afraid of confessing to *me* your birth and condition."—"Alas!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is, indeed, one of the first men in Gĕnoä. His name is Adorno, and I am his ōnly son."—"Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering mōre aloud, but to himself he said, "Thank heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

9. He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair[4] captain, who claimed a right in young Adorno, and, having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a captive

[1] **Italian** (ĭ tăl' yan).

[2] **Christian** (krĭst' yan), born in a Christian land, or professing the religion of Christ; pertaining to Christ.

[3] **In quĭr' y**, a question.

[4] **Corsair** (kôr' sâr), a pirate.

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of value, and that less than two thousand crowns[1] would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and causing his servant to fŏllōw him with a horse, and a complete sūit of handsome apparel,[2] he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him that he was free.

10. With his own hands he took ŏff his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reälity of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

11. After a stay of some days at Tunis, to dispatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homeward, accompanied by young Adorno, who, by his pleasing manners, had highly ingratiated[3] himself with him. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearèst friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Gĕnoā, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with ĕvèry convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him:—

12. "My dear youth, I could with much plĕasure detain you lŏnger in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them, longer than necessary, of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. *He* probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forgĕt you, and I hope you will not forget me." Adorno pōured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

13. The young man had a prosperous voyage home, and the trănspōrt with which he was again beheld by his almost broken-

[1] **Crown,** a piece of money so called because stamped with the image of a crown. The English silver *crown* is of the value of about $1.20.

[2] **Ap păr′ el,** clothing; dress.

[3] **Ingratiated** (ĭn grā′ shĭ āt ed), introduced or commended to the favor of another; brought into favor.

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hearted parents may mōre easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis,—for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered[1] at sea,—"And to whom," said old Adorno, "am I indebted for the inestimable[2] benefit of restoring you to my arms?" "This letter," said his son, "will inform you." He opened it and read as follōws:—

14. "That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction[3] accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your ōnly son from slavery is "*The Banished Uberto.*" Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hands, while his son was displaying, in the warmèst language of gratitude, the virtues of Uberto, and the truly parental kindnèss he had experienced from him.

15. As the debt could not be canceled,[4] Adorno resolved, if possible, to repay it. He made so powerful intercession[5] with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Gĕnoä. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the gĕnuĭne noblenèss of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

IV.

43. SELECTED EXTRACTS.

THE phĭlănthropist[6] Howard[7] made the law of kindness his great rule of life. He left his comfortable home to visit and console the outcasts of society shut up in dark, gloomy

[1] **Found′ ered,** filled with water and sunk.

[2] **In ĕs′ ti ma ble,** above all measure or price.

[3] **Pre dĭc′ tion,** the act of foretelling; that which is foretold.

[4] **Căn′ celed,** blotted out; made void.

[5] **In ter cĕs′ sion,** a prayer or pleading for the cause of another.

[6] **Phĭ lăn′ thro pist,** a lover of mankind; one who aims to do good to all men.

[7] **John Howard,** the English philanthropist, was born at Hackney, London, in 1726. To improve the condition of prisoners, he visited all the prisons of the United Kingdom and the principal ones of Europe. He died at Kherson, Russia, in 1790.

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prisons. The hearts of the poor prisoners were awfully hardened by blows, chains, starvation, and neglect; but no sooner was the angel voice of Howard heard, and his kindnèss felt, than the long-sealed feelings were opened, the dried-up sōurces of tears were filled, the waters of sŏrrōw flowed, and the heart of sin became rādiated with deep and undying love for their benevolent visitor.———

2. Rōwland Hill[1] was once waylaid by a robber, who, with pistol in hand, demanded his money. Mr. Hill gazed at him with a mild and benevolent look, and kindly remonstrated with him to abandon such a dreadful cōurse, which must soon end in ruin. Tears started from the robber's eyes, while he fell upon his knees, and begged his pardon. Mr. Hill took him home, and made him his cōachman; and he became a reformed and good man, and, after being twenty years in Mr. Hill's family, died a peaceful death.———

3. Who can tell the value of a smile? It cŏsts the giver nothing, but it is beyŏnd price to the erring and relenting, the sad and chēerlèss, the lŏst and forsaken. It disarms malice; subdues temper; turns hātrèd to love,—revenge to kindness,—and paves the darkest paths with ġems of sunlight.

4. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and a happy husband. It adds charm to beauty, decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble the angel of Paradise. Who will refuse to smile?———

5. How beautiful, how sublime[2] the precept, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us!" But who would willingly be thus adjudged? Who is there that does not hope for mōre mercy at the hand of his Maker than he has shown to his fellōw-men? And yĕt how positive is the sentence that, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses, nēither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."———

6. Two good men, on some occasion, had a warm dispute; and, remembering the exhortation of the apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"[3] just before sunset, one of them

[1] **Rōwland Hill,** a noted English clergyman, born Aug. 12, 1744, and died April 11, 1833.

[2] **Sub lime′,** lifted up; high; excellent.

[3] **Wrath** (råth), great anger.

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went to the other, and knocking at the door, his offended friend came and opened it, and seeing who it was, started back in astonishment and surprise; the other, at the same time, cried out, "The sun is almost down!" This unexpected salutation softened the heart of his friend into affection, and he returned for answer, "Come in, brother, come in." What a happy method of conciliating matters, of redressing grievances, and of reconciling brethren!———

7. It is the bubbling spring which flows gently; the little rivulet, which glides through the měadōw, and which runs ălŏng day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swōllen flood or the rōaring cataract. Nīăgara[1] excites our wonder; and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of Gŏd there, as he "pōurs it from the hŏllōw of his hand." But one Nīăgara is enough for a continent or a world; while that same world needs thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water ĕvĕry farm and měadōw, and every garden, and that shall flow on unceasingly, day and night, with their gentle, quiet beauty.

8. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great suffering ōnly, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done: it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life,—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done, and in this all may be useful.———

9. Be valiant[2] against the corruptions of the world, but fear to do an evil. He that fears not to do an evil is always afraid to suffer evil: he that never fears is desperate: he that fears always, is a coward. He is a true valiant man that dares nothing but what he may, and fears nothing but what he ought. Hath any wrŏnged thee? Be bravely revenged: slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is belōw himself, that is not above an injury.———

10. God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air; upon the breeze that rocks the flower on its stem; upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of mŏss which lifts its head in the desert; upon the ocean that rocks ĕvĕry swimmer in its

[1] **Niagara** (nī ăg′ a rā).

[2] **Valiant** (văl′ yant), brave.

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deep chāmbers; upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light,—upon all his works he has written, "*None of us lives to himself.*"

11. We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and bestōws the mōst plĕasure; and the tree that bears fruits the most rich and abundant. The star that is most useful in the heavens is the star that we admire the most. Now, is it not reasonable, that *man*, to whom the whōle creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister,—man, who has the power of conferring deeper misery or higher happiness than any other being on earth,—man, who can act like Gŏd if he will,—is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living, not to himself, but for others?———

12. LIVE for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindnèss, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands with whom you come in contact, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No: your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.———

13. THE true hero[1] is the great, wise man of duty,—he, whose soul is armed by truth, and supported by the smile of Gŏd; he who meets life's perils with a cautious, but tranquil[2] spirit, găthers strength by facing its storms, and dies, when he is called to die, as a Christian victōr at the pōst of duty. And, if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is none (nŭn) so brilliant as a war with wrŏng; no hero so fit to be sung as he who hath gained the bloodlèss victory of truth and mercy.

V.

44. CHARITY.

COULD I command, with voice or pen,
The tongues of āngels and of men,

[1] **Hē′ ro**, a great warrior; a brave and ready man in danger.

[2] **Tranquil** (trăngk′ wĭl), quiet; calm; peaceful.

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A tinkling cymbal,[1] sounding brass,[2]
My speech and preaching would surpass;
Vain were such eloquence[3] to me
Without the grace of charity.[4]

2. Could I the martyr's[5] flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor,—
Had I the faith from Al'pĭne steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep,—
What were such zeal, such power, to me,
Without the grace of charity?

3. Could I behold with prēscĭent[6] eye
Things future, as the things gŏne by,—
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span,—
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefèst—charity.

4. Charity suffers lŏng, is kind;
Charity bears a humble mind;
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glōries in the weal[7] of all;
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts,[8] nor murmurs ō'er her lot.

5. The tongues of teachers shall be dumb;
Prophets discern not things to come;
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles[9] no mōre be wrought,
But charity shall never fail,—
Her anchor is within the veil. MONTGOMERY.[10]

[1] **Cym′ bal**, a musical instrument.

[2] **Brass** (brås), see Note 3, p. 18.

[3] **El′ o quence**, such an utterance of one's thoughts, feelings, or desires, as awakens a perfect sympathy, or corresponding emotions in the listener.

[4] **Chăr′ i ty**, love; good-will; act of giving freely.

[5] **Mar′ tyr**, a witness who sacrifices his life or property for the truth, or to sustain a cause.

[6] **Prescient** (prē′ shĭ ent), having knowledge of events before they take place; foreknowing.

[7] **Wēal**, a sound, healthy, or prosperous condition of a person or thing.

[8] **Vaunt** (vånt), to boast or brag.

[9] **Mĭr′ a cle**, a wonder; an event or effect contrary to the known laws of nature.

[10] **James Montgomery**, a British poet, was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, Nov. 4, 1771, and died near Sheffield, April 30, 1854. A complete edition of his poetical works appeared in 1855.

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SECTION XIII.

I.

45. COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

PART FIRST.

1.

THE beaver cut his timber with patient teeth that day,
The minks were fish-wards, and the crows surveyors of highway,—
When Keezar[1] sat on the hill-side upon his cobbler's[2] form,
With a pan of coals on ĕither hand to keep his waxed-ends warm.

2.

And there, in the golden weather, he stitched and hammered and sung;
In the brook he moistened his leather, in the pewter mug his tongue.
Well knew the tough old Teuton[3] who brewed the stoutèst ale,
And he paid the good-wife's reckoning in the coin of sŏng and tale.
The songs they still are singing who dress the hills of vine,—
The tales that haunt the Brŏcken[4] and whisper down the Rhine.

3.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome, the swift stream wound away,
Through birches and scarlet maples flashing in foam and spray,—
Down on the sharp-horned ledges plunging in steep cascāde,
Tŏssing its white-maned waters against the hemlock's shade.

4.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome, east and west and north and south;
Only the village of fishers down at the river's mouth;
Only here and there a clearing, with its farm-house rude and new,
And tree-stumps, swart[5] as Indians, where the scanty harvèst grew.

5.

No shout of home-bound reapers, no vintage-song he heard,
And on the green no dancing feet the mĕrry violin stirred.
"Why should folk be glum," said Keezar, "when Nature herself is glad,
And the painted woods are laughing at the faces so sour and sad?"

---

[1] **Cobbler Keezar** was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimack.

[2] **Cŏb′bler**, a maker or mender of coarse shoes or boots.

[3] **Teū′ton**, one of the ancient inhabitants of Germany.

[4] **Brocken** (brŏk′ken), a mountain of Prussia, Province of Saxony, 3740 feet above the level of the sea. It is cultivated nearly to the top. This is a district of many popular superstitions.

[5] **Swart**, tawny; very dark.

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6.

Small heed had the carelèss cobbler what sŏrrōw of heart was theirs
Who travailed in pain with the births of Gŏd, and planted a state with prayers,—
Hunting of witches and warlocks, smiting the heathen hōrde,—
One hand on the mason's trowel, and one on the soldier's *sw*ōrd!
But give him his ale and cider, give him his pipe and sŏng,
Little he cared for church or state, or the balance of right and wrŏng.

7.

"'Tis work, work, work," he muttered,—"and for rest a snuffle of psalms!"
He smote on his leathern apron with his brown and waxen palms.
"Oh for the purple harvèsts of the days when I was young!
For the mĕrry grape-stained maidens, and the pleasant sŏngs they sung!

8.

"Oh for the breath of vineyards, of apples and nuts and wine!
For an oar to row, and a breeze to blow, down the grand old river Rhine!"
A tear in his blue eye glistened, and dropped on his bēard so gray.
"Old, old am I," said Keezar, "and the Rhine flows far ăwāy!"

9.

But a cunning man was the cobbler; he could call the birds from the trees,
Charm the black snake out of the ledges, and bring back the swarming bees.
All the virtues of herbs and metals, all the lōre of the woods, he knew,
And the arts of the Old World mingled with the marvels of the New.

10.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,—and the lapstone on his knee
Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles[1] or the stone of Doctor Dee.[2]
For the mighty master Agrippa[3] wrought it with spell and rhyme

---

[1] **Mormon's Goggles,** two transparent stones in silver bows like spectacles, by the aid of which Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon religion, claimed that he read, from hieroglyphic plates, the "Book of Mormon," or Golden Bible.

[2] **John Dee,** an English mathematician and astrologer, born in London, July 13, 1527. Though learned in the science of the times, he was a sincere devotee to magic. One of his magic mirrors is in the British Museum. He died about 1607.

[3] **Henry Cornelius Agrippa,** a philosopher and alchemist, was born of a noble family at Cologne, Sept. 14, 1486. Though well educated and very talented, his whole life was spent in vain strivings after universal knowledge. He was an ardent student of alchemy. He died in 1535.

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From a fragment of mystic [1] moon-stone [2] in the tower of Nettesheïm.
To a cobbler Minnesinger [3] the marvelous stone gave he,—
And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar, who brought it over the sea.

II.

46. COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

PART SECOND.

1.

HE held up that mȳstic lapstone, he held it up like a lens,[4]
And he counted the lŏng years coming by twenties and by tens.
"One hundred years," quoth Keezar; "and fifty have I told:
Now open the new before me, and shut me out the old!"

2.

Like a cloud of mist, the blackness rolled from the magic stone,
And a marvelous picture mingled the unknown and the known.
Still ran the stream to the river, and the river and ocean joined;
And there were the bluffs [5] and the blue sea-line, and cold north hills behind.

3.

But the mighty fōrest was broken by many a steepled town,
By many a white-walled farm-house, and many a garner [6] brown.
Turning a scōre of mill-wheels, the stream no mōre ran free;
White sails on the winding river, white sails on the far-ŏff sea.
Belōw in the noisy village the flags were floating gāy,
And shōne on a thousand faces the light of a holidāy.

4.

Swiftly the rival plowmen turned the brown earth from their shares;
Here were the farmer's trĕasures, there were the craftsman's wares.
Golden the good-wife's butter, ruby [7] her cŭrrant-wine;
Grand were the strutting turkeys, fat were the beeves and swine.

5.

Yĕllōw and red were the apples, and the ripe pears russet brown,
And the peaches had stolen blushes from the girls who shook them down.

---

[1] **Mȳs′ tic**, far from human understanding; obscure.

[2] **Moon′-stone**, a variety of feldspar, often used as a gem.

[3] **Mĭn′ ne-sĭng` er**, a love-singer.

[4] **Lĕns**, glass, or other transparent substance, used in instruments for changing the direction of rays of light, thus enlarging or otherwise modifying the appearance of objects.

[5] **Blŭff**, a high, steep bank extending into the sea or a river.

[6] **Gar′ ner**, a grănary.

[7] **Ruby** (rōō′ bĭ), red.

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And with blooms of hill and wild-wood, that shame the toil of art,
Mingled the gorgeous blossoms of the garden's tropic heart.

6.

"What is it I see?" said Keezar: "Am I here, or am I there?
Is it a fête[1] at Bĭng'en?[2] Do I look on Frankfort[3] fair?
"But where are the clowns and puppets, and imps with horns and tail?
And where are the Rhĕnish[4] flagons?[5] and where is the foaming ale?

7.

"Strange things, I know, will happen,—strange things the Lord permits;
But that doughty[6] folk should be jolly puzzles my poor old wits.
"Here are smiling manly faces, and the maiden's step is gay;
Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drinking, nor mopes, nor fools, are they.
"Here's plĕasure without regretting, and good without ăbūse,
The holiday and the bridal of beauty and of use.

8.

"Here's a priest, and there is a Quaker,—do the cat and the dog agree?
Have they burned the stocks for oven-wood? Have they cut down the gallows-tree?
"Would the old folk know their children? Would they own the grăce-lèss town,
With never a ranter to worry, and never a witch to drown?"

9.

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar, laughed like a school-boy gay;—
Tŏssing his arms above him, the lapstone rolled ăwāy:
It rolled down the rugged hill-side, it spun like a wheel bewitched;
It plunged through the leaning willōws, and into the river pitched.

10.

There, in the deep, dark water, the magic stone lies still,
Under the leaning willōws in the shădōw of the hill;
But ŏft the idle fisher sits on the shadowy bank,
And his dreams make marvelous pictures where the wizard's[7] lapstone sank.

---

[1] **Fete** (fāt), a festival; a holiday.

[2] **Bĭng'en**, a town of Germany, grand-duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.

[3] **Frănk'fort-ON-THE-MAIN**, an important city of Germany, formerly the seat of the Germanic Diet.

[4] **Rhĕn'ish**, of, or relating to, the river Rhine.

[5] **Flăg'on**, a vessel with a narrow mouth, used for holding liquors.

[6] **Dough'ty**, noted for bravery; noble.

[7] **Wĭz'ard**, an enchanter; one supposed to be able to perform remarkable acts by the aid of spirits or unseen powers.

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11.

And still, in the summer twilights, when the river seems to run
Out from the inner glōry, warm with the melted sun,
The weary mill-girl lingers beside the charmèd stream,
And the sky and the golden water shape and color her dream.
Fair wave the sunset gardens, the rosy signals fly;
Her homestead beckons from the cloud, and love goes sailing by!

WHITTIER.[1]

III.

47. THE DAYS OF OLD.

1.

OH, the pleasant days of ōld, which so ŏft*e*n people praise!
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days:
Bare floors were strewed with rushes, the walls let in the cold;
Oh, how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

2.

Oh, those ăncient lords of old, how magnificent they were!
They threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart them who might dare?
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold:
Above bōth law and equity[2] were those great lords of old!

3.

Oh, the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!
With *s*wōrd and lance, and armor strŏng, they scoured the country round;
And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wōld,[3]
By right of *s*wōrd they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old!

4.

Oh, the gentle dames of old! who, quite free from fear or pain,
Could gaze on joŭst[4] and tournament,[5] and see their champions slain;

---

[1] **John Greenleaf Whittier**, a true and most worthy American poet, was born of a Quaker family near Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. He has written much and well, both in verse and prose. He resides in Amesbury, Mass., where all his later publications have been written.

[2] **Equity** (ĕk′ wĭ tĭ), justice; honesty; even-handed action.

[3] **Wōld**, a plain, open country; ridges of highland.

[4] **Joŭst**, a combat for sport or for exercise, in which horsemen pushed with lances and swords, man to man, in mock fight.

[5] **Tournament** (tûr′ na ment), a mock fight by a number of men on horseback, practiced as a sport in the middle ages.

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They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strŏng and bold;—
Oh, more like men than women were those gentle dames of old!

5.

Oh, those mighty towers of old! with their tŭrrets,[1] moat,[2] and keep;[3]
Their battlements[4] and bastions,[5] their dungeons dark and deep:
Full many a bǎron[6] held his cōurt within the castle hold;
And many a captive languished there, in those strŏng towers of old.

6.

Oh, the troubadours[7] of old! with their gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be:
For years they served their lady-love ere they their passion told;—
Oh, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

7.

Oh, those blessèd times of old! with their chivalry[8] and state;
I love to read their chrŏnicles,[9] which such brave deeds relate;
I love to sing their ăncient rhymes, to hear their lēgends[10] told—
But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWN.[11]

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[1] **Tŭr′ ret,** a little tower; a small spire attached to a building and rising above it.

[2] **Mōat,** a deep trench round the mound of a wall or castle or other fortified place, sometimes filled with water; a ditch.

[3] **Kēep,** the strongest and securest part of a castle.

[4] **Bāt′ tle ment,** an indented or notched rampart or wall used on castles, and fortifications generally.

[5] **Bastion** (băst′ yun), a part of the main inclosure which extends toward the outside, consisting of the *faces* and the *flanks*.

[6] **Băr′ on,** a nobleman; in England, a nobleman of the lowest grade of rank in the House of Lords.

[7] **Troubadour** (trō′ ba dōr′), one of a school of poets who flourished from the eleventh to the latter end of the thirteenth century, principally at Provence, in the south of France, and also in the north of Italy.

[8] **Chivalry** (shĭv′ al rĭ), a body or order of knights serving on horseback; cavalry.

[9] **Chronicle** (krŏn′ i kl), a historical register or account of acts or events arranged in the order of time; a history; a record.

[10] **Lē′ gend,** that which is appointed to be read; a story about saints, especially, one of a marvelous nature; any narrative or story.

[11] **Frances Brown,** a blind Irish poetess, was born June 16, 1818. She has been a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to "Frazer's Magazine," "Chambers' Journal," and other periodicals.

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SECTION XIV.

I.

48. THE HONEST DUTCHMEN.

PART FIRST.

IT came to pass, in the days of old, that the men of Holland found themselves straitened in their habitations; for who knows not that they were, from the first, a sober, hardy, and industrious race, tilling the ground, buying and selling, eating and drinking in humility? And therefore they lived to a good old age, and "sent fōrth their little ones like a flock, and their children danced;" so that, their land being small, they filled it brimful of inhabitants, till they were ready to overflow all its borders.

2. And they looked this way and that way, and they said, "What shall we do? for the people are many, and the land is small, and we are much straitened for room." So they called together the chief men of their nation, and they held a great council, to consider what they must do.

3. And, behold, there ărōse amongst them a man unlike the men of the land; for they were short, and broad, and well-formed in body, of a solemn and quiet countenance, and clad in peaceable garments; but he was tall and bony, and of a grim and hairy aspect. He had a great hard hand, and a fierce eye; his clothes had a wild look; he had a *swōrd* by his side, a spear in his grasp, and his name was Van Manslaughter.

4. With a glad, but a savage gaze, he looked round upon the assembly, and said, "Fĕllōw citizens! I marvel at your perplexity. You sit quietly at home, and know nothing of the world; but I and my followers have pursued the deer and the bōar far away into the fōrests of Germany. We have fought with the wolf and the bear, and, if need were, with the men of the woods; and enjoy our hunting, and to eat of our prey with joy and jollity.

5. "Why sit ye here in a crowd, like sheep penned in a fōld? We have seen the land that is next to ours, and we have been through it to the length of it, and to the breadth of it, and it is

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a good land. There are corn and wine; there are cities, towns, and villages ready built to our hands.

6. "Let us arise and come suddenly upon them, and we shall not ōnly gĕt all these possessions, but we shall get great glōry." And when he had so said, he looked round him with much exultation,[1] and a crowd of dark hairy faces behind him cried out, "Ay, it is true! Let us arise and get great glory!"

7. But at that word, there stood up Mynheer[2] Kindermann, an old man—a vĕry old man. He was of low stature, of a stout, broad frame, and his hair, which was vĕry white, hung down upon his shoulders; and his bēard also, as white as driven snow, fell reverently upon his breast. That old man had a large and tranquil countenance; his features were bōld, and of a very healthful complexion; his face, though of a goodly breadth, was of a striking length, for his fŏrehĕad was bold and high, and his eyes had a pleasant fireside expression, as though he had been used ōnly to behold his children and his children's children at their plāy, or to fix them on the loving form of his wife or his friend.

8. As he arose, there was a great silence, and he stood and sighed; and those who were near him heard him mutter, in a lōw tone, the word "Glōry," but those afar ŏff only saw his lips move. Then he said aloud, "My brethren! I am glad that you are called upon to get great glory; but what is that glory to which Mynheer Van Manslaughter calls you? In my youth, as some of you well know, I traveled far and wide with my merchandise; I have sojourned in all the countries that adjoin ours, and they are truly good countries, and full of people; but what of that?

9. "It is not people that we lack: it is land; and I should like to know how we are to take this land, that is full of people, and yĕt do those people no wrŏng! If we go to take that land, we shall find the people ready to defend their homes and their children; and if we fight in a bad cause, we shall probably gĕt beaten, like thieves and robbers, for our pains;—and is that glōry? But if we are able to take that land, we must first kill

[1] **Exultation** (ĕgz` ul tā´ shun), lively joy at success or victory, or at any advantage gained; great delight.

[2] **Myn heer´**, Sir; Mr;—the ordinary title of address among the Dutch; hence, a Dutchman.

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or drive out those that cultivate it, and make it fit to live in;—and is that glory?

10. And if we take those cities, and towns, and villages, we must kill those who built them, or have lived pleasantly in them, with Gŏd's blessing. Oh, what hŏnèst, inoffensive men, what good, kind-hearted mothers, what sweet and tender brothers and sisters, what dear little babes, we must murder and destroy, or drive away from their warm homes, which God has given them, and which are almost as dear to them as their lives, into the dismal fŏrèsts, to perish with cold and hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts, and, in their anguish, to curse us before the Great Father who made us all! My brethren, I can not think that is glory, but great disgrace and infamy,[1] and a misery that, I trust, shall never come upon us.

11. "I have lŏng looked about me, and I see that heaven has given all those countries round us to whom he would, and they are full of people; they are full of rich fields and vineyards; they are full of towns for men, and temples for God; they are full of warm, bright, happy homes, where there are proud fathers, and glad mothers, and innocent children, as amongst ourselves; and cursèd be he who would disturb or injure them."

II.

49. THE HONEST DUTCHMEN.

PART SECOND.

"BUT, my brethren, how shall we gĕt glōry? and, what is of mōre immediate necessity, how shall we get land to live in? I have been thinking of this, and it has come into my mind that it has been too lŏng the custom for men to call themselves *warriors* when they desire to be *murderers*, and to invade the property and the lives of their neighbors; and I have thought, as all the land is taken up, and as we can not, without great sin, invade the land, that *we had better invade the sea,* where we can take, and wrŏng no man.

2. "And who does not know, that has looked tōward the sea, that there is much ground which seems properly to bĕlŏng nēither to the sea nor the land? Sometimes it is covered with the

[1] **In′ fa my,** the complete loss of character; public disgrace.

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waters, and sometimes it is partly bare,—a dreary, slimy, and prŏfitlĕss region, inhabited ōnly by voracious[1] crabs, that make war upon one another,—the strŏnger upon the weaker,—and sea-fowl, which come in like conquerors and subdue them, and devour them, and get what Van Manslaughter calls 'great glōry.' My brethren, let us invade the sea,—let us gĕt piles, and beams, and stones, and dig up the earth, and make a large mound which will shut out the sea, and we shall have land enough and to spare."

3. As he finished his speech, there arose a deep murmur, that grew and grew, till it spread among the people collected in thousands without, and at length became like the sound of the ocean itself; and then the people cried out, "Yĕs, we will invade the sea!" and so it was decreed.

4. Then began they with axes to fell wood; with lēvers[2] and mattocks[3] to wrench up stones; and with wagons, horses, and oxen, to draw them to the sea. Now, it being the time of low water, and the tide being gŏne down vĕry far, they began to dig up the earth, and to make a mighty bank. So, when the sea came up again, it saw the bank and the people upon it in great numbers; but it took no notice thereof.

5. And it went down, and came up again, and they had pushed out the bank still farther, and raised it higher, and secured it with beams, and piles, and huge stones, and it began to wonder. And it went down and came up again, and they had pushed the bank still farther, so that, in great amaze, it said within itself, "What are these little insignificant creatures doing? Some great scheme is in their heads, but I wot[4] not what; and one of these days I will come up and overturn their banks, and sweep bōth it and them ăwāy togĕther."

6. But, at length, as it came up once on a time, it beheld that the bank was finished. It stretched ăcrŏss from land to land, and the sea was entirely shut out. Then was it filled with wonder that such little creatures had done so amazing a deed; and with great indignation that they had presumed to interrupt the

[1] **Vo rā′ cious**, greedy for eating; eager to devour or swallow; very hungry.

[2] **Lē′ ver**, a bar of metal, wood, or other substance used to exert a pressure, lift, or sustain a weight.

[3] **Măt′ tock**, a kind of pick-ax, having the iron ends broad instead of pointed.

[4] **Wŏt**, to know.

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prŏgress of itself,—the mighty sea, which stretched round the whōle world, and was the greātèst moving thing in it. Retreating in fury, it collected all its strength, and came with all its billows, and struck the bank in the midst as with thunder.

7. In a moment there appeared on the top of the mound, on the whōle length of it, a swarm of little stout men, thick as a swarm of bees. Marvelous was it to see how that thrŏng of little creatures was all astir, running here, and running there; stopping up crevices, and repairing damages done by that vast and tremendous enemy, that, rōaring and foaming, repeated its blows like the strokes of a million of battering-rams, till the faces of the men were full of fear, and they said, "Surely the mound will fall!" Then came the sea, swelling and raging mōre dreadfully than ever, and, urged by the assistance of a mighty wind, it thundered against the bank and burst it! The waters flowed triumphantly over all their old places, and many men pĕrished.

8. Then went Van Manslaughter among the people with great joy, and many loud words, saying, "See what has come of despising my counsel! See what glōry your old counselor has brought you to! Come now, follow me, and I will lead you to possessions where you need not fear the sea. Let us leave it to people this bog with fish. I am for no new-fangled schemes, but for the good old plan of fair and honorable war, which has been the highway to wealth and glory from the beginning of the world."

9. Then began the people to be vĕry sad, and to listen to his words; but Mynheer Kindermann called them again to him, and bid them be of good heart, and to repair the bank; to make it strŏnger, and to build towers upon it, and to appoint men to dwell in them, that they might continually watch over and strengthen it. So the people took coŭrage and did so; for they said, "Let us take no man's goods, and let us do no murder." Therefore they renewed the mound; and the sea came up in tenfold wrath, and smote it worse than before; but it was all in vain. It failed not, save a little here and there; and the people seeing it, set up a great shout, and cried, "The mound will stand!"

10. Then did they begin to dig and drain, to plant trees, to

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build towns, and to lay out gardens; and it became a beautiful country. Then the inhabitants rejoiced, saying, "Others have invaded lands, and killed people; but we have hurt no man. We have only invaded the sea, and Heaven has made us out of it a goodly heritage!"

11. These are the people whose wealth and ĭn'dustry are known through the whōle world. They have sent out colonies to the ends of the earth, and have got themselves the name of the Hŏnèst Dutchmen. Would that they had always been as wise and merciful as they were on that day!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

III.

50. WAR NOT ALL A BLESSING.

IT was a sergeant[1] old and gray,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake,[2]
Along the turnpike of the village.

2. For days and nights the winding hōst
Had through the little place been marching;
And ever loud the rustics cheered,
Till every thrōat was hōarse and parching.

3. The squire and farmer, maid and dame,
All took the sight's elec'tric[3] stirring;
And hats were waved, and staves[4] were sung,
And 'kerchiefs white were countlèss whirling.

4. They ōnly saw a gallant shōw
Of heroes stalwart[5] under banners;
And in the fierce heroic glōw
'Twas theirs to yield but wild hosannas.

5. The sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
Where he behind in step was keeping;

[1] **Sergeant** (sär' jent), a non-commissioned officer, next in rank above the corporal, in a company of infantry, or troop of cavalry, whose duty is to instruct recruits in discipline, to form the ranks, &c.

[2] **Wāke**, the track left by a vessel in the water; hence in the way or train of.

[3] **E lĕc' tric**, relating to, or caused by, electricity.

[4] **Stāve**, part of a psalm or hymn.

[5] **Stalwart** (stôl' wart) brave; strong; violent.

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But glancing down beside the rōad,
He saw a little maid sit weeping.

6. "And how is this?" he gruffly said,
A moment pausing to regard her;
"Why weepèst thou, my little chit?"[1]
And then she only cried the harder.

7. "And how is this, my little chit?"
The sturdy trooper straight repeated,—
"When all the village cheers us on,
That you, in tears, apart are seated?

8. "We march two hundred thousand strŏng!
And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into sŏng,
And glōrify the soldier's duty."

9. "It's vĕry, very grand, I know,"
The little maid gave sŏft replying;
"And father, mother, brother too,
All say 'hurrah,' while I am crying.

10. "But think, O Mr. Soldier! think,
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going all ăwāy to fight,
Who may be *killed*, as well as others!"

11. "Why, bless thee, child," the sergeant said,
His brawny[2] hand her curls caressing,
"'Tis left for little ones like you
To find that *war's not all a blessing.*"

12. And "bless thee!" once again[3] he cried;
Then cleared his thrōat, and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the straggling tear benignant.[4]

13. And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage,—
The pall behind the standard seen
By one ălōne of all the village.

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[1] **Chĭt**, a child or babe.

[2] **Brawn′ y**, having large, strong muscles; fleshy; strong.

[3] **Again** (ă gĕn′).

[4] **Be nĭg′ nant**, kind; gracious; favorable.

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14. The oak and cedar bend and writhe,
When rōars the wind through gap and braken;[1]
But 'tis the tĕnderèst reed of all
That trembles first when earth is shaken.

J. X. BONIFACE.

IV.

51. WHERE IS THE ENEMY?

I HAVE somewhere read of a rĕġ'imènt[2] ordered to march into a small town and *take it.* I think it was in the Tyrol;[3] but, wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gŏspel of Christ, and proved their faith by works.

2. A courier[4] from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they *will* take it, they must."

3. Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, saw the farmer at his plow, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons,—"the harlequins[5] of the nineteenth century." Of cōurse none of these were in a proper position to be shot at.

4. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked.—"We have none," was the brief reply.—"But we have come to take the town."—"Well, friends, it lies before you."—"But is there nobody here to fight?"—"No: we are all Christians."

5. Here was an emergency[6] altogether unprovided for,—a

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[1] **Brāk' en**, same as *brake*, a thicket; a place overgrown with shrubs and brambles, or with brakes.

[2] **Rĕġ' i ment**, a body of soldiers, commanded by a colonel, and consisting of a number of companies, usually ten.

[3] **Tўrol** (tĭr' rol), a province of the Austrian dominions, on the southwest frontiers of Germany.

[4] **Courier** (kō' rĭ er), a messenger sent with haste for conveying letters or dispatches, usually on public business.

[5] **Har' le quin**, a man, dressed in party-colored clothes, who plays tricks, often without speaking, to divert the bystanders or an audience; a merry-andrew.

[6] **E mer' ġen cў**, a condition of things appearing suddenly or unexpectedly.

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sort of resistance which no bullet could hit, a fortress perfectly bomb-proof.[1] The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight *with*, of cōurse we can not fight," said he: "it is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

6. This experiment, on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. MRS. CHILD.[2]

V.

52. THE TWO ARMIES.

AS Life's unending column pōurs,
Two marshaled hōsts are seen,—
Two armies on the trămpled shōres
That Death flows black between.

2. One marches to the drum-beat's rōll,
The wide-mouthed clărion's[3] bray,
And bears upon the crimson scrōll—
"OUR GLORY IS TO SLAY."

3. One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yĕt watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

4. Alŏng its front no sabers shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line—
"OUR DUTY IS TO SAVE."

5. For those, no death-bed's lingering shade;—
At Honor's trumpet call,
With knittĕd brows and lifted blade,
In Glōry's arms they fall.

[1] **Bomb-proof** (bŏm′ prōf), secure against the force of bombs, or shells.

[2] **Lydia Maria Child**, an American authoress, was born at Medford, Mass., Feb. 11, 1802. She has written many educational, biographical, and religious works, and several novels, with almost uniform success.

[3] **Clăr′ i on**, a kind of trumpet, whose note is clear and shrill.

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6. For these, no flashing falchions[1] bright,
No stirring battle-cry;—
The bloodlèss stabber calls by night,—
Each answers—"HERE AM I!"

7. For those, the sculptor's laureled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing ō'er their dust
Through lŏng cathedral aīsles.[2]

8. For these, the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery-foaming waves.

9. Two paths lead upward from belōw,
And āngels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop's flōw,
Each falling tear of love.

10. Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
Her pulses Freedom drew;
Though the white lilies in her crest
Sprang from that scarlet dew,—

11. While Valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars are shōwn:
Love walks unchallenged through the gate.
To sit beside the Thrōne! O. W. HOLMES.

SECTION XV.

I.

53. A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled[3] about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day lŏng. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blūenèss of

[1] **Falchion** (fâl′ chun), a short, crookèd sword.

[2] **Aisles** (īlz), alleys; passages.

[3] **Strōlled**, wandered on foot.

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the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodnèss and the power of Gŏd, who made the lovely world.

2. They used to say to each other, sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sŏrry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams, that gambol down the hill-sides, are the children of the water; and the smallèst bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no mōre.

3. There was one clear, shining star, that used to come out in the sky befōre the rest, near the church-spire above the graves. It was larger and mōre beautiful, they thought, than all the others; and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window.

4. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And ŏft*e*n they cried out bōth together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "Gŏd bless the star!"

5. But while she was still vĕry young,—oh! very, very young, —the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the windōw at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice would say, tremulously, "God bless my brother and the star!"

6. And so the time came,—all too soon,—when the child looked out ălōne, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there befōre; and when the star made lŏng rays down tōward him, as he saw it through his tears. Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a

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train of people taken up that sparkling road by ān'gels.[1] And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many mōre such angels waited to receive them.

7. All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming[2] eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the lŏng rōws in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went ăwāy with them down avenues[3] of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

8. But there were many āngels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified[4] and radiant,[5] but his heart found out his sister among all the hōst.[6] His sister's āngel lingered[7] near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "No."

9. She was turning hopefully ăwāy, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making lŏng rays down tōward him as he saw it through his tears. From that hour fōrth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought he did not bēlŏng to the earth ălōne, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gŏne bēfŏre.

10. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yĕt had spoken a word, he stretched his tīny form out on his bed, and died. Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of āngels, and the train of people, and the rōws of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

11. Said his sister's āngel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

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[1] **An′ gel,** a spirit employed by God to make known his will to man; a ministering spirit; a messenger.

[2] **Bēam′ ing,** sending forth beams or rays of light; shining.

[3] **Av′ e nūe,** a way, opening, or passage; an alley or walk; a wide street.

[4] **Glō′ ri fied,** made glorious or excellent.

[5] **Rā′ dĭ ant,** beaming with brightness; shining.

[6] **Hōst,** an army; a multitude; any great number.

[7] **Lĭn′ gered,** delayed; remained or waited long

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And he said, "Not that one, but another." As the child beheld his brother's ăngel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

12. He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no mōre. I bring her blessing on her darling son." Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's ăngel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went fōrth through all the star, because the mother was reünited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yĕt." And the star was shining.

13. He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed[1] with tears, when the star opened once again. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter." And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lŏst to him, a celestial creature among those three; and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, Gŏd be praised!" And the star was shining.

14. Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slōw and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!" They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move tōward the star as a child. And O, my Father! now I thank thee that it has so ŏften opened to receive those dear ones who await me." And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave. DICKENS.[2]

[1] **Bedewed** (be dūd′), moistened with dew, or as with dew.

[2] **Charles Dickens**, an English novelist, was born at Portsmouth, Feb. 7, 1812. His numerous writings most happily combine humor and pathos. Some of his most beautiful and striking passages have been drawn from the sorrows and sufferings of childhood.

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III.

55. LITTLE EDWARD.

PART FIRST.

WERE any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising,[1] church-going, school-going, orderly times? If so, you may have seen my uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular,[2] upright, downright good man that ever labored six days and rested on the seventh.

2. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed drawn with "a pen of iron and the point of a dīāmond;" his considerate gray eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hŭrry about seeing; the circumspect[3] opening and shutting ŏf the mouth; his down-sitting and uprising, all performed with deliberate forethought; in short, the whōle ordering of his life and conversation, which was, after a military fashion, "*to the right about face—forward, march!*"

3. Now, if you supposed, from all this sternnèss of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the grēenèst grass under a snow-drift; and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of whōlesome and kindly vegetation there.

4. It is true he seldom laughed, and never joked himself; but no man had a mōre serious and weighty conviction of what a joke was in another; and when a witticism[4] was uttered in his prcsence, you might see his face relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a sort of quiet wonder, as if it were past his comprehension how such a thing could ever come into a man's head.

5. Uncle Abel, too, had some relish for the fine arts;[5] in proof of which, I might adduce the plĕasure wĭth which he gazed at

[1] **Căt′ e chĭs ing,** instructing by asking questions, receiving answers, and offering corrections and explanations,—usually in regard to religion.

[2] **Rĕct an′ gu lar,** right-angled; having one or more angles of ninety degrees; exact.

[3] **Cir′ cum spect,** attentive to all the circumstances of a case; cautious; watchful.

[4] **Wĭt′ ti cĭsm,** a jest; a joke.

[5] **Fine Arts** are those in which the *mind* is chiefly concerned, as poetry, music, painting.

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the plates in his family Bible, the likenèss whereof is nēither in heaven, nor on earth, nor under the earth. And he was also so eminent a musician, that he could go through the singing-book at one sĭtting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

6. He had, too, a liberal hand, though his liberality was all by the rule of three. He did by his neighbor exactly as he would be done by; he loved some things in this world vĕry sincerely; he loved his Gŏd much, but he honored and feared him mōre; he was exact with others, but he was more exact with himself, and he expected his God to be more exact still.

7. Evèry thing in uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dŏg after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were studying the multiplication table. There was the old clock, forever ticking in the chimney-corner, with a picture of the sun upon its face, forever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplar trees. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney.

8. There, too, were the yearly hŏllyhŏcks and morning-glōries blooming about the wĭndōws. There was the "best room," with its sanded floor; the cŭpbōard in one corner, with its glass doors; the evergreen aspăragus bushes in the chimney; and there was the stand with the Bible and almanac on it in another corner. There, too, was aunt[1] Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance.[2] Old Time never took it into his head to practice ēither addition or subtraction or multiplication, on its sum total.[3]

9. This aunt Betsey aforenamed was the nēatèst and mōst efficient[4] piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always ĕvèrywhere, predominating[5] over and seeing to every thing; and though my uncle had been

[1] **Aunt** (ånt).

[2] **Con tĭn′ u ance,** a holding on, or remaining in one condition; stay.

[3] **Tō′ tal,** whole; entire; not divided; complete.

[4] **Efficient** (ef fĭsh′ ent), causing effects; producing results; able, active, and prompt.

[5] **Pre dŏm′ i nāt ing,** prevailing; ruling.

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twice married, aunt Betsey's rule and authŏrity had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead; and so seemed likely to reign on till the end of the chapter.

10. But my uncle's lātèst wife left aunt Betsey a much less tractable[1] subject than ever before had fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, mĕrrier little blossom never grew on the verge of a snow-drift. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma till he had arrived at the age of *in*discretion, and then my old uncle's heart so yearned for him that he was brought home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner[2] of dignities, such a violator of high places and sanctities,[3] as this same Master Edward.

11. It was in vain to try to teach him decōrum.[4] He was the mōst outrageously merry elf[5] that ever shook a head of curls. He laughed and frolicked with every body and every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his fair arms around the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek peering[6] out beside the bleak face of uncle Abel, you might fancy you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics[7] were sorely puzzled by this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter; nor could he devise any method of bringing it into any reasonable shape, for it did mischief with an energy and perseverance that were truly astonishing.

12. But uncle Abel was mōst of all perplexed to know what to do with him on the Sabbath; for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself to be particularly diligent and entertaining. "Edward! Edward must not play Sunday!" his father

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[1] **Trăct′ a ble,** capable of being easily led, taught, or managed.

[2] **Con tĕm′ ner,** one who despises, slights, or neglects.

[3] **Săńc′ ti tiés,** religions; religious rules or practices.

[4] **De cō′ rum,** justness or fitness of manner or conduct; decency.

[5] **Elf,** a fairy; a little fancied spirit, supposed to live in wild and lonely places, and to delight in mischievous tricks; hence, any small and sportive being.

[6] **Pēer′ ing,** looking narrowly, or curiously; peeping.

[7] **Mĕt` a phỹs′ ics,** the science, or regulated knowledge, of the mind; the science of the principles and causes of all things existing; the science of real being.

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would call out; and then Edward would hold up his curly head, and look as grave as the catechism; but in three minutes you would see pussy scampering through the "best room," with Edward at her heels, to the entire discomposure of all devotion in aunt Betsey, and all others in authŏrity.

13. At length my uncle came to the conclusion that "it wasn't in nature to teach him any better," and that "he could no mōre keep Sunday than the brook down in the lot." My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was, he lŏst all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, and he would rub his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common when aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings.

IV.

56. LITTLE EDWARD.

PART SECOND.

IN prŏcess of time, our hero had completed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went through the spelling-book, and then attacked the catechism; went through with it in a fortnīght, and at last came home in great delight, to tell his father that he had got to "Amen."

2. After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whōle every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, occasionally glancing around to see if pussy gave proper attention. And being of a practically benevolent turn of mind, he made several commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as might have been expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bāde fair to become a literary wonder.

3. But, alas for poor little Edward! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried all her simple remedies, but in vain: he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father's heart was torn with sorrow, but he said nothing; he only stayed by his child's bedside day and night, trying all means to save him, with affecting pertinacity.[1]

4. "Can't you think of any thing mōre, doctor?" said he to

[1] **Per` ti năc′ i ty**, great firmness in holding on to a thing; fixedness.

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the physician, when all had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the physician.

5. A momentary convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "The will of the Lord be done," said he, almost with a groan of anguish.

6. Just at this moment, a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an ăngel's smile ăcrŏss the face of the little sufferer. He woke from troubled sleep. "Oh dear! I am so sick!" he gasped, feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate, the cat, crŏssed the room. "There goes pussy," said he: "Oh dear! I shall never play any mōre."

7. At that moment, a deadly chānge passed over his countenance. He looked up in his father's face with an implōring expression, and put out his hand as if for help. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features settled into a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life." My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face. It was too much for his principles, too much for his consistency,[1] and he "lifted up his voice and wept."

8. The next morning was the Sabbath,—the funeral day; and it rose with "breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sŏrrōw-stricken expression touching to behold. I remember him at family prayers, as he bent over the great Bible, and began the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendor of the poetry, for, after reading a few verses, he stopped.

9. There was a dead silence, interrupted ōnly by the ticking of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly, and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book, and kneeled down to pray. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed fōrth with a deep and sorrowful pathos[2] which I shall never forget. The Gŏd so much reverenced, so

[1] **Cŏn sĭst′ en cў**, agreement of one's belief or conduct at different times; steadiness.

[2] **Pā′ thos**, passion; warmth of feeling or action; that which awakens tender emotions or feelings.

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much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, his refuge and strength, "a vĕry present help in time of trouble."

10. My uncle rose, and I saw him walk to the room of the departed one. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death; but oh, how surpassingly lovely! The brilliancy of life was gŏne, but that pure, transparent[1] face was touched with a mysterious,[2] triumphant brightness, which seemed like the dawning of heaven.

11. My uncle looked long and earnestly. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was sŏftened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and sat in the front door.

12. The morning was bright, the bells were ringing for church, the birds were singing mĕrrily, and little Edward's pet squirrel[3] was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran up one tree, and then down, and up another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush, and chattering just as if nothing was the matter.

13. With a deep sigh uncle Abel broke fōrth: "How happy that creature is! Well, the Lord's will be done." That day the dust was committed to dust, ămĭd the lămentātions of all who had known him.

14. Years have passed sĭnce then, and all that was mortal of my uncle has lŏng since been gathered to his fathers; but his just and upright spirit has entered the glōrious liberty of the sons of Gŏd. Yĕs, the good man may have had opinions which the philosophical[4] scorn, and wēaknèssès at which the thoughtless smile; but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined; for he shall awake in "His likeness," and "be satisfied."

MRS. STOWE.[5]

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[1] **Transparent** (trans pâr′ ent), admitting the passage of light; open; bright.

[2] **Mȳs tē′ ri ous**, secret; not easily understood.

[3] **Squirrel** (skwŭr′ rel).

[4] **Phĭl′ o sŏph′ ĭc al**, skilled in philosophy; deeply learned; wise.

[5] **Harriet Beecher Stowe**, an American authoress, was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 15, 1812. She has written frequently for periodicals, and published several novels, one of which, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has had a wider circulation than any other work of fiction in the English language. She is one of the most popular and successful of living writers.

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V.

57. THE DYING CHILD.

1.

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain[1] be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;—
I see the angel children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

2.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?[2]
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely, those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me;
They are the flowers the angel scatereth,
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

3.

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing;
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not thus sigh,—it marreth my reposing;
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
Oh! I am tired,—my weary eyes are closing;
Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me! ANDERSEN.[3]

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[1] **Fain**, with joy or pleasure; gladly.

[2] **Ac cord'**, the union of different sounds, which is agreeable to the ear; agreement of things.

[3] **Hans Christian Andersen**, a Danish poet and novelist, was born at Odensee, April 2, 1805. His writings generally are very popular. His novel, "Improvisatore," his charming "Fairy Tales" for children, and many of his other works have been translated into almost every modern language.

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SECTION XVI.

I.

58. THE MERRY SUMMĔR MONTHS.

1.

THEY come! the mĕrry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick lēafinèss to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark[1] and care aside;
Seek silènt hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shădōw vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

2.

The grass is sŏft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindèst love, to bless and welcome thee:
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "*Be gay!*"

3.

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yŏn sky,
But hath its own winged măriners to give it melody;
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their mĕrry cōurse they hold.
Gŏd bless them all! those little ones, who, far above this earth,
Can make a scŏff[2] of its mean joys, and vent[3] a nobler mirth.

4.

But sŏft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—from yŏnder wood it came!
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name:—
Yĕs, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous[4] to the soft western wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again,—his notes are void of art;
But simplèst strains do soonèst sound the deep founts of the heart.

5.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon[5] for thought-crazed wight[6] like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!

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[1] **Cark**, a state of anxiety or oppression under care; solitude.

[2] **Scŏff**, mockery; reproach.

[3] **Vĕnt**, to utter; to pour forth.

[4] **Mo nŏt' o nous**, presenting a tiresome sameness.

[5] **Boon**, a gift; a present.

[6] **Wight**, a being; a person.

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To suck once mōre in every breath their little souls ăwāy,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer dāy,
When, rushing fōrth like untamed colt, the rĕcklèss truant[1] boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

6.

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yōre,[2] I yĕt delight to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gŏne by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviëst curse,—a heart that hath waxed old!

MOTHERWELL.[3]

II.

59. SUMMER.

I THANK heaven ĕvèry summer's day of my life that my lot was humbly cast within the hearing of rŏmping brooks, and benēath the shădōw of oaks. And from all the tramp and bus*tle* of the world, into which fortune has led me in these latter years of my life, I delight to steal ăwāy for days and for weeks together, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again lying upon the brook-side, and counting the white clouds that sail along the sky, sŏftly and tranquilly—even as holy memories go stealing over the vault[4] of life.

2. Two days since, I was sweltering in the heat of the city, jostled[5] by the thousand eager workers, and panting under the shadōw of the walls. But I have stolen away; and, for two hours of healthful regrowth into the darling past, I have been lying, this blessèd summer's morning, upon the grassy bank of a stream that babbled[6] me to sleep in boyhood. Dear old stream! unchanging, unfaltering,—with no harsher notes now than then,—never growing old, smiling in your silver rus*tle*,

[1] **Truant** (trō′ ant), idle, and shirking duty; loitering.

[2] **Yōre**, *of yore*, of old time; long since; long ago.

[3] **William Motherwell**, a Scottish poet and journalist, was born in Glasgow, Oct. 13, 1797, and died in that city, Nov. 1, 1835.

[4] **Vault** (vâlt), a continued arch or curved covering.

[5] **Jostled** (jŏs′ ld), run against and shaken; caused to totter or move unsteadily; disturbed by crowding.

[6] **Băb′ bled**, made a constant murmuring noise; uttered words imperfectly.

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and calming yourself in the broad, placid pools; I love you as I love a friend.

3. But now that the sun has grown scalding hot, and the waves of heat have come rocking under the shădōw of the mĕadōw oaks, I have sought shelter in a chămber of the old farm-house. The windōw-blinds are closed; but some of them are sadly shattered, and I have intertwined in them a few branches of the late blossoming white azaleă,[1] so that every puff of the summer air comes to me cooled with frāgrance.

4. A dimple or two of the sunlight still steals through my flowery screen, and dances, as the breeze moves the branches, upon the oaken floor of the farm-house. Through one little gap, indeed, I can see the broad stretch of meadow, and the workmen in the field bending and swaying to their scythes. I can see, too, the glis*te*ning of the steel, as they wipe their blades; and can just cătch, flōating on the air, the mĕasured, tinkling thwack of the rifle[2] stroke.

5. Here and there a lark, scared from his feeding-place in the grass, sōars up, bubbling fōrth his melody in globules[3] of silvery sound, and settles upon some tall tree, and waves his wings, and sinks to the swaying twigs. I hear, too, a quail piping from the meadow fence, and another trilling his answering whis*tle* from the hills. Nearer by, the tyrant king-bird is poised on the tŏpmōst branch of a veteran pear-tree; and now and then dashes down, assassin-like, upon some home-bound, honey-laden bee, and then, with a smack of his bill, resumes his predatory[4] watch.

6. As I sit thus, watching through the interstices[5] of my leafy screen the various images of country life, I hear distant mutterings from beyŏnd the hills. The sun has thrown its shadow upon the pewter diăl, two hours beyond the meridian[6] line. Great cream-colored heads of thunder-clouds are lifting above

[1] **A zā′ le a**, a class of flowering plants, mostly natives of China or North America.

[2] **Rī′ fle**, a thin blade or strip of wood covered with emery or similar material, used for sharpening scythes; also, a whetstone for a scythe.

[3] **Glŏb′ ule**, a little globe.

[4] **Prĕd′ a to ry**, hungry; given to plunder.

[5] **In′ ter stice**, that which comes between or separates one thing and another; an empty space between things; a hole.

[6] **Me rĭd′ i an**, the point directly overhead; mid-day.

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the sharp, clear line of the western horĭzon; the light breeze dies away, and the air becomes stifling, even under the shadow of my withered boughs in the chāmber window.

7. The white-capped clouds roll up nearer and nearer to the sun, and the creamy masses belōw grow dark in their seams. The mutterings, that came faintly befōre, now spread into wide volumes of rolling sound, that echo again and again from the eastward heights. I hear in the deep intervals the men shouting to their teams in the meadows; and great companies of startled swallows are dashing in all dĭrĕctions around the gray roofs of the barn.

8. The clouds have now well-nigh reached the sun, which seems to shine the fiercer for its coming eclipse. The whōle west, as I look from the sōurces of the brook to its lazy drifts under the swamps that lie to the south, is hung with a curtain of darkness; and, like swift-working golden ropes that lift it toward the zenith,[1] long chains of lightning flash through it, and the growling thunder seems like the rumble of the pulleys.

9. I thrust away my azaleä boughs, and fling back the shattered blinds, as the sun and the clouds meet; and my room darkens with the coming shadows. For an instant the edges of the thick, creamy masses of cloud are gilded by the shrouded sun, and show gorgeous scallops[2] of gold that tŏss upon the hem of the storm. But the blāzonry[3] fades as the clouds mount, and the brightening lines of the lightning dart up from the lower skirts, and heave the billowy masses into the middle heaven.

10. The workmen are urging their oxen fast ăcrŏss the meadow; and the loiterers come straggling after, with rakes upon their shoulders. The air freshens, and blows now from the face of the coming clouds. I see the great elms in the plain, swaying their tops, even before the storm-breeze has reached me; and a bit of ripened grain, upon a swell of the meadow, waves and tŏsses like a billowy sea.

11. Presently I hear the rush of the wind, and the chĕrry and

[1] **Zē′ nith**, that point of the heavens directly overhead.

[2] **Scallop** (skŏl′ lup), a recess or curving of the edge of any thing, into parts of circles; a kind of sea shell-fish.

[3] **Blā′ zon rў**, showy display; exhibition of coats of arms.

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pear trees rustle through all their leaves, and my paper is whisked away by the intruding blast. There is a quiet of a moment, in which the wind, even, seems weary and faint; and nothing finds utterance save one hŏarse tree-toad, doling out his lugubrious[1] notes.

12. Now comes a blinding flash from the clouds; and a quick, sharp clang clatters through the heavens, and bellows loud and long among the hills. Then—like great grief spending its pent agony in tears—come the big drops of rain, pattering on the lawn, and on the leaves, and most musically of all upon the roof above me; not now with the light fall of the spring shower, but with strong steppings, like the first, proud tread of youth.

MITCHELL.[2]

III.

60. THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.

I LOVED the Winter once with all my soul,
And lŏnged for snow-storms, hail and mantled skies;
And sang their praises in as gay a trōll[3]
As troubadours have pōured to Beauty's eyes.

2. I deemed the hard, black frŏst a pleasant thing,
For lŏgs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out;
And wild birds came, with tame and gentle wing,
To eat the bread my young hand flung about.

3. But I have walked into the world since then,
And seen the bitter work that cold can do—
Where the grim Ice King levels babes and men
With bloodlèss spear, that pierces through and through.

4. I know now, there are those who sink and lie
Upon a stone bed at the dead of night;
I know the roofless and unfed *must* die,
When even lips at Plenty's feast turn white.

5. And now whene'er I hear the cockoo's sŏng
In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer;

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[1] **Lu gū′ brĭ ous**, mournful; indicating sorrow.

[2] **Donald G. Mitchell**, an American author, was born in Norwich, Conn., in April, 1822. His numerous works have been well received. His style is quiet, pure, and effective.

[3] **Trōll**, a song, the parts of which are sung in succession; a catch; a round.

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While my heart runs a cadence in a thrŏng
Of hopeful notes, that say—"Thank Gŏd for summer!"

6. I've learnt that sunshine bringèth more than flowers,
And fruits, and fŏrèst leaves to cheer the earth;
For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bowers,
Light up benēath it with a grateful mirth.

7. The agèd limbs that quiver in their task
Of dragging life on, when the north-winds gōad,
Taste once again contentment, as they bask
In the straight beams that warm their churchyard rōad.

8. And Childhood—poor, pinched Childhood, half forgets
The starving pittance[1] of our cottage homes,
When he can leave the hearth, and chase the nets
Of gossamer that cross him as he roams.

9. The moping idiot seemèth less distraught[2]
When he can sit upon the grass all day,
And laugh, and clutch the blades, as though he thought
The yĕllōw sun-rays challenged him to play.

10. Ah! dearly now I hale the nightingale,
And greet the bee—the merry-going hummer;—
And when the lilies peep so sweet and pale,
I kiss their cheeks, and say—"Thank God for summer!"

11. Feet that limp, blue and bleeding as they go
For dainty cresses in December's dawn,
Can wade and dabble in the brooklet's flow,
And woo the gurgles, on a July morn.

12. The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread
If Winter's drowsy torpor lulled his brain,
Is free to choose his mŏssy summer bed,
And sleep his hour or two in some green lane.

13. Oh! Ice-toothed King, I loved you once—but now
I never see you come without a pang
Of hopelèss pity shadowing my brow,
To think how nakèd flesh must feel your fang.

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[1] **Pĭt′ tance**, an allowance of food, given in charity; any small allowance.

[2] **Dis traught′**, distracted; perplexed.

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14. My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold,
And my ears listen to the callow[1] rook;
I hunt the palm-trees for their first rich gold,
And pry for violets in the southern nook.[2]

15. And when fair Flora[3] sends the butterfly
Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer,[4]—
"Now for warm holidays," my heart will cry,
"The poor will suffer less! *Thank God for Summer!*"

ELIZA COOK.[5]

SECTION XVII.

I.

61. THE WISDOM OF ALEXANDER.

PART FIRST.

THE bannered hŏsts of Macedon[6] stood arrayed in splendid might. Crowning the hills, and filling the valleys, far and wide extended the millions in arms, who waited on the word of the young Alexander[7]—the mŏst superb array of human power which sceptered ambition ever evoked[8] to do its bidding.

2. That army was to sweep nations ŏff the earth, and make a continent its camp; following the voice of one whose swōrd

[1] **Căl′ lōw,** naked; unfledged; destitute of feathers.

[2] **Nook** (nŏk), a narrow place between bodies; a corner; a recess; a retired place.

[3] **Flō′ ra,** the Roman goddess of flowers and spring.

[4] **Mŭm′ mer,** one who makes diversion in disguise; a masker; a clown.

[5] **Eliza Cook,** an English authoress, was born in London about 1818. A collection of her poems was first published in 1840. For several years she was editress of "Eliza Cook's Journal," a popular weekly publication. She has contributed much, both in prose and verse, to different periodicals.

[6] **Măc′ e don,** an ancient country of S. E. Europe, N. of Greece.

[7] **Alexander the Great,** son of Philip, king of Macedon, was born in the autumn, B.C. 356. He made so many conquests that he was styled the Conqueror of the World. He died in May or June, B.C. 323.

[8] **E vōked′,** called out; summoned forth.

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was the index to glōry, whose command was the sȳnonȳm[1] of triumph. It now stood expectant, for the king yĕt lingered.

3. While his war-horse fretted at the gate, and mȳriäds[2] thus in silence awaited his appearance, Alexander took his way to the apartment of his mother. The sole lĭgamènt[3] which bound him to virtue and to feeling was the love of that mother; and the tie was as strŏng as it was tender.

4. In mute dejection,[4] they embraced; and Alexander, as he gazed upon that affectionate face, which had never been turned to him but in tĕndernèss and yearning love, seemed to ask, "Shall I ever again behold that sweet smile?" The anxiety of his mother's countenance denoted the same sad curiosity; and without a word, but with the self-same feeling in their hearts, they went out together to seek the ŏracles[5] in the temple of Philip, to learn their fate.

5. Alone, in unuttered sympathy, the two ascended the steps of the sacred temple, and approached the shrine. A priest stood behind the altar. The blue smoke of the incense curled upward in front, and the book of ŏracles was before him.

6. "Where shall my grave be digged?" said the king; and the priest opened the book, and read, "Where the soil is of iron, and the sky of gold, there shall the grave of the monarch of men be digged."

7. To the ŭtmōst limit, Asia[6] had become the possession of the Macedonian. Fatigued with conquest, and anxious to seek a country where the difficulty of victory should enhance[7] its value, the hero was returning to Europe. A few days would have brought him to the capital of his kingdom, when he fell suddenly ill. He was lifted from his horse, and one of his generals,

[1] **Sȳn′ o nym,** one of two or more words in the same language which are the precise equivalents of each other, or which have very nearly the same meaning.

[2] **Mȳr′ i ad,** the number of ten thousand—sometimes used for any very large number.

[3] **Lĭg′ a ment,** any thing that ties or unites one thing or part to another; a bond.

[4] **Dejection** (de jĕk′ shun), lowness of spirits caused by grief or misfortune.

[5] **Oracle** (ŏr′ a kl), the answer of a god, or some person said to be a god, among the heathen, to an inquiry made in regard to some future event; the god who gave the answer, or the place where it was given; the Sacred Scriptures; a wise person.

[6] **Asia** (ā′ shi ā).

[7] **Enhance** (en hăns′), raise to a higher point; advance; increase.

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unlacing his armor, spread it out for him to lie upon, and held his golden shield to screen him from the mid-day sun.

8. When the king raised his eyes, and beheld the glittering canopy, he was conscious of the omen. "The ŏracle has said that where the ground should be of iron, and the sky of gold, there should my grave be made! Behold the fulfillmènt! It is a mōurnful thing! The young cypress is cut down in the vigor of its strength, in the first fullnèss of its beauty. The thread of life is snapped suddenly, and with it a thousand prospects vanish, a thousand hopes are crushed! But let the will of fate be done! She has lŏng obeyed my behest![1] I yield myself now to hers! Yĕt, my mother!"

9. And the monarch mused in mel'ancholy silence. At length he turned to his attendants, and ordered his tablets to be brought; and he took them, and wrote, "Let the customary alms, which my mother shall distribute at my death, be given to those who have never felt the miseries of the world, and have never lŏst those who were dear to them;" and sinking back upon his iron couch, he yielded up his breath. They buried him where he died, and an army wept over his grave!

II.

62. THE WISDOM OF ALEXANDER.

PART SECOND.

WHEN the intelligence of the death of Alexander was brought to his mother, as she sat among her ladies, she was overwhelmed by anguish.[2] "Ah! why," she exclaimed, "was I exalted so high, only to be plunged into such depth of misery?[3] Why was I not made of lowlier condition, so, haply, I had escaped such grief? The joy of my youth is plucked up, the comfort of my age is withered! Who is more wretched than I?" And she refused to be comforted.

2. The last wish of her son was read to her, and she resolved to perform that one remaining duty, and then retire to solitude,[4] to

[1] **Be hĕst'**, that which is willed or ordered; command.

[2] **Anguish** (ăng' gwĭsh), extreme pain of body or mind; bitter sorrow.

[3] **Mĭs' er y**, wretchedness; woe; great unhappiness.

[4] **Sŏl' i tude**, the state of being alone; loneliness.

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indulge her grief for the remainder of her life. She ordered her servants to go into the city, and bring to the palace such as the will of Alexander dĭrĕcted—selecting those who were the poorèst.

3. But the messengers, ere lŏng, returned, and said that there were none of that description to be found among the poor. "Go, then," said the queen, "and apply to all classes, and return not without bringing some who have never lŏst any who were dear to them."

4. And the order was proclaimed through all the city, and all heard it and passed on. The neighboring villages gave no better success; and the search was extended through all the country; and they went over all Macedoniă, and throughout Greece, and at ĕvèry house they stood, and cried, "If there are any here who have never known misery, and never lŏst those that were dear to them, let them come out, and receive the bounty of the queen;" but none came fōrth.

5. And they went to the haunts[1] of the gay, and into the libraries of the phĭlŏsophers; to the seats of public office, and to the caves of hermits; they searched among the rich, and among the poor—among the high and among the lōw; but not one person was found who had not tasted misery: and they repōrted the result to the queen.

6. "It is strānge!" said she, as if struck with sudden astŏnishmènt. "Are there none who have not lŏst their friend? And is my condition the condition of all? It is not credible. Are there none here, in this room, in this palace, who have always been happy?" But there was no reply to the inquīry.

7. "You, young page, whose countenance is gay, what sŏrrōw have you ever known?"—"Alas! madam, my father was killed in the wars of Alexander, and my mother, through grief, has followed him!"

8. And the question was put to others; but all had lŏst a brother, a father, or a mother. "Can it be?" said the queen, in perplexity, "can it be that all are as I am?"

9. "All are as you are, madam," said an old man that was present, "excepting in these splendors and these consolations. By poverty and humility, you might have lŏst the alleviations,[2]

[1] **Haunts** (hânts), resorts; places often visited.

[2] **Al lē` vi ā′ tion**, that which mitigates, or makes more tolerable.

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but you could not have escaped the blow. There are nights without a star; but there are no days without a cloud. To suffer is the lot of all; to bear, the glory of a few!"—"I recognize," said the queen, "the wisdom of Alexander!" and she bowed in resignation, and wept no more. WALLACE.[1]

III.

63. SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glōry,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came—
(So in the *Talmud*[2] you may read the stōry)—
Drawn by the măġic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his cōurt, and bring
Some fitting trĭbūte[3] to the mighty king.

2. Nor this ălōne: much had her Hīghnèss heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What ġems of wisdom dropped with ĕvèry word;
What whōlesome lessons he was wont[4] to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

3. Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued[5] her mōst)
How through the deepèst riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women bōast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the Queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's[6] cunning to the test.

4. And straight she held befōre the monarch's view,
In ēither hand, a rādiānt wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with ĕvèry charming hue,

---

[1] **Horace Binney Wallace**, an American lawyer and author, was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 26, 1817. His essays and other miscellaneous writings display great depth of thought, power of description, and a finely cultivated taste. He died suddenly in Paris, Dec. 16, 1852.

[2] **Tăl′ mud**, the body of the Hebrew laws, traditions, and explanations, or the book that contains them.

[3] **Trĭb′ ūte**, a personal gift bestowed in token of services rendered, or as that which is due or deserved.

[4] **Wont** (wŭnt), used; accustomed.

[5] **Piqued** (pēkt), wounded the pride of; offended.

[6] **Sāġe**, a wise man.

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Was newly culled from Nature's choicèst bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare prŏduct[1] of dĭvīnèst Art.

5. "Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier[2] shook his puzzled head;
While at the garlands lŏng the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a mĭracle,[3] and fain,
For vĕry rapture, ne'er would speak again.

6. "Which is the true?" once mōre the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond ămāzemènt[4] of the King;
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Mōst learnèd Liĕge,[5] with such a trĭviăl thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

7. While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement,[6]—so the stōry gōes,—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rōse.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the wĭndōw!"—that was all he said.

8. The window opened at the King's command;
Within the rooms the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter[7] hand!
And so the King and all the cōurtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's;—and the baffled[8] Queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

---

[1] **Prŏd′ uct**, that which is produced, brought forth, or effected; fruit; work.

[2] **Cōurt′ ier**, one who attends or frequents the courts of princes; one who courts or solicits favor; one who flatters to please.

[3] **Mĭr′ a cle**, a wonder; an event or act beyond, or contrary to, the laws of nature.

[4] **A māze′ ment**, the act or condition of being filled with fear, sudden surprise, or wonder, at what is not understood.

[5] **Liēge**, a lord or superior; a sovereign.

[6] **Cāse′ ment**, a frame or sash, furnished with glass, opening on hinges, which are affixed to the upright sides of the frame into which it is fitted.

[7] **Dĕx′ ter**, pertaining to, or situated on, the right hand; right.

[8] **Baffled** (băf′fld), checked; foiled; defeated.

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9. My stōry teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting mŏral[1]) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,—
Some truth designed to profit or to please,—
As Iśrael's king learned wisdom from the bees! SAXE.[2]

IV.

64. COMPENSATION.

ONE day an Antelope[3] was lying with her fawn[4] at the foot of the flowering Mīmōsa.[5] The weather was intensely[6] sultry,[7] and a Dove, that had sought shelter from the heat among the leaves, was cooing above her head.

2. "Happy bird!" said the Antelope,—"happy bird!" to whom the air is given for an inhĕritance,[8] and whose flight is swifter than the wind. At your will you alight upon the ground, at your will you sweep into the sky, and fly races with the driving clouds; while I, poor I, am bound a prisoner to this miserable earth, and wear out my pitiable[9] life crawling to and fro upon its surface."

3. Then the Dove answered, "It is sweet to sail ălŏng the sky, to fly from land to land, and coo among the valleys; but, Antelope, when I have săte above amidst the branches, and watched your little one close its tīny lips upon your breast, and feed its life on yours, I have felt that I could strip off my wings,

[1] **Mŏr′ al**, the inner meaning of a fable, narrative, or occurrence; the practical lesson which any thing is intended or fitted to teach.

[2] **John G. Saxe**, an American poet and journalist, was born in Highgate, Franklin Co., Vermont, June 2, 1816. His numerous poems abound in fine wit and satire.

[3] **An`te lope**, an animal almost midway between the deer and goat. Its horns are almost always round and ringed. The eyes of some varieties are large, black, and very beautiful.

[4] **Fawn**, a young deer; a deer of the first year.

[5] **Mī mŏ′ sa**, a family of pod-bearing plants, of many varieties, including the sensitive plant.

[6] **In tense′ lў**, to an extreme degree.

[7] **Sul′ try**, very hot, burning, and oppressive.

[8] **In hĕr′ it ance**, land, money, or other property received as a right on the death of a parent or other ancestor; possession.

[9] **Pĭt′ i a ble**, deserving pity; sorrowful; wretched.

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lay down my plumage, and remain all my life upon the ground, ōnly once to know such blessèd enjoyment.

4. The breeze sighed among the boughs of the Mimosa, and a voice came trembling out of the rustling leaves: "If the Antelope mōurns her destiny,[1] what should the Mimosa do? The Antelope is the swĭftèst among the animals. It rises in the morning: the ground flies under its feet,—in the evening it is a hundred miles ăwāy.

5. "The Mimosa is feeding its old age on the same soil which quickened its seed-cell into activity. The seasons roll by me, and leave me in the old place. The winds swāy among my branches, as if they lŏnged to bear me away with them; but they pass on, and leave me behind. The wild birds come and go. The flocks move by me in the evening on their way to the pleasant waters. I can never move. My cradle must be my grave."

6. Then from bēlōw, at the root of the tree, came a voice which nēither bird, nor Antelope, nor tree had ever heard, as a Rock Crўstal from its prison in the limestone followed on the words of the Mimosa.

7. "Are ye all unhappy?" it said. "If ye are, then what am I? Ye all have life. You! O Mimosa! you, whose fair flowers year by year come again to you, ever young, and fresh, and beautiful,—you who can drink the rain with your leaves, who can wanton with the summer breeze, and open your breast to give a home to the wild birds,—look at me, and be ashamed. I ōnly am truly wretched."

8. "Alas!" said the Mimosa, "we have life, which you have not, it is true. We have also what you have not, its shadow—death. My beautiful children, which year by year, I bring out into being, expand in their loveliness ōnly to die. Where they are gŏne I too shall soon follow, while you will flash in the light of the last sun which rises upon the earth. FROUDE.[2]

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[1] **Dĕs′ ti ny**, that to which any person or thing is appointed, intended, or doomed.

[2] **James Anthony Froude**, an English historian and journalist, son of the late Archdeacon Froude, was born at Dartington Rectory, Fotness, Devonshire, in 1818. He is a bold and original thinker, and a finished writer.

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SECTION XVIII.

I.

65. DESTINY OF AMERICA.

THE Muse,[1] disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glōrious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
Producing subjects worthy fame:

2. In happy climes, where, from the gēniāl sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The fōrce of Art by Nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

3. In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where Nature guides, and Virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry[2] of cōurts and schools:

4. There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts;
The good and great inspiring epic[3] rage,
The wisèst heads and noblèst hearts.

5. Not such as Europe breeds in her decāy:
Such as she bred when fresh and young;
When heavenly flame did animate her clāy,—
By future poets shall be sung.

6. Westward the cōurse of empire takes its wāy:
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drāma[4] with the day:
Time's noblèst ŏffspring is the last. BERKELEY.[5]

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[1] **Mūse**, one of the nine fabled goddesses of the ancients, originally of song, and afterward of all kinds of poetry, and of the arts and sciences.

[2] **Pĕd′ ant ry**, a boastful display of knowledge of any kind.

[3] **Ep′ ic**, containing narrative or recital; relating to an epic or heroic poem, in which the deeds of some great hero are narrated.

[4] **Drā′ ma** (or drȧ′ mȧ), a story which is acted, not related; a number of connected events ending in some interesting or striking result.

[5] **George Berkeley**, Bishop of Cloyne, was born at Thomastown, County of Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1684, and died at Oxford, England, in 1753. He was the author of sevèral works. He visited America in 1728.

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II.

66. OUR COUNTRY'S HONOR OUR OWN.

I PROFESS to feel a strŏng attachmènt to the liberty of the United States—to the constitution and free institutions of the United States—to the honor, and I may say the glŏry, of this great government and great country.

2. I feel ĕvĕry injury inflicted upon this country, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own.

3. I know that, at this moment, there is no object upon earth so attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great Republic. All men look at us, all men examine our cōurse, all good men are anxious for a favorable result to this great experiment of Republican liberty.

4. We are on a hill, and can not be hid. We can not withdraw ourselves ēither from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire which half a century ago was predicted[1] as making its way westward.

5. I wish they may see it as a mild, plăcid, though brilliant orb, making its way athwart the whōle heavens, to the enlightening and cheering of mankind; and not a meteor[2] of fire and blood, terrifying the nations. WEBSTER.[3]

III.

67. THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

SCION[1] of a mighty stock
Hands of iron,—hearts of oak,—

---

[1] **Pre dĭct′ ed,** presaged; foreshowed; foretold.

[2] **Mē′ te or,** a fire-ball or other shining body seen in the sky; any appearance in the atmosphere, as clouds, rain, snow, &c.

[3] **Daniel Webster,** one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of American orators, jurists, and statesmen, was born in Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782. His works, arranged by his friend Edward Everett, were published in six volumes, in 1851. He died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852.

[1] **Scī′ on,** a shoot or twig of a plant; hence, a descendant; an heir.

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Follōw with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led.

2. Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth! are not for thee;—
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the Gŏd within thee leads.

3. Honesty with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winnèth hearts,—
These shall be thy ōnly arts.

4. Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle plain,
Ready at thy country's need
For her glōrious cause to bleed.

5. Where the dews of night distil
Upon Vernon's holy hill;
Where above it, gleaming far,
Freedom lights her guiding star,—

6. Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high;
Thither with devotion meet
Often turn the pilgrim feet.

7. Let thy noble motto be,
God,—the Country,—Liberty!
Planted on Religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

8. Laugh at danger far or near;
Spurn at basenèss, spurn at fear;
Still, with persevering might,
Speak the truth, and do the right.

9. So shall peace, a charming guest,
Dovelike in thy bosom rest;
So shall honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days:

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10. Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon the high endeavor;
Happy if it be thy call
In the holy cause to fall. A. H. EVERETT.[1]

IV.

68. OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

ALL hail to our glōrious ensign! coŭrage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glōry, and pātriŏtic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's strŏnghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast.

2. Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the Amĕrican shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar.

3. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and the pride of the Amĕrican heart.

4. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause ălōne may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been bōrne victoriously ăcrŏss the continent, and on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace forever fŏllōw where it leads the way. EVERETT.[2]

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[1] **Alexander H. Everett,** an American diplomatist, and accomplished man of letters, was born in Boston, March 19, 1792. He wrote much and well. For five years he was editor and proprietor of the "North American Review." He was U. S. Minister to the Netherlands, to Spain, and Commissioner to China, where he died in Canton, May 29, 1847.

[2] **Edward Everett,** an American statesman, orator, and man of letters, brother of the preceding, was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794. As a scholar, rhetorician, and orator, he had but few equals. He died in Boston, Mass., Jan. 15, 1865.

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SECTION XIX.

I.

69. THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

BID ădieū to the homestead, adieu to the vale;
Though the memory recalls them, give grief to the gale:
There the hearths are unlighted, the embers are black,
Where the feet of the onward shall never turn back.
For as well might the stream that comes down from the mount,
Glancing up, heave the sigh to return to its fount;
Yĕt the lordly Ohio feels joy in his breast
As he fŏllōws the sun onward into the West.

2. Oh! to roam, like the rivers, through empires of woods,
Where the king of the eagles in majesty broods;
Or to ride the wild horse ō'er the boundlèss domain,
And to drag the wild buffalo down to the plain;
There to chase the fleet stag, and to track the huge bear,
And to face the līthe[1] pănther at bay in his lair,
Are a joy which alone cheers the pioneer's breast;
For the ōnly true hunting-ground lies in the West!

3. Leave the tears to the maiden, the fears to the child,
While the future stands beckoning afar in the wild;
For there Freedom, more fair, walks the primeval[2] land,
Where the wild deer all cōurt the caress of her hand.
There the deep fŏrèsts fall, and the old shadōws fly,
And the palace and temple leap into the sky.
Oh, the East holds no place where the onward can rest,
And alone there is room in the land of the West!

READ.[3]

II.

70. LIFE IN THE WEST.

HO! brothers,—come hither and list to my story,—
Mĕrry and brief will the narrative be:

[1] **Lĭthe**, pliant; limber.

[2] **Prĭ mē′ val**, primitive; belonging to the earliest times; original.

[3] **Thomas Buchanan Read**, an American painter and poet, was born in Chester Co., Penn., March 12, 1822. A new edition of his poetical works in a collected form appeared in 1860. His verse is always musical, and his homely descriptions beautiful.

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Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glōry,—
Master am I, boys, of all that I see.
Where once frowned a fŏrèst, a garden is smiling,—
The mĕadōw and moorland are marshes no mōre;
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
The children who cluster like grapes at the dōor.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
The land of the heart is the land of the West.

2. Talk not of the town, boys,—give me the broad prāirie,
Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea!
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing:
With proud independence we season our cheer;
And those who the world are for happinèss ranging
Wōn't find it at all, if they don't find it here.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.

3. Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow; for the soil is our own:
We spread hŏspitality's bōard for the strānger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good will to mankind.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
You know how we live, boys, and die in the West!

GEO. P. MORRIS.

III.

71. *THE BISON TRACK.*

1.

STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not a vapor streaks the dawn,
And the frŏsted prāirie brightens to the westward, far and wan:
Prime afresh the trusty rifle,—sharpen well the hunting spear;
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs I hear!

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2.

Fiercely stamp the tethered[1] horses, as they snuff the morning's fire;
Their impatient heads are tŏssing, and they neigh with keen desire.
Strike the tent! the saddles wait us,—let the bridle-reins be slack,—
For the prairie's distant thunder has betrayed the bison's track.

3.

See! a dusky line approaches: hark! the onward-surging rōar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of shōre!
Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the fōremōst of the van,
And their stubborn horns are clashing through the crowded caravan.

4.

Now the storm is down upon us: let the maddened horses go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues it blow!
Though the cloudy manes should thicken, and the red eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air!

5.

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resistlèss race,
And a sound, like mighty waters, thunders down the desert space:
Yĕt the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eyes look back—
Death to him whose speed should slacken, on the maddened bisons' track!

6.

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is close and warm
For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm:
Swiftly hurl the whizzing lasso,—swing your rifles as we run:
See! the dust is red behind him,—shout, my cŏmrādes, he is won!

7.

Look not on him as he staggers,—'t is the last shot he will need!
Mōre shall fall, among his fĕllōws, ere we run the mad stampede,[2]—
Ere we stem the brindèd[3] breakers, while the wolves, a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody bison track!

TAYLOR.[4]

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[1] **Tĕth′ered,** confined with a rope or chain, for feeding within certain limits.

[2] **Stăm pēde′,** a sudden fright seizing upon large bodies of cattle or horses, in droves or encampments upon the prairies, and leading them to run for many miles, until they often sink down or die under their terror; hence, any sudden flight caused by a panic.

[3] **Brĭn′ded,** streaked; spotted; having different colors.

[4] **Bāyard Taylor,** the noted American traveler and author, was born in Kennet Square, Chester Co., Penn., Jan. 11, 1825. A complete edition of his poems appeared in 1864.

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SECTION XX.

I.

72. THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities, instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards.

2. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts, by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

3. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for the trouble of making them.

4. Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at courts,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion[1] from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better

[1] **Bullion** (bŭl′ yun), uncoined gold or silver in the mass.

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than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

5. All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences.[1] Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

6. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They ŏffered him a large sum of money, if he would but give up that twentiëth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strŏng box, were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

7. When the mint-master had grown vĕry rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a cōurting to his ōnly daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.

8. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his businèss, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yĕs, you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

9. On the wedding-day, we may suppose that hŏnèst John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored cōat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his

[1] **Threepence** (thrĭp′ ens).

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waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a pōrtly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

10. There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple cōat, and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott[1] had forbidden any man to wear it belōw the ears. But he was a vĕry personable[2] young man; and so thought the bridemaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

11. The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had cōurted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her pōrtion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as whōlesale merchants use, for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

12. "Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "gĕt into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore.[3] But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idē'a.

13. "And now," said hŏnèst John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed

[1] **John Endicott,** governor of Mass., was born in Dorchester, Eng., in 1589, and died in Boston, Mass., March 15, 1665. He was a sincere and zealous Puritan, rigid in his principles, and severe in the execution of the laws. He was opposed to long hair, insisted that women should wear veils in public assemblies, and did all in his power to establish what he deemed a pure church.

[2] **Per' son a ble,** having a well-formed body or person; graceful.

[3] **Wherefore** (whâr' fôr), for what or which reason.

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was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all fōur of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle,[1] and were finally obliged to drag it ăcrŏss the floor.

14. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous[2] lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts trĕasury. But it was ōnly the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

15. Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

16. "There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's pōrtion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not ĕvĕry wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

HAWTHORNE.[3]

II.

73. THE SWAN'S NEST.[4]

LITTLE Ellie sits ălōne
Mid the beeches of ă mĕadōw,
By a stream-side, on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadōw,
On her shining hair and face.

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[1] **Re cĕp′ ta cle,** any thing capable of receiving or holding.

[2] **Pŏn′ der oŭs,** weighty; very heavy.

[3] **Nathaniel Hawthorne,** an American novelist and essayist, was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. He died suddenly in Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. His literary reputation was not confined to his own country. His most important works have been republished and widely read in England, and, in the form of translations, in Germany.

[4] **Illustration,** see the *frontispiece* facing the title-page.

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2. She has thrown her bŏnnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallōw water's flōw;—
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all slēek and dripping,
While she rŏckèth to and frō.

3. Little Ellie sĭts ălōne;
And the smile she sŏftly uses,
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetèst plĕasure chooses,
For her future within reach.

4. Little Ellie in her smile
Choosèth—"I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

5. "And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath;
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his *sw*ōrd strikes men to death.

6. "And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in ăzure,
And the mane shall swim the wīnd:
And the hoofs ălōng the sod
Shall flash onward and keep mĕasure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

7. "But my lover will not prize
All the glōry that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

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8. "Then, ay! then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed ănēar him,
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

9. "Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yĕs* I must not say—
Năthless[1] maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

10. "Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrŏng:
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear ălŏng.

11. "Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo! my master sends this gage,[2]
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

12. "And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon[3]—
And the second time, a glove:
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
If he comes to take my love.'

13. "Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneelèth at my knee:

---

[1] **Nathless** (năth'lĕs), nevertheless; not the less; notwithstanding.

[2] **Gāge**, a pledge or pawn; a challenge to combat; that is, a gauntlet, a glove, a cap, or the like, cast on the ground by the challenger, and taken up by the acceptor of the challenge.

[3] **Guerdon** (gĕr' don), a requital; a recompense, or reward.

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'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

14. "He will kiss me on the mouth
Then; and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds:
And, when soul-tied by one trŏth,[1]
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

15. Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yĕt ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bŏnnet, donned the shoe—
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the *two.*

16. Pushing through the elm-tree cŏpse[2]
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops!
Lo! the wild swan had deserted,—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

17. Ellie went home sad and slow:
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth[3] I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

MRS. BROWNING.[4]

III.

74. DAVID MATSON.

PART FIRST.

ONE bright summer morning, more than three score years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and his two healthy,

[1] **Trŏth**, truth; belief; faith.
[2] **Cŏpse**, a wood of small growth.
[3] **Sooth**, truth.
[4] **Elizabeth Barrett Browning**, an English poetess, and one of the greatest, if not the greatest, was born in London, in 1809. She died in Florence, the principal residence of the Brownings for several years, June 29, 1861.

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barefooted boys, stood on the bank of the river, near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the point with his wherry,[1] and take the husband and father to the Pōrt, a few miles belōw. The Lively Turtle was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate.

2. They stood there in the level morning sunshine talking cheerfully; but had you been near enough, you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimack, with the dear wife and her pretty boys.

3. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once mōre. "In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis; "there's no time for kissing and such fooleries when the tide serves.

4. And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the Port, whence he sailed ŏff in the Lively Turtle. And months passed,—autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn, and then spring came, and anon it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back.

5. And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said that the Lively Turtle was a lŏst ship, and would never come back to pōrt. And poor Anna had her bombazine[2] gown dyed black, and her straw bŏnnet trimmed in mōurning ribbons, and thencefōrth she was known ōnly as the Widow Matson.

6. And how was it all this time with David himself? Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Alġiērs′ and Trĭp′olĭ, and Mŏgadōre′ and Salle,[3] on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed bōats to seize upon the merchant-vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as

[1] **Whĕr′ rў**, a shallow, light boat, built long and narrow, and sharp at both ends, for fast rowing or sailing.

[2] **Bombazine** (bŭm` ba zēn′), a twilled fabric, of which the warp is silk, and the weft worsted.

[3] **Salle** (sȧ′ lȧ) a fortified seaport-town of Morocco.

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men calling themselves Christians in America were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations.

7. The Lively Turtle fell into the hands of one of these roving sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market-place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest. When a boy, he had learned the trade of a ship-carpenter with his father on the Merrimack; and now he was set at work in the dock-yards.

8. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was wōrn out, its place was supplied by the cōarse clŏth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Berber women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest. Once a year, at the season called Ramadan, he was left at lēisure[1] for a whōle week.

9. So time went on,—days, weeks, months, and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimack, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yĕt lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

IV.

75. DAVID MATSON.

PART SECOND.

BUT one day a handsome middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great ŏfficer of the Dey,[2] entered the ship-yard, and called up befōre him the Amĕrican captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow,[3] Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that government.

[1] **Leisure** (lē′ zĕr), vacant time.

[2] **Dey** (dā), the governor of Algiers, before the French conquest.

[3] **Joel Barlow**, an American poet and politician, was born at Reading, in Conn., in 1755. In 1787 his poem entitled the "Vision of Columbus" was published. It was received with flattering favor, and was reprinted in London and in Paris. His greatest work, the "Columbiad," appeared in 1807. While minister to France, he died near Cracow, in Poland, Dec. 22, 1812.

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2. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fĕllōws were vĕry grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips, and thanked Gŏd for the great deliverance.

3. "This is a very affecting scene," said the Commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must keep the impression of it for my Columbiad;" and drawing out his tablet, he proceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe[1] to Freedom, which afterward found a place in his great epic.

4. David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity, by odd jobs, and work on holidays. He got a passage to Măl'aga,[2] where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys. He then went to the quay,[3] where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Bŏston.

5. Almost the first man he saw on bōard was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to the pōrt seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his lŏng bēard and Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old home, and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matson.

6. "I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; "she's my wife." "Your wife!" cried the other; "she is mine before Gŏd and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

7. "And mine too!" said Pelatiah. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate, she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

8. "Gŏd is great!" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem[4] submission. "His will be done. I loved her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessing, to the good woman and the boys," and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children. He shook hands with his rival.

[1] **A pŏs' tro phe**, a turning away from a regular narration, and addressing persons or things absent or imaginary.

[2] **Măl' a ga**, a seaport city of Spain.

[3] **Quay** (kē), a mole or bank formed toward the sea, or on the side of a river, for the purpose of loading or unloading vessels.

[4] **Mŏs'lem**, a true Mohammedan.

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"Pelatiah," he said, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys."

9. "Ay, ay, sir!" responded the sailor in a careless tone. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the nărrōw street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh quid of tobacco, "but I am glad I 've seen the last of him."

10. When Pelatiah Curtis reached home, he told Anna the stōry of her husband, and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint, for she was a healthy woman with strong nerves; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years after, but could never be persuaded to wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her youth had sent her as his farewell gift. There is, however, a tradition that, in accordance with her dying wish, it was wrapped about her poor old shoulders in the cŏffin, and buried with her. The little old bull's-eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grandchildren, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson,—the lost man.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

V.

76. DORA.

PART FIRST.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dōra. William was his son,
And she his niece. He ŏft*e*n looked at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearned toward William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

2. Then there came a day
When Allan called his son. and said, "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now, therefore, look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyŏnd her age.

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She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In fŏreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years."

3. But William answered short:
"I can not marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to't;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never mōre darken my doors again!"

4. But William answered madly; bit his lips,
And broke ăwāy. The mōre he looked at her,
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bōre them meekly. Then befōre
The month was out, he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

5. Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It can not be; my uncle's mind will change!"

6. And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distrĕssĕs came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stōred what little she could save,

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And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvèst time he died.

7. Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gŏne,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvèst: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

8. And Dora took the child, and went her way
Acrŏss the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far ŏff the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart failed her; and the reapers rēaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

VI.

77. *DORA.*

PART SECOND.

BUT when the mŏrrōw came, she rose and took
The child once mōre, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then, when the farmer passed into the field,

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He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, "Where were you yĕsterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dōra cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answered softly, "This is William's child!"

2. "And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well,—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me mōre."

3. So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret; and the reapers rēaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

4. Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the thrĕsh'ōld. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To Gŏd, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you;
He says that he will never see me more."

5. Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him harshness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;

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But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child until he grows
Of age to help us."

6. So the women kissed
Each other, and set out and reached the farm.
The door was ŏff the latch; they peeped, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hŏllōws of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said:

7. "O father!—if you let me call you so,—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O sir! when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I asked him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me,—
I had been a patient wife: but, sir, he said
That he was wrŏng to crŏss his father thus;
'Gŏd bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gŏne through!' Then he turned
His face and passed,—unhappy that I am!
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

8. So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame! I have killed my son!
I have killed him,—but I loved him,—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children!"

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9. Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.—So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death. TENNYSON.[1]

SECTION XXI.

I.

78. THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

THOU visitèst the earth, and waterèst it; thou greatly enrichèst it with the river of Gŏd, which is full of water; thou preparèst them corn, when thou hast so provided for it; thou waterèst the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlèst the fŭrrōws thereof; thou mākèst it sŏft with showers; thou blessèst the springing thereof; thou crownèst the year with thy goodnèss, and thy paths drop fatnèss. They drop upon the pastures of the wildernèss; and the little hills rejoice on ĕvèry side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.[2]

2. How beautiful are the words of the inspired[3] poet, read in this month of harvèsts, nearly three thousand years after they were written! For nearly three thousand years since the royal minstrel[4] looked over the plains of Judeä covered with the bounty of Gŏd, and broke fōrth into his magnificent hymn of praise, has the earth rolled on in her cōurse, and the hand of God has blessed her and all her children with seed-time and harvest, with joy and abundance.

[1] **Alfred Tennyson,** poet-laureate of England, was born in Lincolnshire in 1810. His first volume was published in 1830. Many of his poems are simple, true to nature, and very beautiful. His poems have passed through many editions both in England and America.

[2] **From Psalm LXV., 9–13.**

[3] **In spīred',** having divine authority or direction; sacred.

[4] **Royal minstrel,** King David.

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3. The vĕry stĕadfastnèss of the Almighty's liberality, flowing like a mighty ocean through the infinite[1] vast of the universe, makes his creatures forget to wonder at its wonderfulnèss, to feel true thanksgiving for its imměasurable goodnèss. The sun rises and sets so surely, the seasons run on amid all their changes with such inimitable[2] truth, that we take as a matter of cōurse that which is amazing beyŏnd all stretch of the imagination, and good beyond the widèst expansion of the noblèst human heart.

4. The poor man, with his half-dozen children, toils, and ŏf*te*n dies, under the vain labor of winning bread for them. God feeds his family of countlèss myriads swarming over the surface of all his countless worlds, and none (nŭn) know need but through the follies or the cruelty of their fĕllōws. God pōurs his light from innumerable[3] suns on innumerable rejoicing planets; he waters them everywhere in the fitting moment; he ripens the food of globes and of nations, and gives them fair weather to garner it; and from age to age, amid his creatures of endless forms and powers, in the beauty and the sunshine, and the magnificence of Nature, he seems to sing throughout creätion the glōrious sŏng of his own dĭvīne joy in the immortality[4] of his youth, in the omnipotence[5] of his nature, in the eternity[6] of his patience, and the abounding boundlèssnèss of his love.

5. What a family hangs on his sustaining arm! The life and souls of ĭnfinĭte ages and uncounted worlds! Let a moment's failure of his power, of his watchfulnèss, or of his will to do good, occur, and what a sweep of death and annihilation[7] through the universe![8] How stars would reel, planets expire, and nations pĕrish!

6. But from age to age no such catastrophe occurs, even in

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[1] **In′ fi nĭte,** without limit or bounds; perfect; very great.

[2] **In ĭm′ i ta ble,** not capable of being imitated or copied; surpassingly excellent or superior.

[3] **In nū′ mer a ble,** that can not be numbered.

[4] **Im` mor tăl′ i tў,** the quality of being exempt from death and destruction; deathlessness.

[5] **Om nĭp′ o tence,** the state of being all-powerful.

[7] **Eternity** (e tĕr′ ni tĭ), the state or condition which begins at death; everlastingness.

[6] **An nī` hi lā′ tion,** the act of reducing to nothing; the act of destroying the form of a thing.

[8] **U′ ni verse,** all things created as a whole; the world.

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the midst of năt̄ional crimes, and of atheism[1] that denies the hand that made and feeds it: life springs with a power ever new, food springs up as plentifully to sustain it, and sunshine and joy are pōured over all from the invisible throne of God, as the poetry of the existence he has given. If there come seasons of dearth or of failure, they come but as warnings to proud and tȳrănnic[2] man. The potato is smitten, that a nation may not be oppressed forever; and the harvest is dĭmĭnished, that the laws of man's unnatural avarice[3] may be rent asunder. And then again the sun shines, the rain falls, and the earth rejoices in a renewed beauty, and in a redoubled plenty.

7. It is amid one of these crises that we at this moment stand, and hail the month of harvests with unmingled joy. Never did the finger of God demonstrate[4] his beneficent[5] will more perspicuously[6] than at this moment. The nations have been warned and rebuked, and again the bounty of heaven overflows the earth in golden billōws of the ocean of abundance. God wills that all the arts of man to check his bounty, to create scarcity, to establish dearnèss to enfeeble the hand of the laborer, and curse the table of the poor, shall be put to shame; that his creatures shall eat and be glad, whether corn-dealers and speculators live or die.

8. Nations, therefore, have fittingly rejoiced in ĕvèry century since the creation, in the joyfulnèss of harvest. It has been a time of activity and of songs. Never was there a generation that had mōre cause to put fōrth their reaping and rejoicing hands and sing so heartily as ours. The coming month will see the Pharaoh[7] of monstrous monopoly,[8] and all his wretched selfish hosts, drowned in the Red Sea of abundance. The corn-dealers will be smothered in the showering down heaps of their own commodity; the speculator who has so lŏng sought his own

[1] **A′ the ĭsm**, the disbelief or denial of the existence of a God, or supreme intelligent Being.

[2] **Tȳ răn′ nic**, unjustly severe in government; oppressive; cruel.

[3] **Av′ a rĭce**, undue love of money; greediness of gain.

[4] **De mŏn′ strate**, to prove to a certainty, or with great clearness.

[5] **Be nĕf′ i cent**, abounding in acts of goodness; charitable.

[6] **Per spĭc′ ū ŏŭs lȳ**, in a manner clear to the understanding; plainly.

[7] **Pharaoh** (fā′ rō), see Exodus, Chap. XIV.

[8] **Mo nŏp′ o ly**, the only power of dealing in any kind of goods; the sole command or possession.

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fattening at the cŏst of a nation's starvation and misery shall find that there is a greater speculator in the blue serene above him, whose hand can whelm him in the gulf of his own schemes, and craze all the chariot-wheels of his cunning.

9. Praise to God—the God of harvests—and to Him whose cattle are on a thousand hills. Let us go out and rejoice amid the sunshine, and the wheat stooping to the sickle, and the barley to the scythe, and in the certain assurance that the loaf never was cheaper than it shall be within the next six months, never the heart of labor more strengthened with abundance.

10. There is no month more beautiful than August. It has a serene splendor and maturity about it that is delightful. The soil is dry, the sky is bright, and beautiful with scattered and silvery clouds. The foliäge is full and luxuriant: the grass-fields mown in June and July are now full of the richèst green, and cattle wander in finèst condition through them, or lie in groups around, worthy of a painter's hand.

11. There is a sort of second spring in trees, the oak and the elm, especially, putting fŏrth new shoots of a lighter tint. The hedges put on the same vernal-looking hue, and the hĕather[1] on the moors, and blue chicory, the large white convolvulus,[2] hawk-weeds, honeysuckles, and the small blue campănula,[3] make the fields gay. The nuts, still green, hang in prodigal clusters on the tall old hedges of old woodland lanes. Young frŏgs in thousands are issuing from the waters, and traversing the rōads; and birds having terminated their spring cares, are out enjoying their families in the sunny and plentiful fields.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

II.

79. *SONG OF THE SOWER.*

THE maples redden in the sun;
In autumn gold the beeches stand;
Rest, faithful plow, thy work is done
Upon the teeming land.

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[1] **Hĕath′ er,** a heath; a place overgrown with heath.

[2] **Con vŏl′ vu lus,** a class of plants of many varieties, some of which are beautiful; called also *bind-weed.*

[3] **Cam păn′ u la,** a class of plants bearing bell-shaped flowers, often of great beauty; also called *bell-flower.*

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Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh, dark acres furrowed lie,
And ask the sower's hand.
Loose the tired steed and let him go
To pasture where the gentians[1] blow;
And we, who till the grateful ground,
Fling we the golden shower around.

2. Fling wide the generous grain! we fling
O'er the dark mold the green of spring:
For thick the emerald blades shall grōw,
When first the March winds melt the snow,
And to the sleeping flowers, belōw,
The early bluebirds sing.
Fling wide the grain! we give the fields
The ears that nod in summer's gale,
The shining stems that summer gilds,
The harvest that ō'erflōws the vale,
And swells, an amber[2] sea, between
The full-leaved woods, its shōres of green.

3. Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear
Glad voices of the coming year:
The sŏng of him who binds the grain,
The shout of those that lōad the wain;[3]
And from the distant grānge[4] there comes
The clatter of the thresher's flail,
And steadily the millstone hums
Down in the willowy vale.

4. Fling wide the golden shower! we trust
The strength of armies to the dust,—
This peaceful lea[5] may haply yield
Its harvest for the tented field.
Ha! feel ye not your fingers thrill,

[1] **Gentian** (jĕn′ shan), a flowering plant of several species.

[2] **Am′ ber**, of an amber or yellowish color.

[3] **Wāin**, a wagon.

[4] **Grānge**, a house for storing grain; a grănary; a barn; hence, also, a farm with its stables and other buildings.

[5] **Lēa**, sward-land or a meadow.

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As ō'er them, in the yĕllōw grains,
Glide the warm drops of blood that fill
For mortal strife, the warrior's veins;
Such as, on Solferino's[1] day,
Slāked the brown sand and flowed away;—
Flowed till the herds, on Mincio's[2] brink,
Snuffed the red stream, and feared to drink;—

5. Blood that in deeper pools shall lie
On the sad earth, as time grows gray,—
When men by deadliër arts shall die,
And deeper darknèss blot the sky
Above the thundering fray;
And realms that hear the battle-cry
Shall sicken with dismay;
And chiēftĭans to the war shall lead
Whōle nations, with the tempest's speed,
To perish in a day;—
Till man, by love and mercy taught,
Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought,
And lay the *swōrd* ăwāy.
Oh! strew, with pausing, shuddering hand,
The seed upon the helpless land,
As if, at every step, ye cast
The pelting hail and riving blast.

6. Nay, strew, with free and joyous sweep,
The seed upon the expecting soil;
For hence the plenteous year shall heap
The garners of the men who toil.
Strew the bright seed for those who tear
The matted sward with spade and share,
And those whose sounding axes gleam
Beside the lonely fŏrèst stream,
Till its broad banks lie bare;
And him who breaks the quarry-ledge,

[1] **Solferino** (sol fȧ rē′ no), a village of Italy in E. Lombardy. It has a ruined castle, once the seat of a prince of Solferino; but chiefly noted for a great battle fought here between the allied French and Sardinians and the Austrians, June 24, 1859, in which the latter were defeated.

[2] **Mincio** (mĭn′ cho), a river of North Italy.

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With hammer-blows, plied quick and strŏng,
And him who, with the steady sledge,
Smites the shrill anvil all day lŏng.

7. Sprinkle the fŭrrōw's even trace
For those whose toiling hands uprear
The roof-trees of our swarming race,
By grove and plain, by stream and mere;[1]
Who fōrth from crowdèd city lead
The lengthening street, and overlay
Green orchard-plot and grassy mead
With pavement of the murmuring way.
Cast, with full hands, the harvest cast,
For the brave men that climb the mast,
When to the billow and the blast
It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,
And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,
Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,
Safe as a seabird in the main.

8. Fling wide the grain for those who throw
The clanking shuttle to and fro,
In the lŏng row of humming rooms,
And into ponderous masses wind
The web that, from a thousand looms,
Comes fōrth to clothe mankind.
Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them,
By whom the busy thread,
Along the garmènt's even hem
And winding seam is led,—
A pallid sisterhood, that keep
The lonely lamp alight,
In strife with wearinèss and sleep,
Beyŏnd the middle night.
Large part be theirs in what the year
Shall ripen for the reaper here.

9. Still strew, with joyous hand, the wheat
On the sŏft mold benĕath our feet;
For even now I seem

[1] **Mēre**, a pool or lake.

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To hear a sound that lightly rings
From murmuring harp and viol's strings,
As in a summer dream.
The welcome of the wedding-guest,
The bridegroom's look of bashful pride,
The faint smile of the pallid bride,
And the bridemaid's blush at mātron's jest,
And dance, and sŏng, and generous dower,
Are in the shining grains we shower.

10. Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,
Who, hunger-wōrn, rejoice again
In the sweet safety of the shōre;
And wanderers, lŏst in woodlands drear,
Whose pulses bound with joy to hear
The herd's light bell once mōre.
Freely the golden spray be shed
For him whose heart, when night comes down
On the close alleys of the town,
Is faint for lack of bread.

11. In chill roof-chambers, bleak and bare,
Or the damp cellar's stifling air,
She who now sees, in mute despair,
Her children pine for food,
Shall feel the dews of gladnèss start
To lids lŏng tearlèss, and shall part
The sweet loaf, with a grateful heart,
Among her thin, pale brood.
Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till!
O, for thy famished children, fill,
Where'er the sower walks,
Fill the rich ears that shade the mold
With grain for grain, a hundred-fold,
To bend the sturdy stalks.

12. Strew silently the fruitful seed,
As sŏftly ō'er the tilth ye tread,
For hands that delicately knead
The consecrated bread.
The mystic loaf that crowns the bōard,

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When, round the table of their Lord,
Within a thousand temples set,
In memory of the bitter death
Of him who taught at Nazareth,
His followers are met,
And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,
As of the Holy One they think,
The glōry of whose rising, yĕt
Makes bright the grave's mysterious brink.

13. Brethren, the sower's task is done;
The seed is in its winter bed:
Now let the dark brown mold be spread,
To hide it from the sun,
And leave it to the kindly care
Of the still earth and brooding air:
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes, and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.

14. The tĕmpèst now may smite, the sleet
All night on the drowned fŭrrōw beat,
And winds that, from the cloudy hold,
Of winter breathe the bitter cold,
Stiffen to stone the mĕllōw mould,
Yĕt safe shall lie the wheat;
Till, out of heaven's unmĕasured blue,
Shall walk again the genial year,
To wake with warmth, and nurse with dew,
The germs we lay to slumber here.

15. O blessèd harvèst yĕt to be!
Abide thou with the love that keeps,
In its warm bosom, tenderly,
The life which wakes, and that which sleeps.
The love that leads the willing spheres
Along the unending track of years,
And watches o'er the spărrōw's nest,
Shall brood above thy winter rest,
And raise thee from the dust, to hold

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Light whisperings with the winds of May,
And fill thy spikes with living gold,
From summer's yĕllōw ray.
Then, as thy garners give thee fōrth,
On what glad errands shalt thou go,
Wherever, o'er the waiting earth,
Rōads wind, and rivers flow!
The ăncient East shall welcome thee,
To mighty marts beyŏnd the sea;
And they who dwell where palm-groves sound
To summer winds the whōle year round,
Shall watch, in gladnèss, from the shōre,
The sails that bring thy glistening stōre. BRYANT.

III.

80. AUTUMN.

ONCE mōre I am upon this serene hill-top! The air is vĕry clear, very still, and very solemn, or, rather, tenderly sad, in its serene brightnèss. It is not that moist spring air, full of the smell of wood, of the soil, and of the odor of vegetation, which warm winds bring to us from the south. It is not that summer atmosphere, full of alternations of haze and fervent clearness, as if Nature were calling into life every day some influence for her mўriăd children; sometimes in showers, and sometimes with coercive heat upon root and leaf; and, like a universal task-master, were driving up the hours to accomplish the labors of the year.

2. No! In these autumn days there is a sense of lēisure and of meditation. The sun seems to look down upon the labors of its fiery hands with complacency.[1] Be satisfied, O seasonable Sun! Thou hast shaped an ample year, and art garnering up harvests which well may swell thy rejoicing heart with gracious gladness.

3. One who breaks ŏff in summer, and returns in autumn to the hills, needs almost to come to a new acquaintance with the most familiar things. It is another world; or it is the old world masquerading;[2] and you halt, like one scrutinizing a disguised

[1] **Com plā′ cen cў**, a feeling of quiet pleasure; satisfaction.

[2] **Masquerading** (mås'ker ād'ing), appearing in a mask, or in disguise.

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friend, between the obvious[1] dissemblance[2] and the subtile[3] likeness.

4. Southward of our front door there stood two elms, leaning their branches tōward each other, forming a glōrious arch of green. Now, in faint yĕllōw, they grow attenuated,[4] and seem as if departing; they are losing their leaves, and fading out of sight as trees do in twilight. Yŏnder, over against that young growth of birch and evergreen, stood, all summer long, a perfect maple-tree, rounded out on every side, thick with luxuriant fōliāġe, and dark with greennèss, save when the morning sun, streaming through it, sent transparency to its very heart. Now it is a tower of gorgeous red. So sober and solemn did it seem all summer, that I should think as soon to see a prophet dancing at a peasant's holiday, as *it* transfigured to such intense gayety. Its fellows, too, the birches and the walnuts, burn from head to foot with fires that glow but never consume.

5. But these hŏlidāy hills! Have the evening clouds, suffused with sunset, dropped down and become fixed into solid forms? Have the rainbows that followed autumn storms faded upon the mountains and left their mantles there? Yĕt, with all their brilliancy, how mŏdèst do they seem; how patient when bare, or burdened with winter; how cheerful when flushed with summer-green; and how modest when they lift up their wreathed and crowned heads in the resplendent days of autumn!

6. I stand alone upon the peaceful summit of this hill, and turn in every dĭrĕction. The east is all aglow; the blue north flushes all her hills with rādiance; the west stands in burnished armor; the southern hills buckle the zone of the horī′zon together with emeralds and rubies, such as were never set in the fabled girdle of the gods! Of gazing there can not be enough. The hunger of the eye grows by feeding.

7. Only the brotherhood of evergreens—the pine, the cedar, the spruce,[5] and the hemlock—refuse to join this universal revel. They wear their sober green through autumn and winter, as if they were set to keep open the path of summer through the

[1] **Ob′ vi ŏŭs,** easily discovered, seen, or understood; open.

[2] **Dis sĕm′ blance,** want of resemblance.

[3] **Sŭb′ tīle,** thin; rare; delicate.

[4] **At tĕn′ ū āt ed,** made thin or slender.

[5] **Spruce** (sprōs), Rule 4, p. 26.

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whōle year, and girdle all seasons together with a clasp of endless green. But in vain do they give solemn examples to the mĕrry leaves which frolic with every breeze that runs sweet riot in the glowing shades. Gay leaves will not be counseled, but will die bright and laughing. But bōth together,—the transfigured leaves of deciduous[1] trees, and the calm, unchāngeablenèss of evergreens,—how more beautiful are they than ēither alone! The solemn pine brings color to the cheek of the beeches, and the scarlet and golden maples rest gracefully upon the dark fōliāge of the million-fingered pine.

8. Lifted far above all harm of fowler, or impediment of mountain, wild fowl are steadily flying southward. The simple sight of them fills the imagination with pictures. They have all summer lŏng called to each other from the reedy fens and wild oat-fields of the far north. Summer is already extinguished there. Winter is following their track, and marching steadily toward us. The spent flowers, the seared leaves, the thinning tree-tops, the morning frŏst, have bōrne witnèss of a change on earth; and these căr'avans of the upper air confirm the tidings. Summer is gŏne: winter is coming!

9. The wind has risen to-day. It is not one of those gusty, playful winds, that frolic with the trees. It is a wind high up in air, that moves steadily, with a solemn sound, as if it were the spirit of summer journeying past us; and, impatient of delay, it does not stoop to the earth, but touches the tops of the trees with a murmuring sound, sighing a sad farewell, and passing on.

10. Such days fill one with pleasant sădnèss. How sweet a plĕasure is there in sadness! It is not sŏrrōw; it is not despondency;[2] it is not gloom! It is one of the moods of joy. At any rate I am vĕry happy, and yĕt it is sober, and very sad happinèss. It is the shadōw of joy upon the soul.

11. I can reason about these changes. I can cover over the dying leaves with imaginations as bright as their own hues; and, by Christian faith, transfigure the whōle scene with a blessèd vision of joyous dying and glōrious resurrection. But

[1] **De cĭd′ ū ŏŭs,** falling off; not permanent; said of trees whose leaves fall in autumn, or of leaves or other things that are shed yearly.

[2] **De spŏnd′ en cy,** a complete surrender of hope; discouragement.

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what then? Such thoughts glow like evening clouds, and not far beneath them are the evening twilights, into whose dusk they will soon melt away. And all communions, and all admirations, and all associations, celestial or terrene,[1] come alike into a pensive sadness, that is even sweeter than our joy. It is the minor[2] key of the thoughts. H. W. BEECHER.

SECTION XXII.

I.

81. THE WOLVES.

YE who listen to stŏries told,
When hearths are cheery, and nights are cōld,
Of the lone wood-side, and the hungry pack
That howls on the fainting traveler's track,—
Flame-red eyeballs that waylay,
By the wintry moon, the belated sleigh,—
The lŏst child sought in the dismal wood,
The little shoes and the stains of blood
On the trampled snow,—O ye that hear,
With thrills of pity, or chills of fear,
Wishing some ăngel had been sent
To shield the haplèss and innocènt,—
Know ye the fiend that is crueler far
Than the gaunt,[3] gray herds of the fŏrèst are?

2. Swiftly vanish the wild, fleet tracks
Befōre the rifle and woodman's ax;
But hark to the coming of unseen feet,
Pattering by night through the city street!

3. Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown
Lives a specter,[4] and haunts the town.
By square and market they slink and prowl,[5]—
In lane and alley they leap and howl.

---

[1] **Ter rēne′**, earthly.

[2] **Mī′ nor**, less; in *music*, less or lower by half a tone.

[3] **Gaunt** (gânt), slender; lean.

[4] **Spec′ ter**, an apparition; a ghost.

[5] **Prowl**, to rove over, through, or about; to rove or wander, especially for prey.

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4. All night they snuff and snarl before
The poor patched window and broken door.
They paw the clapboards,[1] and claw the latch,—
At every crevice they whine and scratch.

5. Their tongues are subtle,[2] and long, and thin,
And they lap the living blood within.
Icy keen are the teeth that tear,
Red as ruin the eyes that glare.

6. Children crouched in corners cold
Shiver in tattered garments old,
And start from sleep with bitter pangs
At the touch of the phantoms'[3] viewless fangs.

7. Weary the mother, and worn with strife,
Still she watches and fights for life;
But her hand is feeble, her weapon small,—
One little needle against them all!

8. O ye that listen to stories told,
When hearths are cheery, and nights are cold,
Weep no more at the tales you hear;
The danger is close, and the wolves are near!

9. Pass not by, with averted[4] eye,
The door where the stricken children cry.
But when the beat of the unseen feet
Sounds by night through the stormy street,
Follow thou where the specters glide;
Stand like Hope by the mother's side;
And be thyself the angel sent
To shield the hapless and innocent.

10. He gives but little who gives his tears,
He gives his best who aids and cheers;
He does well in the forest wild
Who slays the monster, and saves the child;
But he does better, and merits more,
Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door.

---

[1] **Clapboards** (klăb′ bôrdz).

[2] **Subtle** (sŭt′ l), sly in design; artful; cunning.

[3] **Phăn′ tom**, a specter; a ghost.

[4] **Averted** (a vẽrt′ ed), turned or caused to turn off, aside, or away.

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II.

82. HUNGER AND COLD.

SISTERS two, all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue;
To the poor man you've been true
From of old:
You can speak the keenèst word,
You are sure of being heard,
From the point you're never stirred,
Hunger and Cold!

2. Let slēek statesmen temporize;
Palsied are their shifts and lies
When they meet your bloodshot eyes,
Grim and bold;
Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught,
You're too hŏnèst to be bought,
Hunger and Cold!

3. Bolt and bar the palace-door;
While the mass of men are poor,
Naked truth grows mōre and more
Uncontrolled:
You had never yĕt, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulnèss;
You can visit sans[1] cōurt-dress,
Hunger and Cold!

4. While the music fell and rose,
And the dance reeled to its close,
Where her round of cŏstly woes
Fashion strōlled,
I beheld, with shuddering fear,
Wolves' eyes through the windōws peer;
Little dream they you are near,
Hunger and Cold!

5. When the toiler's heart you clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,

[1] Săns, without.

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Rush in and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain!

5. The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted, with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawlèss band!
Take *me*, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russiă's[1] heaviëst iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild,
To perish, if 't will save my child!"

6. "Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bōre
His victim to the temple dōor.
"One moment!" shrieked the mother, "*one!*
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian[2] thrall![3]
Take these!" and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diämond bands,
And tōre from braids of lŏng black hair
The ġems that gleamed like starlight there.
Her crŏss of blazing rubies, last
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.

7. He stooped to seize the glittering stōre;—
Up springing from the marble floor
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy!
But no! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.

---

[1] **Russia** (rŭsh′ ĭ ă).
[2] **Russian** (rŭsh′ an).
[3] **Thrall**, a slave; slavery; bondage; servitude.

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Forward she fell with one long cry
Of mōre than mortal agony.

8. But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hōld,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit fierce and bōld,
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye
So blue, and yĕt so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought befōre he speaks.
With a full voice of proud command
He turns upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can!
This hour has made the boy a man.
I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow,
Yĕs, wept! I was a child; but *now*—
My noble mother on her knee
Has done the work of years for me!"

9. He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jeweled haft[1] of poniard[2] bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.—
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glave[3]
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush to rubies in their shame;
The blade would quiver in thy breast,
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back *a boy's disdain!*"

[1] **Haft** (hâft), a handle.

[2] **Poniard** (pŏn' yard), a pointed instrument for stabbing; a small dagger.

[3] **Glave**, a curved cutting instrument, having its edge on the outer curve, and fastened to the end of a pole—here used for *poniard*.

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10. A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jeweled wĕapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Lēaped to the floor, a crimson flood!
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang:
"Up mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery!
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won!
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss;
One last embrace, one blessing—one!
To prove thou know'st, approv'st, thy son.
What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood ō'er thy heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head?
What! silent still? Then art thou dead!
——Great Gŏd! I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee—and *thus*—to die!"—
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom—dead!

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

SECTION XXIV.

I.

88. THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

ON the afternoon of the day on which the provincial congress of Massachusetts adjourned [April 15, 1775], Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stŏres at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams[1]

[1] **Samuel Adams**, a leading actor in the American revolution, was born in Boston, Sept. 27, 1722, of a family long settled there, where he died, Oct. 2, 1803. He was eight years a member of the Continental Congress.

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and Hancock,[1] who had not yĕt left Lexington for Philadelphiă, received a timely message from Warren,[2] and in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stōres, and secreted the cannon.

2. On Tuesday, the eighteenth, ten or mōre sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, crŏssed in the bōats of the transport-ships from the foot of the common to East Cāmbridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading through wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the rōad through West Cambridge to Coñcord.

3. "They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Coñcord," was the answer. Percy has*tened* to Gage,[3] who instantly dirĕcted that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set ŏff by wāy of Charlestown.

4. Revere stopped ōnly to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes befōre the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rōwed him past the Somerset man-of-war ăcrŏss Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horĭ'zon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the bēacon[4] streamed to the neighboring towns, as fast as light could travel.

5. A little beyŏnd Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British ŏfficers on horseback; but being himself well

[1] **John Hancock,** an American statesman, first president of the Continental Congress, was born in Quincy, Mass., Jan. 12, 1737, and died there, Oct. 8, 1793. He was eleven years governor of Massachusetts.

[2] **Joseph Warren,** an American patriot, was born in Roxbury, Mass., in 1741, and killed in the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

[3] **Thomas Gage,** the last royal governor of Mass., was born in England, and died there in April, 1787.

[4] **Beacon** (bē' kn), a signal-fire to make known the approach of an enemy; that which warns.

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mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the rōad to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute[1]-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost ĕvĕry house on the way to Lexington.

6. Lexington, in 1775, may have had seven hundred inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learnèd and fervent Jonas Clark, the bold inditer[2] of pātriŏtic[3] state papers that may yĕt be read on their town records. In December, 1772, they had instructed their representative to demand "a radical[4] and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later, they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town-meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition,"—"to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defense against their enemies." In December, they distributed to "the train band and alarm list" arms and ammunition, and resolved to "supply the training soldiers with bāyonets."

7. At two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington common was alive with the minute-men; and not with them ōnly, but with the old men also, who were exempts, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The rōll was called, and of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to lōad with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look for the British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the south-east corner of the common. Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been dĭvŭlged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire toward Woburn.

[1] **Minute** (mĭn′ it).

[2] **In dīt′ er**, one who directs, dictates, suggests, or prompts what is to be spoken or written; a writer.

[3] **Pā′ trĭ ŏt′ ĭc**, full of love of country; directed to the public safety and welfare.

[4] **Răd′ i cal**, pertaining, or relating, to the root or origin; thoroughgoing.

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8. The last stars were vanishing from night, when the fōremōst party, led by Pitcairn,[1] a major of marines,[2] was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen ōnly, but the reveille[3] to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-hǫuse.

9. How ŏft*en* in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to Gŏd as the stay of their fathers, and the protector of their privileges! How often on that village green, hard by the burial-place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! There they now stood, side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearlèss, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, and as yĕt unsuspicious of immediate danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

10. The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm-guns, halted to lōad; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour befōre sunrise, the advance party hŭrried forward at double-quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiērs.[4] Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out, "Disperse, ye villains, ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood mōtionlèss in the ranks, wĭtnèssès against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this, Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close, and deadly discharge of musketry.

11. In the disparity[5] of numbers, the common was a field of

[1] **Pitcairn** (pĭt′ kârn).

[2] **Marine** (mȧ rēn′), a sea soldier: one of a body of troops trained to do duty in vessels of war.

[3] **Reveille** (re vāl′ yā), the beat of drum about break of day, to give notice that is time for the soldiers to rise, and for the sentinels to forbear challenging.

[4] **Grĕn`a diēr′**, one of a company of picked men attached to most European regiments; distinguished for height and fine personal appearance.

[5] **Dis păr′ i tў**, disproportion.

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7. Grim dashed they ăwāy as they bounded,
The hunters to hem in the prey,
And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
Then the British rose fast to the fray;
And never, with arms of mōre vigor,
Did their bayonets press through the strife,
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
The sharp-shooters dashed out a life!

8. 'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions;
'Twas the rushing of tempèsts and waves,—
Insolent triumph 'gainst pātriot defiance,
Born freemen 'gainst sycophant[1] slaves;
Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
As from danger to danger he flies,
Feels the mŏral that lies in Scotch thistle,
With its "touch me who dare!" and he dies!

9. An hour, and the battle is over;
The eagles are rending the prey;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way:
More dreadful the doom that on treason
Avenges the wrŏngs of the state;
And the oak tree for many a season
Bears fruit for the vultures of fate! W. G. Simms.[2]

SECTION XXV.

I.

91. WHITTLING.

THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;

[1] **Sȳc o phant**, a base hanger-on; a mean flatterer.

[2] **William Gilmore Simms**, an American author, was born in Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806. He has written much, both in prose and verse. His writings are characterized by earnestness, sincerity, and thoroughness. He now resides on his plantation near Midway.

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His hōarded[1] cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

2. Projĕctĭles,[2] music, and the sculptor's[3] art,
His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,
His elder pop-gun with its hĭckòry rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trŏmbōne,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his ărrōw of a feathered reed,
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
Or, if his father lives upon the shōre,
You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers stanch,[4]
And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.[5]

3. Thus, by his genius[6] and his jack-knife driven,
Ere lŏng he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any jim-crack, musical or mute,
A plow, a couch, an organ, or a flute;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a flōating-dock,
Or lead fōrth Beauty from a marble block;—
Make any thing, in short, for sea or shōre,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;—
Make it, said I?—ay! when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing and the machine that makes it.

---

[1] **Hōard′ ed**, collected and laid up; stored secretly.

[2] **Pro jĕct′ ile**, a body or thing thrown out, or impelled forward, by force, especially through the air.

[3] **Sĕŭlp′ tor**, one whose business it is to carve images or figures.

[4] **Stanch** (stânch), strong and tight; firm; sound.

[5] **Launch** (lânch), to cause to move or slide from the land into the water; to send forth.

[6] **Genius** (jēn′ yus), the peculiar form of mind with which each person is favored by nature; the high and peculiar gifts of nature which force the mind to certain favorite kinds of labor.

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9. I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers, and looked out at the sky: not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hōarse, and ruined our preserving-kĕttle with the poker. That brought our dŏgs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous.

10. Then I thought I heard a voice, and lis*tened*: it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the stair-case. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal[1] dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bōlted doors and double dĕafened floors between us. How could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it?

11. Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide ăwāke; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland[2] pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the windōw, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me.

12. I threw myself under the kitchen table, and ventured to expostulate[3] with him, but he would not lis*ten* to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an ax, gotten into the kitchen with his cursĕd savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me,—and then, he wanted me to explain it!

13. But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you in your own house as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however,—somebody has told him,—*somebody* tells everybody every thing in our village.

COZZENS.[4]

[1] **Infernal** (in fĕr′ nal), malicious; fiendish.

[2] **Newfoundland** (nū′ fŭnd lănd′).

[3] **Ex pŏst′ ū lāte**, to remonstrate; to reason earnestly.

[4] **Frederic S. Cozzens**, an American author, was born in New York, March 5, 1818. The "Sparrowgrass Papers," from which the above is an extract, was published in 1856.

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IV.

94. THE PIED PIPER.

PART FIRST.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Wēser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

2. Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

3. At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Māyor's a noddy;[1]
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts[2] that can't or wōn't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,[3]
To find in the furry civic[4] robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

---

[1] **Nŏd′dy**, a simpleton; a fool.
[2] **Dōlt**, a heavy, stupid fellow; a blockhead.
[3] **O bēse′**, very fat; fleshy.
[4] **Cĭv′ĭc**, relating to, or derived from, a city or citizen.

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At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

4. An hour they sāte in council—
At length the Māyor broke silence:
"For a gilder[1] I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain;—
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

5. Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chāmber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too lŏng-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous[2]
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous)[3]—
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Any thing like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

6. "Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strāngèst figure!
His queer lŏng cōat from heel to head
Was half of yĕllōw and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp, blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor bēard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint[4] attire.

[1] **Gĭld′ er**, a Dutch coin of the value of about thirty-eight cents.

[2] **Mū′ti noŭs**, disposed to resist the authority of rightful laws and regulations, especially in an army or navy, or openly resisting such authority.

[3] **Glū′ ti noŭs**, having the quality of glue; resembling glue; sticky.

[4] **Quāint**, odd and of old fashion; singular; unusual.

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Quoth one, "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone!"

7. He advanced to the council-table,
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living benēath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,—
The mole, and tōad, and newt,[1] and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."

8. (And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yĕllōw stripe,
To match with the cōat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled).

9. "Yĕt," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,[2]
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nĭzăm[3]
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand gilders?"
"One!—fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and corporation.

10. Into the street the piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;

---

[1] **Newt** (nūt), a small lizard.

[2] **Cham** (kăm), the sovereign prince of Tartary.

[3] **Nĭ zăm′**, a ruler or sovereign prince; the title of the native sovereigns of Hyderabad, in India.

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Then, like a musical adept,[1]
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

11. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,

[1] **A dĕpt′**, one fully skilled or well versed in any art.

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Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands wives,—
Follōwed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Wēser
Wherein all plunged and perished—
Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,[1]
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As the manuscript he cherished),
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was:

12. "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe—
And a moving ăwāy of pickle-tub bōards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!'[2]
So munch on, crunch on, take your nunchion,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shōne
Glōrious, scarce an inch befōre me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bōre me!'—
I found the Weser rolling ō'er me."

[1] **Julius Cæsar**, a Roman warrior, statesman, and man of letters, who was one of the most remarkable men of any age.

[2] **Drȳ´ salt`er y**, the articles kept by, or the business of, a drysaltery—a dealer in salted or dried meats, pickles, sauces, &c.

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V.

95. THE PIED PIPER.

PART SECOND.

YOU should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand gilders!"

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2. A thousand gilders! The Māyor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too:
For council dinners make rare havoc
With Claret,[1] Mosĕlle,[1] Vin-de-Grăve,[1] Hŏck;[1]
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's bĭggĕst butt with Rhĕn'ish.[1]
To pay this sum to a wandering fĕllōw
With a ġypsy cōat of red and yĕllōw!

3. "Besides," quoth the Māyor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink.
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the gilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you vĕry well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;[2]
A thousand gilders! Come, take fifty!"

4. The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit, by dinner-time,
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Cāliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver![3]
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

5. "How?" cried the Māyor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald[4]
With idle pipe, and vesture piebald?[5]

[1] **Wines** of different names.
[2] **Thrĭft′ y**, frugal; sparing.
[3] **Stĭ′ ver**, a Dutch coin of the value of two cents.
[4] **Rĭb′ ald**, a low, vulgar, brutal, foul-mouthed fellow.
[5] **Pīe′ bald**, of various colors; diversified in color.

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You threaten us, fĕllōw? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

6. Once mōre he stepped into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his lŏng pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Sŏft notes as yĕt musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured[1] air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of mĕrry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And like fowls in the farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran mĕrrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

7. The Māyor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children mĕrrily skipping by—
And could ōnly fŏllōw with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Wēser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

8. However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's fōrced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"

[1] **En răpt′ ūred**, delighted beyond measure.

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When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous pōrtal[1] opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed;
And when all were in, to the vĕry last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.

9. Did I say all? No: one was lame,
And could not dance the whōle of the wāy;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sădnèss, he was used to sāy:
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where waters gushed, and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put fōrth a fairer hue,
And every thing was strange and new;
The spărrōws were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lŏst their stings,
And horses were borne with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as befōre,
And never hear of that country mōre!"

10. Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's[2] pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!—
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,

[1] **Pōrt′ al**, a small door or gate; hence, sometimes, any passage-way.

[2] **Burgher** (bĕrg′er), an inhabitant of an incorporated town or village.

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To ŏffer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd ōnly return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

11. But when they saw 'twas a lŏst endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the dāy of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six;"—
And, the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.

12. Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the stōry on a column,
And on the Great Church windōw painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stōlen ăwāy;—
And there it stands to this vĕry dāy.

13. And I must not omit to sāy
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trapanned,[1]
Long time ago, in a mighty band,

[1] **Tra păpned'**, trapped; insnared.

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Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

14. So, Willy, let you and me be wipers,
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SECTION XXVI.

I.

96. SIR LUCIUS AND BOB ACRES.

[The instructor is here reminded of the importance of referring *daily* to the more important principles of elocution, illustrated by each lesson. While the four lessons of this section call into play, to a wonderful extent, nearly all the elements of *Expression*, they will especially test the students' powers of PERSONATION. In the *first*, the reader must exert himself to the utmost to express the pitiful cowardice of Acres, a principal in a duel, and the cool demeanor of Sir Lucius, his second; in the *second*, the contempt in which the dandy lord is held by Hotspur; and in the *third*, the hasty, impulsive, unscrupulous character of Cassius, and the honest, noble, uncompromising, yet tender and generous, disposition of Brutus. In the *last*, the most admirable accompanying description, as well as the aid afforded by the notes, will be necessary to prepare the student to personate successfully Regulus in his supposed speech.]

ACRES. By my valor, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay, now,—I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the floor.*] There, now, that is a vĕry pretty distance,—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acr. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is ŏff, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

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Acr. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pooh! pooh! nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acr. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a lŏng shot;—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acr. I am much obligĕd to you, Sir Lucius,—but I don't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quiĕ'tus[1] with it,—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acr. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now,—if that should be the case,—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is vĕry snug lying in the Abbey.

Acr. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acr. Odds files!—I've practiced that,—there, Sir Lucius,—there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side front, hey? I'll make myself small enough; I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now,—you're quite out,—for if you stand so when I take my aim—[*Leveling the pistol at him.*]

Acr. Zounds! Sir Lucius,—are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acr. But—but—you don't know,—it may go ŏff of its own head!

[1] **Qui ē' tŭs**, rest; repose; death.

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Sir L. Pooh! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for, if it misses a vital[1] part of your right side, 't will be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acr. A vital part!

Sir L. But there, fix yourself so, [*placing him*]—let him see the broadside of your full front; there, now, a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Can go through me,—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelèst attitude into the bargain.

Acr. Look'ee, Sir Lucius! I'd just as liĕf be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. [*Looking at his watch.*] Sure they don't mean to disappoint us. Ha! no, I think I see them coming.

Acr. Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir L. Ay. Who are those yŏnder, gĕtting over the stile?

Acr. There are two of them, indeed! Well,—let them come, —hey, Sir Lucius! we—we—we—we—wōn't run!

Sir L. Run!

Acr. No,—I say,—we won't run, by my valor!

Sir L. What's the matter with you?

Acr. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend,—my dear Sir Lucius! but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O, fy! Consider your honor.

Acr. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two ĕvèry now and then about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming.

Acr. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid! If my valor should leave me!—Valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acr. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going!—yĕs,—my valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honor! your honor! Here they are.

[1] **Vī′ tal,** highly important; necessary to life.

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Acr. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware! [SIR LUCIUS *takes Acres by the arm, and leads him reluctantly off.*] SHERIDAN.[1]

II.

97. HOTSPUR TO KING HENRY IV.

MY liege, I did deny no prisoners;
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,[2] which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:—and still he smiled and talked;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

2. With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,[3]
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,

[1] **Richard Brinsley Sheridan**, a British dramatist and politician,—son of Thomas Sheridan, the actor, elocutionist, and lexicographer,—was born in Dublin in Sept., 1751, and died in London, July 7, 1816. As a comic dramatist, and as an orator, he has had but few equals. His writings and speeches were very carefully elaborated, and the most striking passages often re-written several times.

[2] **Poun′ cet-box**, a small box with openings on the top, to hold perfume for smelling.

[3] **Pŏp′ in jāy**, a gay, trifling young man; a fop.

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To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity,[1] for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpeter should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellōw had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this repōrt
Come cŭrrent for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty. SHAKSPEARE.[2]

III.

98. QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CASSIUS. That you have wrŏnged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Luciŭs[3] Pĕlla,
For taking bribes here of the Sardiäns;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.

Brutus. You wrŏnged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassiŭs,[4] you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your ŏffices for gold,
To undeservers.

---

[1] **Par`ma cĭt′y**, used for *spermacēti*, a fatty matter taken from the head of a spermaceti whale.

[2] **William Shakspeare**, an English dramatist, one of the greatest of all poets, and the greatest of dramatists, was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, in April, 1564, and died there, April 23, 1616.

[3] **Lucius** (lū′ shĭ ŭs).

[4] **Longinus Caius Cassius**, the leader of the conspiracy against Cæsar, a brave and skillful general, died by his own hands in 42 B. C.

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Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus[1] that speak this,
Or, by the gods! this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chăs'tisemènt doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chas'tisement!
Bru. Remember March, the īdes[2] of March remember!
Did not great Juliŭs bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?—What! shall one of us,
That struck the fōremōst man of all this world,
But for suppōrting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!
Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
I'll not endure it. You forgĕt yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to! you're not, Cassiŭs.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no mōre: I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no further!
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?[3]
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? Ay, mōre! Fret till your proud heart break:
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

[1] **Marcus Junius Brutus**, one of the leading conspirators against Cæsar, and the noblest of them all, was born in the autumn of 85 B. C., and died by his own hands, 42 B. C.

[2] **Ides**, the fifteenth day of March, May, July, and October, and the thirteenth day of the other months.

[3] **Choler** (kŏl' er), the bile; irritation of the passions; anger.

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And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day fŏrth,
I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,—
When you are waspish.

Cas. Has it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrŏng me ĕvĕry way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sŏrry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassiŭs, in your threats;
For I am armed so strŏng in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drăc*h*mas,[1] than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,—
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassiŭs?

[1] **Drachma** (drăk′ mȧ), a silver coin among the Greeks, of the average value of about 18 cents.

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Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?—
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts—
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.[1]

Cas. Come, Antony,[2] and young Octavius,[3] come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassiüs;
For Cassius is aweary of the world,—
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart,
Dearer than Plutus'[4] mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be 'st a Roman, take it fōrth:
I, that denied the gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,

---

[1] **O lўm′ pus**, here refers to a lofty group of mountains in Greece. Mount Olympus was called the residence of Jupiter.

[2] **Mark Antony**, the Roman *triumvir* [one of the *three* men who jointly held the sovereign power in Rome], one of the most extraordinary characters of history, was born 86 B. C., and died by his own hands, 30 B. C. It was his soldiership and sword that defeated Cassius and drove Brutus to suicide.

[3] **Caius Oc tā′ vi us**, the adopted son of Julius Cæsar, second emperor of Rome, first of the emperors styled Augustus, was born Sept. 23, 63 B. C., and died Aug. 29, A. D. 14.

[4] **Plū′ tus**, the ancient god of wealth

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When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius! you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexèth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.—
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnèst with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKSPEARE.

IV.

99. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF REGULUS.

THE beams of the rising sun had gilded the lŏfty domes of Carthage,[1] and given, with its rich and mĕllōw light, a tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts[2] of the outer harbor. Sheltered by the verdant shores, a hundred triremes[3] were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen bēaks glittering in the sun, their streamers dancing in the morning breeze, while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflict with the fleets of Rome.

[1] **Carthage** (kär′ thig), the ancient capital of a country of the same name in Northern Africa, and the most famous ancient commercial city.

[2] **Răm′part**, an elevation or mound of earth round a place, upon which the parapet or wall is raised.

[3] **Trī′rēme**, an ancient galley or vessel with three benches or ranks of oars on a side.

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2. No murmur of businèss or of revelry arose from the city. The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his trībūnal, the priest the sanctuary,[1] and even the stern stoic[2] had come fōrth from his retīremènt to mingle with the crowd that, anxious and agitated, were rushing toward the senate-house, startled by the report that Regulus[3] had returned to Carthage.

3. Onward, still onward, trampling each other under foot, they rushed, furious with anger, and eager for revenge. Fathers were there, whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens, whose lovers, weak and wounded, were dying in the dungeons of Rome, and gray-haired men and mātrons, whom the Roman *sw*ōrd had left childlèss.

4. But when the stern features of Regulus were seen, and his ċolŏssal[4] form towering above the ambassadors who had returned with him from Rome; when the news passed from lip to lip that the dreaded warrior, so far from advising the Roman senate to consent to an exchange of prisoners, had urged them to pursue, with exterminating vengeance, Carthage and Carthaġĭnians, —the multitude swayed to and fro like a fŏrèst benēath a tĕmpèst, and the rage and hate of that tumultuous thrŏng vented itself in grōans, and curses, and yells of vengeance.

5. But calm, cold, and immovable as the marble walls around him, stood the Roman; and he stretched out his hand over that frenzied crowd, with gesture as proudly commanding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts[5] of Rome. The tumult ceased; the curse, half muttered, died upon the lip; and so intense was the silence, that the clanking of the

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[1] **Săńċt′ ū a rў, a sacred place; a church; the most retired and holy part of a temple.**

[2] **Stō′ ic, one of an ancient sect who believed that men should be free from passion, unmoved by joy or grief, and submit, without complaining, to the necessity by which all things are governed.**

[3] **Rĕg′ ū lus, a Roman general, and twice a consul, who, after gaining many victories over the Carthaginians, was defeated and taken prisoner by their general Xanthippus, a Spartan. After five years' captivity, he was sent to Rome with an embassy to solicit peace, or an exchange of prisoners, on condition that he would return if unsuccessful. By his persuasion, however, the Roman senate refused to make peace, and he returned to Carthage, where he is said to have been put to a most cruel death, about 250 B. C.**

[4] **Co lŏs′ sal, gigantic; of great size.**

[5] **Cō′ hort, a body of about five or six hundred soldiers; any band or body of warriors.**

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brazen manacles[1] upon the wrists of the captive fell sharp and full upon ĕvèry ear in that vast assembly, as he thus addressed them:—

6. "Ye doubtlèss thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plightèd[2] ōath, rather than, returning, brook[3] your vengeance. I might give reasons for this, in Punic[4] comprehension, most foolish act of mine. I might speak of those eternal principles which make death for one's country a plĕasure, not a pain. But, by great Jupiter![5] methinks I should debase myself to talk of such high things to you; to you, expert in womanly inventions; to you, well-skilled to drive a trĕacherous trade with simple Africans for ivory and gold!

7. "If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life. I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them.

8. "Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

9. "The moon has scarce yĕt waned since the proudèst of Rome's proud mātrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me befōre the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did, with fŏndèst memory of bygŏne hours, entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harnèss with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales,—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her āgèd breast, as

[1] **Măn′ a ċle**, shackle; handcuff.

[2] **Plight′ ed**, given as security for the performance of some act; pledged.

[3] **Brook** (brŭk), bear; endure.

[4] **Pū′ nic**, like the Carthaginians; deceitful; faithless.

[5] **Jū′ pi ter**, or Jove, the greatest of the Greek and Roman gods.

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on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in stōre to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce rōar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

10. "Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strānge, ominous sound: it seemed like the distant march of some vast army, their harnèss clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind mōans through the leaflèss fŏrèst, he thus addressed me:—

11. "'Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city: know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightèst honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter.' And then he vanished.

12. And now, go bring your sharpèst torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers.

13. "Wo to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators! thy citizens in terror! thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of Gŏd is on thee,—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted[1] gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea." KELLOGG.[2]

[1] **Frĕt'ted**, made rough on the surface; ornamented with raised work.

[2] **Rev. Elijah Kellogg**, a clergyman of Boston.

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SECTION XXVII.

I.

100. THE TWO ROADS.

IT was New-Year's night; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an agèd man standing at a windōw. He raised his mōurnful eyes tōward the deep blue sky, where the stars were flōating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few mōre helplèss beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal[1]—the tomb.

2. Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two rōads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvèst, and reśounding with sŏft, sweet sŏngs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked tōward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O days of my youth, return! O my father, place me once mōre at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had bōth passed ăwāy.

5. He saw wandering lights flōating away over dark marshes, and then disappear: these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darknèss: this was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrōws of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New-Year's night.

6. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their

[1] **Gōal,** the point set to bound a race; the final purpose or end.

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ĕrring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no lŏnger look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

7. And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were reäl. He thanked Gŏd fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yĕt entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the rōad leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvèsts wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years have passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O youth, return! Oh give me back my early days!" RICHTER.[1]

II.

101. THE SCULPTOR BOY.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an ăngel dream passed ō'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stōne
With many a sharp incision;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shōne,—
He had caught that angel vision.

2. Sculptors of life are *we*, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when, at Gŏd's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;—
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,—
Our lives, that angel vision. O. W. HOLMES.

[1] **J. P. F. Richter,** commonly known by his literary name of *Jean Paul*, a German author, was born, March 21, 1763, and died, Nov. 14, 1825. His collective works embrace seventy volumes.

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III.

102. TEMPTATIONS OF THE YOUNG.

IT is true that ĕvèry age and employmènt has its snares; but the feet of the young are mōst easily entrapped. Issuing fōrth, as you do, in the morning of life, into the wide field of existence, where the flowers are all ōpen, it is no wonder that you pluck some that are poisonous. Tasting every golden fruit that hangs over the garden of life, it is no wonder that you should find some of the most tempting hŏllōw and moldy.

2. But the peculiar characteristic of your age, my young friends, is impetuosity[1] and presumptuousness.[2] You are without caution, because without experience. You are precipitate, because you have enjoyed so lŏng the protection of others that you have yĕt to learn to protect yourselves. You grasp at every plĕasure because it is new, and every society charms with a frĕshnĕss which you will be surprised to find gradually wearing away. Young as you are upon the stage, there seems to be little for you to know of yourselves; therefore you are contented to know little, and the world will not let you know more till it has disappointed you oftener.

3. Entering, then, into life, you will find every rank and occupation environed[3] with its peculiar temptations; and, without some other and higher principle than that which influences a merely worldly man, you are not a moment secure. You are poor, and you think pleasure and fashion and ambition will disdain to spread their snares for so ignoble a prey.

4. It is true, they may. But take care that dishonesty does not dazzle you with an exhibition of sudden gains. Take care that want does not disturb your imagination by temptations to fraud. Distress may drive you to indolence and despair, and these united may drown you in intemperance. Even robbery and murder have sometimes stalked in at the breach which poverty or calamity has left unguarded.

5. You are rich, and you think that pride and a just sense

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[1] **Im pĕt' ū ŏs' i tў**, the condition or quality of being hasty, or lacking in due deliberation; violence.

[2] **Pre sŭmpt' ū oŭs nĕss**, the quality of being rashly confident; undue boldness or forwardness.

[3] **En vi' roned**, encircled; surrounded.

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SECTION XXVIII.

I.

104. THE CHILD OF EARTH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day;
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yĕt doth she fondly cling tc life, and say,
"I am content to die,—but, oh, not now!—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury tó breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of glădnèss sing;
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe:
Spare me, great Gŏd! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die,—but, oh, not now!"

2. The spring hath ripened into summer time;
The season's viewlèss boundary is past;
The glōrious sun hath reached his burning prime;
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?—
"Let me not perish while ō'er land and sea,
Wifh silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
I am content to die,—but, oh, not now!"

3. Summer is gŏne; and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds the eager horn.—
"Spare me awhile, to wander fōrth, and gaze
On the broad mĕadōws, and the quiet stream;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die,—but, oh, not now!"

4. The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground.

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Autumn hath passed ăwāy; and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound;
Yĕt still that prayer ascends.—"Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die,—but, oh, not now!"

5. The spring has come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing;—
The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
"Thee never mōre the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumber may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shădōw veils thy darkened brow:
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!"

MRS. NORTON.[1]

II.

105. DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE.

I HAVE seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic lovelinèss enrobed her; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in ĕvèry tone, hăllōwed every affection, shōne in every action,—invested as a halo her whōle existence, and made it a light and a blessing, a charm and a vision of gladnèss, to all around her; but she died!

2. Friendship, and love, and parental fondnèss, and infant weaknèss, stretched out their hand to save her; but they could not save her; and she died! What! did all that lovelinèss die? Is there no land of the blessèd and the lovely ones, for such to live in? Forbid it reason, religion, bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought!

[1] **Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton,** an English poetess, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born in 1808. Her poetry, which is of a high order, is marked by strong passion, a masculine force of diction, and, at times, remarkable tenderness.

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3. I have seen one die—in the matūrity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor; when wisdom had been wrung from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon had just compassed that mōst useful, most practical of all knowledge,—how to live and to act well and wisely; yĕt I have seen such a one die!

4. Was all this trĕasure gained, ōnly to be lŏst? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument,—the intelligent soul, the nōblèst in the universe,—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the mōst varied and expensive ăpparātus, that, on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast ăwāy forever?

5. No: the dead, as we call them, do not so die. They carry their thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strānge and seemingly untō′*ward*[1] circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live forever. They open the future world, then, to our faith.

6. O death!—dark hour to hopelèss unbelief! hour to which in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling[2] darknèss, even the shadōws of an avenging retribution[3] were brightnèss and relief: death! what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour! answer to life's prayer,—great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery!

7. Hour of release from life's burden,—hour of reünion with the loved and lŏst,—what mighty hopes has*ten* to their fulfillmènt in thee! What lŏngings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, benēath the silent stars,—what dread emotions of curiosity,—what deep meditations of joy,—what hallowed impossibilities shadowing fōrth reälities to the soul, all verge[4] to

[1] **Untoward** (ŭn tō′ ard), incon venient; troublesome; awkward.

[2] **Appalling** (ap pâl′ ing), causing dismay or fear; terrifying.

[3] **Rĕt`ri bū′ tion,** repayment; return suitable to the merits or deserts of.

[4] **Verge,** border upon; approach.

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their consummation in *thee!* O death! the *Christian's* death! What art thou, but a gate of life, a pōrtal of heaven, the thrĕsh-ōld of eternity! DEWEY.[1]

III.

106. OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,—
Loved ones who've crŏssed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

2. Over the river the bōatman pale
Carried another,—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—
Darling Minnie! I see her yĕt.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlèssly entered the phantom bark:
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

3. For none return from those quiet shōres,
Who crŏss with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And cătch a gleam of the snowy sail,—

[1] **Orville Dewey, D.D.**, an American clergyman and writer, was born in Sheffield, Mass., March 28, 1794. As a pulpit orator and lecturer, he enjoys a high reputation. His writings are philosophical and practical, exhibiting a style both artistic and scholarly.

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And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gŏne for āye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of dāy;
We only know that their bark no mōre
May sail with us ō'er life's stormy sea;
Yĕt somewhere, I know, on the unseen shōre,
They watch, and beck*o*n, and wait for me.

4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gōld
Is flushing river, and hill, and shōre,
I shall one day stand by the water cōld,
And list for the sound of the bōatman's ōar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the bōat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me. MISS PRIEST.

SECTION XXIX.

I.

107. THE KINDLY WINTER.

THE snow lies deep upon the ground;
In cōat of mail the pools are bound;
The hungry rooks in squadrons fly,
And winds are slumbering in the sky.

2. Drowsily the snow-flakes fall;
The robin on the garden-wall
Looks wistful at our windōw-pane,
The customary crumb to gain.

3. On barn and thatch and leaflèss tree
The frŏst has hung embroidery,

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Fringe of ice, and pendants fine
Of filigree[1] and crỹstallīne.[2]

4. Pile up the fire! the winter wīnd
Although it nip, is not unkind;
And winter days, though dark, can bring
As many plĕasures as the spring.

5. If not the floweret budding fair,
And mild effulgence[3] of the air,
They give the glōw of indoor mirth,
And social comfort round the hearth.

6. The winter is a friend of mine;
His step is light, his eyeballs shine;
His cheek is ruddy as the morn;
He carols like the lark in corn.

7. His tread is brisk upon the snows,
His pulses gallop as he goes;
He hath a smile upon his lips,
With sŏngs and welcome, jests and quips.[4]

8. 'Tis he that feeds the April buds;
'Tis he that clothes the summer woods;
'Tis he makes plump the autumn grain,
And lōads with wealth the creaking wain.

9. Pile up the fire! and ere he go,
Our blessings on his head shall flow,—
The hale old winter, bleak[5] and sear,[6]
The friend and father of the year!

MACKAY.[7]

[1] **Fĭl′ i gree,** granular net-work, or net-work containing beads; hence, ornamental work, executed in fine gold or silver wire, plaited and formed into delicate figures of men and animals, fruits, plants, &c.

[2] **Crỹs′ tal līne,** consisting of or resembling crystal; pure; clear.

[3] **Ef fŭl′ gĕnce,** a flood of light; great luster or brightness; splendor.

[4] **Quip** (kwĭp), a smart, sarcastic turn; a severe reply; a jeer.

[5] **Blēak,** cold and sweeping; cheerless.

[6] **Sēar,** dry; withered.

[7] **Charles Măc kāy′,** a British poet and journalist, was born in Perth, in 1812. He is an author of considerable fame. Many of his songs have attained great popularity, and the music to which they are set is, in some cases, of his own composition.

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II.

108. INSTRUCTION IN WINTER.

IN the warm pōrtion of our year, when the sun reigns, and the fields are carpeted with herbs and flowers, and the fŏrests are lōaded with riches and magnificence, nature seems to insist on instructing us herself, and in her own easy, insensible[1] way. In the mild and whispering air there is an invitation to go abroad which few can resist; and when abroad, we are in a school where all may learn without trouble or tasking, and where we may be sure to learn if we will simply open our hearts.

2. But stern winter comes, and drives us back into our towns and houses, and there we must sit down, and learn and teach with serious application of the mind, and by the prompting of duty. As we are bidden to this exertion, so are we better able to make it than in the preceding season. The body, which was before unnerved, is now braced up to the extent of its capacity; and the mind, which was before dissipated by the fair variety of external attractions, collects and concentrates its powers, as those attractions fade and disappear.

3. The natural limits of day and night, also, conspire to the same end, and are in unison[2] with the other intimations of the season. In summer, the days, glad to linger on the beautiful earth, almost exclude the quiet and contĕm'plative nights, which are ōnly long enough for sleep. But in the winter, the latter gain the ascendency. Slowly and royally they sweep back with their broad shadōws, and hushing the earth with the double spell of darknèss and coldnèss, issue their silent mandates,[3] and—while the still snow falls, and the waters are congealed—call to reflection, to study, to mental labor and acquisition.

4. The lŏng winter nights! Dark, cold, and stern as they seem, they are the friends of wisdom, the pātrons[4] of literature,[5] the nurses of vigorous, patient, inquisitive, and untiring intel-

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[1] **In sĕn' si ble,** not perceivable.

[2] **Unison** (ū' nĭ sŭn), agreement; union.

[3] **Măn' date,** an official command; an authoritative order.

[4] **Pā' tron,** one who, or that which, countenances, supports, or protects.

[5] **Lĭt' er a tūre,** learning; the collective body of letters or books, or an acquaintance with them.

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lect. To some, indeed, they come particularly associated, when not with gloom, with various gay scenes of amusement, with lighted halls, lively music, and many friends. To others, the dearèst scene which they present is the cheerful fireside, instructive books, studious and industrious children, and those friends, whether many or few, whom the heart and experience acknowledge to be such.

5. Society has claims; social intercōurse is profitable as well as pleasant; amusements are naturally sought for by the young; and such as are innocent they may well partake of. But it may be asked, whether, when amusements run into excess, they do not leave their innocence behind them in the career; whether light social intercourse, when it takes up a great deal of time, has any thing valuable to pay in return for that time; and whether the claims of society can in any way be better satisfied than by the intelligence, the sobriety, and the peaceableness of its members.

6. Such qualities and habits must be acquired at home; and and not by idlenèss even there, but by study. The winter evenings seem to be given to us, not exclusively, but chiefly, for instruction. They invite us to instruct ourselves, to instruct others, and to do our part in furnishing all proper means of instruction. *Altered from* GREENWOOD.[1]

III.

109. SNOW-BOUND—EVENING.

UNWARMED by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night,—
A night made hōary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crŏssed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift filled the windōw-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghōsts.

[1] **Francis W. P. Greenwood, D.D.**, an American clergyman and author, was born in Boston, Feb. 5, 1797, and died in that city, Aug 2, 1843. He had a strong and cultivated taste for the natural sciences.

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2. We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout backstick;
The knotty fōrestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The raggèd brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While rādiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed līlac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

3. Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind rōar
In baffled rage at pane and dōor,
While the red lŏgs befōre us beat
The frŏst-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its rōaring draught
The great thrōat of the chimney laughed.

4. The house-dŏg on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark shadow on the wall
A couchant[1] tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddled feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

[1] **Couch′ ant**, squatting; lying down with the head raised.

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5. What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
We sped the time with stōries old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lōre[1]
"The Chief of Gambia's golden shōre."

6. Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,—
The ancient teachers, never dumb,
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well dĭvīne,
By many an occult[2] hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear.

7. A simple, guilelèss, childlike man,
Content to live where life began,—
Strŏng ōnly on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,—
He told how teal[3] and loon[4] he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;—
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold;

[1] **Lōre**, that which is learned; knowledge gained from reading or study; learning.

[2] **Oō′ ŭlt**, hidden from the eye or understanding; secret.

[3] **Tēal**, a web-footed water-fowl, nearly allied to the common duck, but smaller.

[4] **Loon**, a web-footed swimming and diving bird.

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Clink, clank! We fōrge the giant chain
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
'Mid stormy winds and adverse[1] tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky rōadstead,[2] and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

6. Anxious no mōre, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark befōre the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests, though far ăwāy
In boisterous climes his vessel lāy,—
Reliant on our skill.

7. Say, on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms benēath the solemn deep?—
By Afric's pestilential[3] shōre,—
By many an iceberg,[4] lone and hōar;
By many a palmy Western isle,
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile;
By stormy Labrador.

8. Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply?
Or else, as at the glōrious Nile,[5]
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory?

9. Hurrah!—cling, clang!—once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the fōrge, benēath
The iron tempèst of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?—

---

[1] **Adverse** (ăd'vĕrs), acting against or in a contrary direction; opposing desire.

[2] **Rōad' stĕad**, a place where ships may ride at anchor, at some distance from the shore.

[3] **Pĕs' ti lĕn' tial** (-lĕn' shal), producing or tending to produce the pest, the plague, or other diseases that are easily spread; poisonous.

[4] **Ice' berg**, a hill or mountain of ice, or a very great body of ice floating on the ocean.

[5] **Nile River**, near one of the mouths of which the battle of the Nile was fought, Aug. 1, 1798. In this battle, the English fleet, commanded by Lord Nelson, gained a victory over the French fleet under Admiral Brueys.

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Clang, clang! A burning tŏrrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is pōured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the sword.

10. The sword!—a name of dread; yĕt when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound—
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound—
How sacred is it then!

11. Whenever, for the truth and right,
It flashes in the van of fight—
Whether in some wild mountain-pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;[1]
Or on some sterile[2] plain, and stern,
A Marston[3] or a Bannockburn;[4]
Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or, as, when sunk the Armāda's[5] pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide;—
Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
Is *Liberty!* when men do stand
For justice and their native land,—
Then Heaven bless the SWORD!

III.

112. TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;

[1] **Le ŏn′ i das,** king of Sparta, noted for his defense of the pass of Thermopylæ against Xerxes, 489 B.C.

[2] **Stĕr′ ile,** barren; unfruitful.

[3] **Marston Moor,** a plain near York, England, where the Parliamentary forces gained a decisive victory over the royalists, in 1644.

[4] **Ban′ nock burn,** a town of Scotland, famous for the great victory gained here, June 24, 1314, by the Scots, under Bruce, over the English, commanded by Edward II.

[5] **Ar mā′ da,** a fleet of armed ships; *here,* the Spanish fleet intended to act against England, in 1588.

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And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the swōrd and spear.
And he sung,—"Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord."

2. To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his rōaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strŏng steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them wĕapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud in glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of fŏrest free.
And they sung,—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

3. But a sudden change came ō'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said,—"Alas, that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

4. And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding ō'er his wōe;
And his hand forbōre to smite the ōre,
And his furnace smōldered lōw;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,

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And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strŏng right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang,—"Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air—
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

5. And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang,—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And, for the plowshare and the plow,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We will not forget the SWORD." CHARLES MACKAY.

SECTION XXXI.

I.

113. THE INFLUENCE OF FAME.

OH, who shall lightly say that fame[1]
Is nothing but an empty name,
While in that sound there is a charm,
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm;
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slōthful[2] couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part!

2. Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,

[1] **Fāme**, public report; renown; the condition of being celebrated.

[2] **Slōth′ ful**, not inclined to labor; indolent; lazy; idle.

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When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be;
Sunk in Oblivion's[1] murky bed,—
A desert bare,—a shiplèss sea!
They are the distant objects seen,
The lŏfty marks of what hath been.

3. Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightèst rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality! BAILLIE.[2]

II.

114. COURAGE.

COURAGE!—Nothing can withstand
Lŏng a wrŏnged, undaunted[3] land,
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty!
Oh, no mountain-nymph art thou
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the *sw*ōrd is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land.

2. Coŭrage!—Nothing e'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good;
Armed with all their fathers' fame,
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endlèss glōry,
Like the gŏds of ōld Greek stōry,
Raised to Heaven and heavenly worth,
For the good they gave to earth.

---

[1] **Ob liv′i on,** cessation of remembrance; forgetfulness.

[2] **Joanna Baillie,** a British dramatic poetess, was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, Oct. 27, 1761, and died at Hampstead, near London, Feb. 23, 1851. Her complete poetical works, in one large volume, appeared in 1850.

[3] **Undaunted** (un dânt′ed), not discouraged or mastered by fear; fearless; brave.

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3. Coŭrage!—There is none so poor,—
None of all who wrŏng endure,—
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek,
And his maiden's, dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What though sunken be his sun,—
There are stars when day is done!

4. Coŭrage!—Who will be a slave,
That hath strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?
Courage!—Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can *never* die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Courage!—To the fight again! B. W. Procter.

III.

115. THE BRAVE AT HOME.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while benēath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,—
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know the stōry,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glōry.

2. The wife who girds her husband's *swōrd*,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,—
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was pōured upon a field of battle!

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3. The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the pātriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret Gŏd
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

T. B. READ.

IV.

116. I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE.

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade;
In fair Damascus fashioned well:
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first benēath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

2. Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid[1] flood
In which its tempering work was done;
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

3. The eye which marked its peerlèss edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, fōrge and wedge,
Are gŏne with all their flaming noise—
And still the gleaming *sw*ōrd remains;
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember, by these heartfelt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

MAGINN.[2]

[1] **Lū′cid**, shining; bright; clear.

[2] **William Maginn**, a British author, was born in Cork, Nov. 11, 1794, and died in Walton-on-Thames, near London, Aug. 21, 1842. His numerous and valuable papers for magazines were generally marked by wit and scholarship.

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V.

117. CATO'S SPEECH OVER HIS DEAD SON.

THANKS to the gŏds! my boy has done his duty.—
Welcome, my son! Here set him down, my friends,
Full in my sight; that I may view at lēisure
The bloody corse, and count those glōrious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth?—what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!

2. Why sits this sadnèss on your brow, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's[1] house had stood
Secure, and floŭrished in a civil war—
Porciŭs,[2] behold thy brother! and remember,
Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it!
When Rome demands!—but Rome is now no mōre!
The Roman empire's fallen!—(Oh, cursed ambition!)—
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.—

3. Porciŭs, come hither to me!—Ah! my son,
Despairing of success,
Let me advise thee to withdraw, betimes,
To our paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blessed
In humble virtues and a rural life.
There live retired: content thyself to be
Obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear swāy,
The post of honor is a private station!

4. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,

[1] **Marcus Porcius Cato**, the great-grandson of the Censor, was born 95 B. C. From his youth, he was celebrated for his bravery, virtue, and decision of character. After the defeat of the republican party by Cæsar, having provided for the safety of his friends at Utica, he died by his own hand, aged 49.

[2] **Marcus Porcius Cato**, son of the preceding, was spared by Cæsar, but finally died, the last of his race, nobly fighting for the liberty of Rome.

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Know, there are ships prepared by my command—
Their sails already opening to the winds—
That shall convey you to the wished-for pōrt.
The conqueror draws near—once mōre, farewell!

5. If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shōre,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us mōre!
There, the brave youth with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered!—The firm pātriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crossed,
Shall find the generous labor was not lost. ADDISON.[1]

SECTION XXXII.

I.

118. LIGHT.

THERE are many who will be ready to think that light is a vĕry tame and feeble ĭnstrumènt, because it is noiselèss. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much mōre vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature! It rocks a whōle continent. The nōblèst works of man, cities, monuments, and temples, are in a moment leveled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire.

2. Little do they think that the light of ĕvèry morning, the sŏft and silent light, is an agent many times mōre powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more; let the hour of morning come, and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a hŏrror-stricken world fill the air, and make, as it were, the darknèss audible.

3. The beasts go wild and frantic at the lŏss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and

[1] **Joseph Addison,** one of the most distinguished of English authors, was born May 1, 1672, and died June 17, 1719.

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frŏsty winds begin to howl ăcrŏss the freezing earth. Colder, yĕt colder, is the night. At length the vital blood of all creatures stops congealed.

4. Down goes the frŏst to the earth's center. The heart of the sea is frozen, nay, the earthquakes are themselves frozen in, under their fiery caverns. The vĕry globe itself, too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are become mere balls of ice, swinging silènt in the darknèss.

5. Such is the light which revisits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in the cradle. And yet it perpetually new-creates the world, rescuing it each morning as a prey from night and chaos.

BUSHNELL.[1]

II.

119. A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of Gŏd! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

2. Through ĕvèry fiber of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

3. I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;[2]
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

4. And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire[3] sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,[4]—

---

[1] **Horace Bushnell,** an eloquent American clergyman and writer, was born in New Preston, Litchfield Co., Conn., in 1802.

[2] **Sym' pho ny,** a harmony or agreement of sounds, pleasant to the ear, either vocal or instrumental; an instrumental composition for a band of music.

[3] **Sapphire** (saf'ir), a precious stone, usually blue.

[4] **Găl' le on,** a large ship, with three or four decks, formerly used, by the Spaniards.

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6. But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light ăcrŏss the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?

TENNYSON.

SECTION XXXIV.

I.

125. UNDER THE HOLLY-BOUGH.

YE who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, găther here!
Let sinned against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;—
Be links no lŏnger broken,—
Be sweet forgĭvenèss spoken
Under the Holly-bough.

2. Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast fading year:
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man, and maiden mild,
Come, gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the Holly-bough.

3. Ye who have noŭrished sadnèss,
Estranged from hope and gladnèss,

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In this fast fading year;
Ye with ō'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come, gather here.
Let not the useless sŏrrōw
Pursue you night and mŏrrōw:
If e'er you hoped, hope now,—
Take heart;—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly-bough. CHARLES MACKAY.

II.

126. CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

THERE is a Christmas custom, in the north of Germany, which pleased and interested me. The children made little presents to their parents, and to each other; and the parents, to the children.

2. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money to make or purchase these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it,—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them; gĕtting up in the morning before day-light, and the like.

3. Then, on the evening before Christmas Day, one of the parlors is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go. A great yew-bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fastened in the bough, but so as not to cătch it till they are nearly burnt out, and colored paper hangs and flutters from the twigs.

4. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift, and then they bring out the rest, one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces.

5. Where I witnessed this scene there were eight or nine chil-

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dren, and the eldèst daughter and the mother wept aloud for joy and tendernèss; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him.

6. I was vĕry much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the raptures of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and snap!—oh, it was a delight for them!

7. On the next day, in the great parlor, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children: a scene of more sober joy succeeds, as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which has been observed most praiseworthy, and that which was most faulty in their conduct.

8. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fĕllōw, who in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and enormous flax wig, personates *Servant Rupert.* On Christmas night he goes round to every house, and says that Jesus Christ, his master, sent him thither: the parents and elder children receive him with great pomp of reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened.

9. He then inquires for the children, and, according to the character which he hears from the parents, he gives them the intended presents, as if they came out of heaven from Jesus Christ. Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and in the name of his master recommends them to use it frequently. About seven or eight years old, the children are let into the secret, and it is curious to observe how faithfully they keep it.

COLERIDGE.[1]

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[1] **Samuel Taylor Coleridge,** an English poet and philosopher, was born at Ottery, St. Mary, Devonshire, Oct. 21, 1772, and died at Highgate, London, July 25, 1834. His numerous productions in prose and verse, as well as his unsurpassed Table Talk, have since been published, proving a perpetual delight; and, like Nature, furnishing subjects of admiration and imitation for the refined and observing.

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III.

127. END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prŏmpter's[1] bell;
A mōmènt yĕt the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome[2] word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his sāy,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's any thing but gāy.

2. One word ere yĕt the evening ends—
Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the mĕrry Christmas time:
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That fate ere lŏng shall bid you plāy;
Good-night!—with honèst, gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alwāy!

3. Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men—
Your pangs or plĕasures of fifteen
At forty-five played ō'er again.

4. I'd say we suffer and we strive
Not less nor mōre as men than boys—
With grizzled bēards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.[3]
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and prāy,

---

[1] **Prŏmpt′ er**, one who assists speakers, or actors in a play, when at a loss, by uttering the first words of a sentence, or words forgotten.

[2] **Irksome** (ĕrk′ sŭm), wearisome; tedious; tiresome; giving uneasiness.

[3] **Cor′du roy′**, a thick cotton stuff, corded or ribbed on the surface, once very generally made into trowsers for boys.

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Pray Heaven that early love and truth
May never whōlly pass ăwāy.

5. And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may chānge and shift:
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strŏng may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pĭtiĕssly down.

6. Who knows the inscrutable[1] design?
Blessèd be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite[2] or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

7. This crowns his feast with wine and wit—
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, belōw him sit,
Or hunger hŏpelèss at the gate.
Who bădе the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?[3]
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that rules it thus.

8. So each shall mōurn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed—
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
Pray Gŏd the heart may kindly glōw,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snōw.

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[1] **Inscrutable** (in skrō′ ta ble), that which can not be found out by human reason; unsearchable.

[2] **Rĕs′ pite**, a putting off of that which was appointed; delay; rest.

[3] **St. Luke** XVI., 19–31.

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9. Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize—
Go, lose, or conquer as you can;
But if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

10. A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays):
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful ăngels raised it then:
Glōry to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

11. My sŏng, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our cărol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

THACKERAY.[1]

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[1] **William Makepeace Thackeray,** an English novelist, essayist, and humorist, was born in Calcutta in 1811, and died in London, Dec. 24, 1863. He was very happy and successful as a lecturer. His writings have obtained, for the most part, a very wide popularity in Europe and America. The "Cornhill Magazine," under his editorial charge, soon reached a circulation of about 100,000 copies. Probably the death of no author, during the present century, has called forth more general and real expressions of regret from all classes of the community.

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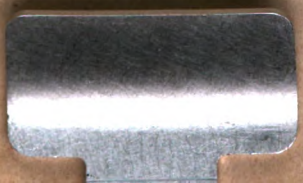

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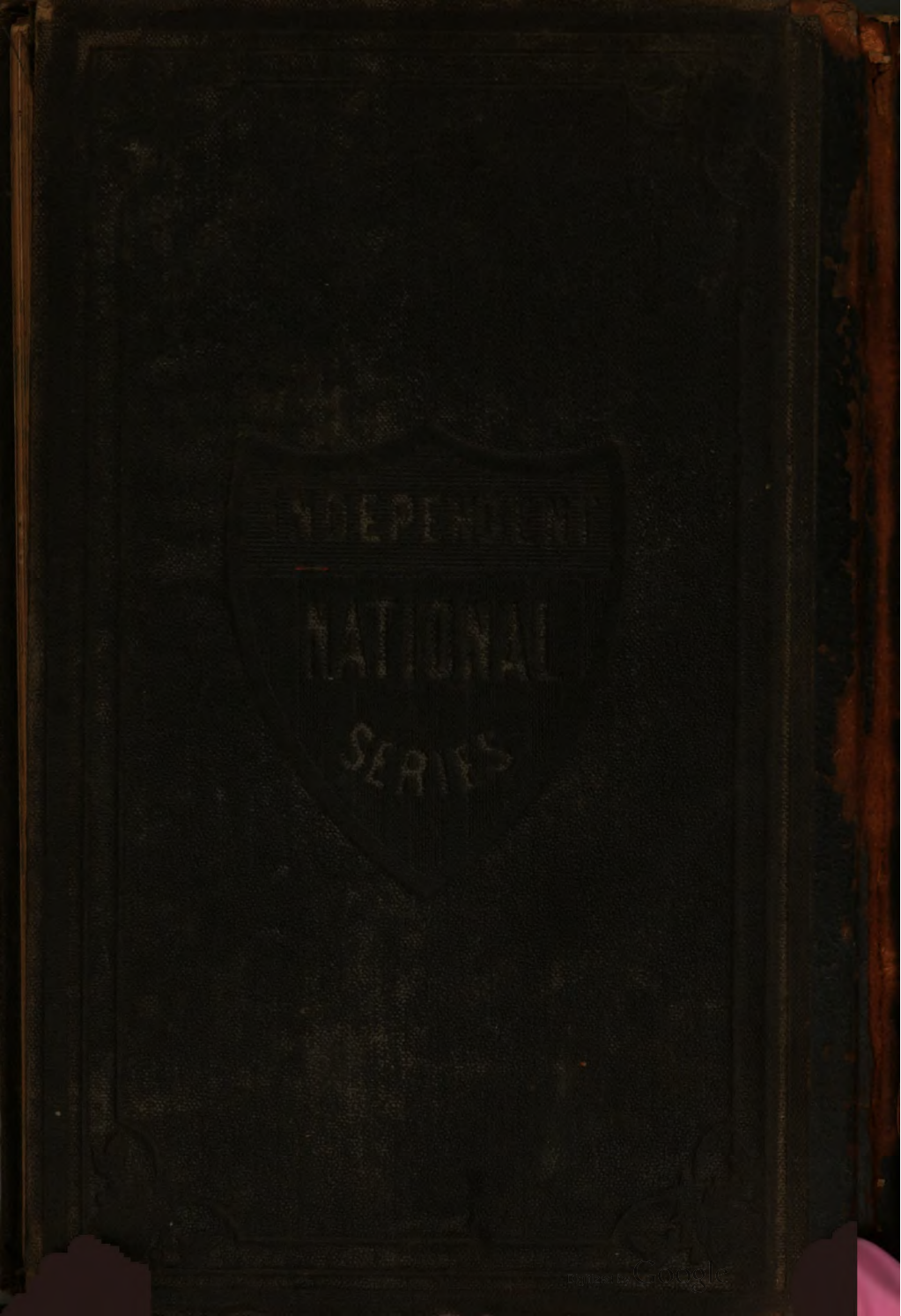

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